

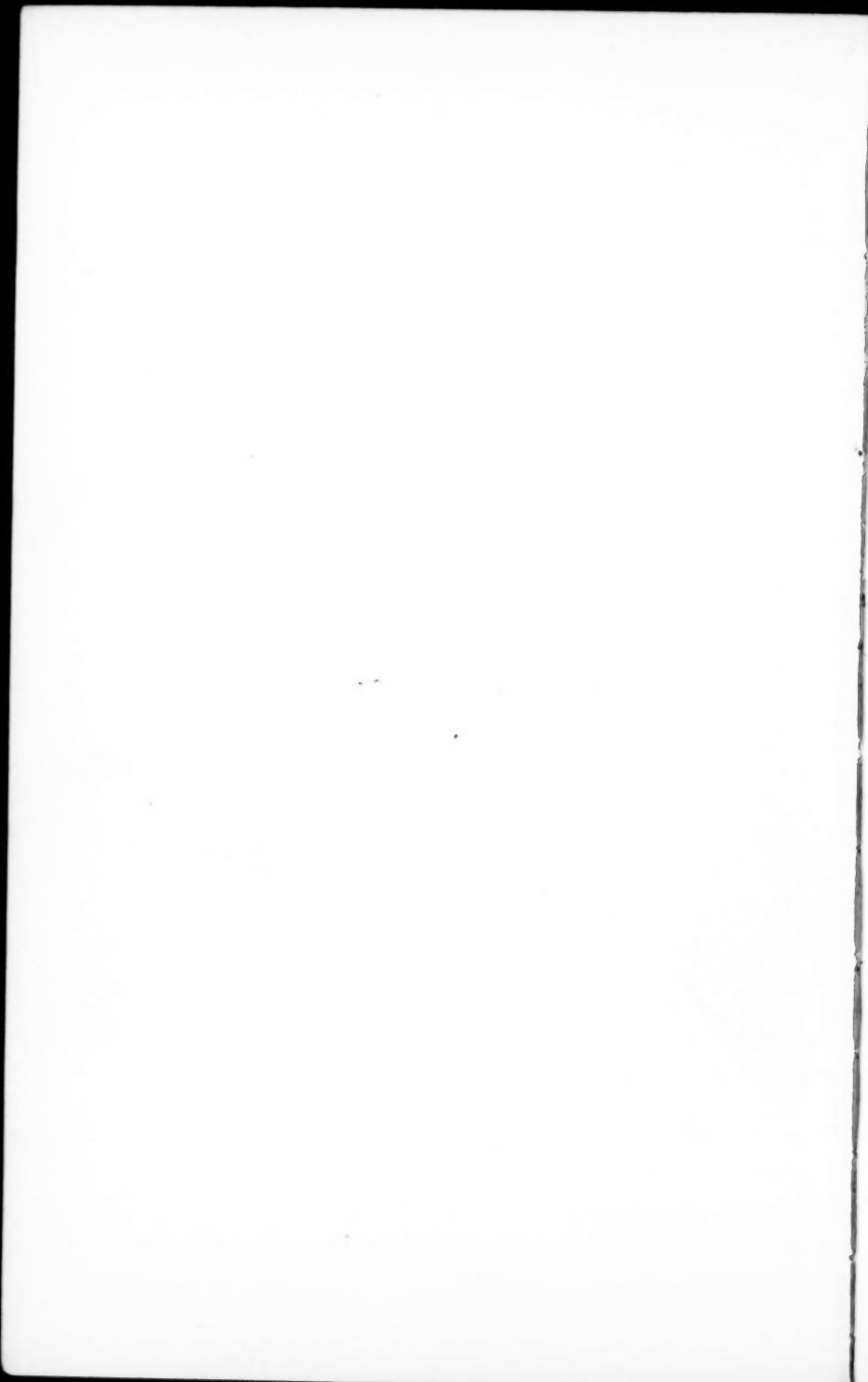
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## MR CHESTERTON AMONG THE PROPHETS

*Orthodoxy.* By Gilbert K. Chesterton. London: John Lane. 1909.

THE present writer has often had animated discussions with some of his friends on the nature of Mr Chesterton's gifts as a writer. And it is curious that the books of one man should provoke such opposite judgments in his readers. Setting aside the epithet "brilliant," which seems allowed on all hands, the difference is very complete. The friends I refer to speak of his thought as "superficial"; I find it penetrating. They talk of him as asking us to believe impossible paradoxes. I find him pre-eminently the propounder of the maxims of common-sense —of maxims and principles so clearly true when they are stated that they might be called truisms. My friends regard him as primarily a purveyor of acrobatic feats of the intellect—exciting and enjoyable, as any amusing "show" is enjoyable, but not to be taken seriously. I have found him, before all things, quick to defend truths of great practical moment, and the effective opponent of plausible and misleading theories—a very serious and important rôle. They class him with brilliant writers of the hour, such as Mr Wells, who have no claim to teaching the age a serious lesson; or doing more than interest us in their own whims and prejudices by stating them with lucidity and enforcing them by telling epigrams. I associate him with those writers of the past who have decried mere ingenuity in theorizing, and striven to find the path of philosophy traced by Nature herself. I class his thought—though not his manner—with that of such men as Burke, Butler and Coleridge. His last book, *Orthodoxy*, seemed to me a triumphant and irrefragable confutation of their view; I find it regarded by them as a confutation of mine.

The proverb which begins with the words *de gustibus* is an old one. I should not discuss further a view I do not

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share, but that it appears to me (who am not, of course, an impartial judge) that I do see the qualities in Mr Chesterton's work which have made his critics take their view, but that they do not see—hardly even look for—those which have made me take mine. And while the former qualities are at all events reconcilable with my view, the latter are not so with theirs. If this is so, I may claim a victory on the ground of De Maistre's aphorism: "Truth can understand error, but error cannot understand truth."

Let me take his latest book as a basis for illustrating the above statement. If anyone opens it with a predisposition to take what I may call the frivolous view of Mr Chesterton, he will find in skimming its pages plenty to confirm such a view. "How can I take a man seriously," he will say, "who gives as the primary fact in all his philosophy the belief he has ever had in fairies (p. 85); who laughs at conscience and the 'inner voice,' and tells you that 'the most horrible of all horrible religions is the worship of the God within' (p. 136); who is so little alive to the history of all civilizations, except the Chinese, as to say that there is in the world 'no tradition of progress' (p. 266); who tells us that if we credit any deviation from fixed law (and, of course, even free will is a deviation from fixed law), the most stupendous miracle is as easy of belief as the smallest; who takes his metaphors from taxicabs and tram-cars in Battersea; from the Inner Circle trains and Gower Street Station and the like—nay, who devotes half a page to explaining that seriousness is not a virtue, and that one should not take oneself seriously at all; that seriousness, moreover, is easy but undesirable? If such a man sums up on the side of obscurantism and against modern thought, it is just what was to be expected—it is all one huge paradox. He does not at bottom really believe what he says, or expect others to believe him. To unravel and refute his arguments is not worth while. It is as little worth while as to analyse the fallacies in Whately's proof that Napoleon I never existed."

This way of looking at the book might be elaborated and illustrated much more fully. In maintaining that it is

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a false way I must begin by admitting that one statement of Mr Chesterton's is not serious, namely, that in which he seems to say that he is not to be taken seriously. This starting-point, which is mine, is at all events as fair as that of his critics. It is a case of assumption for assumption. They assume that he is mainly frivolous; I that he is intensely in earnest. To them—starting with their assumption—all the brilliant epigrams with which *Orthodoxy* is packed from start to finish, seem to be extraordinary feats of intellectual agility—the renewal, under nineteenth-century conditions, of the dialectical tournaments of the thirteenth: and in those tournaments it rejoiced a skilled disputant to have to defend what was neither probable nor true, as it gave all the more scope for his ingenuity. To me—starting with mine—this aspect of ingenious paradox appears simply accessory. I regard it partly as a concession, which has become habitual on the part of the writer, to the taste of an age which loves to be amused and hates being bored. It is the administration of intellectual stimulants, or the application to a lethargic and tired and rather morbid world of a tremendous shower bath, in order to brace it and renew its normal activities. The net result, however, of Mr Chesterton's awakening treatment is not mere stimulating paradox, but, rather, a douche of startling common-sense.

I propose in the remarks I shall offer, first, to justify the claim I make for Mr Chesterton's book that it is a contribution of very high utility to religious thought, and then to undertake some examination of his manner—of the qualities which on the one hand may be said to impair the dignity of his writing, and sometimes discredit as mere paradoxes the truths he has at heart, but on the other hand certainly make it racy and stimulating.

Mr Chesterton disclaims novelty for his views. His disclaimer is just, in the sense that in religious thought, as Macaulay said sixty years ago, the fundamental arguments on either side are unchangeable. For the most part, "What is new is not true, and what is true is not new." But that kind of novelty which is afforded by fresh vividness and

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reality given to old truths we find most signally in Mr Chesterton's pages. Novel, it may be, his views are not. Original in him they most certainly are. He tells us, indeed, that he has never read the chief Christian apologetic writings at all. He has discovered his arguments for himself, and herein lies half the interest and value of his book. It is the record of the past experience of one brought up amid influences which made him an Agnostic, and converted to Christianity. The depth of the Christian philosophy met the difficulties of an active and penetrating mind that had again and again found the shibboleths of typical modern speculative thinkers incoherent, mutually destructive, or even self-destructive.

Again, his views are original in their mode of presentation. "It is the very triumph of originality," writes a great religious thinker, "not to invent or discover what is perhaps already known, but to make old things read as if they were new, from the novelty of aspect in which they are placed. This faculty of investing with associations, of applying to particular purposes, of deducing consequences, of impressing on the imagination is creative." Some of Mr Chesterton's most striking pages are an exposition of arguments already used by well-known writers. We find, for instance, Butler's argument—urged in his sermons—on the adaptation of human nature to the Christian virtues. We find illustrations of Tertullian's *testimonium animæ naturaliter christiane*. I do not say that Mr Chesterton gives us again all that Tertullian and Butler have given us. But in his record of the way in which these arguments presented themselves to him, and of the way they drove out modern theories too shallow to stand against them, we have most timely evidence of the ever-living power of thoughts not themselves new; and we often get a sight of aspects hitherto overlooked, and yet most wholesome for the times. Again, when he mercilessly demolishes the confused thought which treats mathematical necessity and scientific uniformity as equally unalterable in the nature of things, he is saying over again what W. G. Ward and Dr McCosh said fifty years ago in

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answer to John Stuart Mill; yet, in Mr Chesterton's context and in the record of the place which these arguments held in his own mental history, there is an actuality and point which was necessarily absent from more formal disquisitions. So, too, with Mr Chesterton's most important contention against naturalism, that reason cannot be the highest product of the evolution of merely non-rational forces—that there must be reason behind the process—we have an argument made familiar to our own generation by Mr Arthur Balfour's books and Archbishop Temple's Bampton Lectures; yet in Mr Chesterton it is original. So, too, is the view of scepticism as the suicide of thought—though its main argument, including the metaphor of the sceptical thinker sawing off the branch on which he sits, is, of course, familiar. In each case we have all the drama of personal conviction and history—and, in addition, the extraordinary richness and copiousness of illustration in which Mr Chesterton is unrivalled.

Of the occasional grotesqueness of his illustrations I will speak later on. But, whatever may be said in criticism of this attribute, their cogency is unimpaired or even enhanced by it. And, after all, in a civilization in which, among the most highly educated, religious scepticism is nearly as common as it was in the Roman Empire of the first century of our era, this is what matters most. In some instances old arguments come upon us in these pages with a new force which is almost startling.

The net result of the book and its *rationale* appears to me—to put it briefly—to be the help it gives us in substantiating the following position, which it is not to Mr Chesterton's purpose to draw out. I quoted in the last issue of this REVIEW Cardinal Newman's significant words in the *Apologia*, as to the confusion which modern investigations have introduced in the religious views of many thoughtful persons. This was a subject on which the Cardinal felt strongly long before the danger was generally recognized as imminent. He referred to it as early as 1827, in the first of his University Sermons—which Mr Chesterton has probably never read, though some of its

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thoughts appear in his pages. This confusion has led many to abandon Christianity and to return to the old work of formulating original philosophies of life. The effect Mr Chesterton's work had on the present writer was not to diminish his sense of the difficulties of which, perhaps, Mr Chesterton, in his sense of victory, makes too light; but to bring into relief the shallowness of thinkers who have allowed new difficulties in detail to lead to doubts of Christianity itself.

Mr Chesterton brings out forcibly the depth of those elements in the Christian view of life which modern difficulties leave untouched, and, consequently, the weakness of those who have so lightly set it aside. He brings home to us also the impotence of individualism to find any substitute comparable to the corporate faith it is destroying. We, who are brought up Christians, may reflect on some of the primary sources of the life-giving power of our religion as little as we reflect on the air we breathe. They are too much a matter of course to be noticed. But the story of one who was brought up without Christian faith, felt profoundly the want of it and the incoherence of its substitutes, and had the earnestness and activity of mind to formulate for himself many of its underlying principles, which with us are merely practically taken for granted and partly acted on without being explicitly recognized, makes us recognize these sources explicitly. It brings into relief, most valuable for our own times, the profound answers Christianity has already given to profound difficulties. Men like Tatian and St Justin gave the same personal testimony to the full depths of the Christian message in the early days of our era. But their task was far more obvious, for the Empire was pagan. It is just because we feel we know Christianity so well that we risk, in some sort, ceasing to know it. Great thoughts, through becoming stale and mechanical, may be as little helpful to our own civilization as to a civilization to which they were unfamiliar. Their being too old may be as much against their general influence as their being too young. To see them strike with all the force of youth on a

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gifted mind makes them young again to us. Thus the spectacle of this intensely active and earnest modern intellect, with all its array of paradox and quaint conceit, with its disdain of conventionality, its wilful indulgence in exaggeration, its streaks of irreverent imagination thrown across deeply reverent thoughts, its occasional exhibition of honest Philistine human nature unrestrained by fastidious taste—the spectacle, in short, of Mr Chesterton's whole, forcible, energizing self, with its strength and its defects, fired by the Christian dogma and ethics, as though he had lived in the days of Nero or Marcus Aurelius, is just the tonic which a jaded generation needs. And it reminds us how much that is indispensable in the inheritance of Christendom our own age has ceased adequately to realize and is in danger of lightly abandoning.

Mr Chesterton is impatient with modern thought—sometimes even unfair to it—but often exhibiting its weaknesses with the skill of a logical detective. One point on which he insists is the profound answer already given by Christianity to a profound difficulty which has baffled so many typical modern thinkers—optimists and pessimists alike. Christianity recognizes existence as supremely momentous, and the human soul as of supreme value. The world and the soul are, for the Christian, intensely worth working for and worth improving. Yet Christianity recognizes to the full how profound is the need of improvement. Thus we have the two great motives for work: that it is sorely needed and that it is intensely worth while.

The modern thinkers who set aside the Christian view simply lose one or other of these essential motives. The believers in a mechanical law of progress are at one with optimists in denying the former; the pessimists deny the latter—not to speak of the necessarians who deny its possibility in any sense in which it is not inevitable, and is, therefore, no stimulus at all. In this thought alone—and it recalls the old *Agnosce Christiane dignitatem tuam*—we have a contrast between Christianity and its modern proposed substitutes, which evidently made the acceptance

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of "orthodoxy" to Mr Chesterton a veritable emancipation. It is but one of the many sides of Christianity in which he found wisdom and help in accepting things as they are, and seeing their meaning and place in life; a wisdom tested by the ages during which it has been acted on by the whole Church, while the ingenious conjectures of private judgement are merely personal, untested and *a priori*; and are likely enough to change with each clever philosophy which comes before the mind which has accepted them.

Mr Chesterton's work is, as I have said, autobiographical; and while I must leave those who would master the whole process of his conversion to what he terms "orthodoxy"—that is to Christianity with a strong Catholic bias—to read what it would take too long here to summarize, I will now proceed to give and to illustrate in his own words some main steps in the process.

In a powerful chapter he brings before us the sense which early possessed him of the utter confusion introduced by "private judgement," after the break-up of the Christian Church by the sixteenth-century Reformation, into a scheme which had been profoundly coherent. This confusion resulted not merely from the collapse of many Christian beliefs, but from the disintegration and loss of proportion consequent on the rejection of Catholic tradition. The Christian virtues were distorted by those who did not deny them. And this process, first rendered possible by the principles of the Reformation, has continued to our own time.

Each virtue was taken up by some individual as a hobby and exaggerated, and stripped of the correctives which Christian tradition, with its profound sense and experience of the nature of the whole man, had supplied to such exaggeration. The chapter is rightly called the "Suicide of Thought," although, at first sight, this title applies only to the portion which deals with the accompanying sceptical excesses of the intellect. But it really applies equally to the tendency of virtues to run to absurd excesses, if they are not checked by the authority of the Church—for such

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excesses are due to the one-sidedness of the individual thinker. Charity is allowed to run riot until it becomes so fond of all men and so indulgent to them that it denies the reality of sin. Modesty and humility are Christian virtues. But they take a wrong turn in the modern sceptic, and make him so modest as to doubt of his own power to be sure of the validity of the Divine reason, and of the value of those aims and standards which are the very test of an action being worth while. Oppression and tyranny among those in authority have ever been among the evils against which great Christian saints have protested, but the modern critic of authority here again runs wild and attacks indiscriminately the uses as well as the abuses of authority. In point of fact, there is a profound principle involved in the action of authority, even in checking the human reason. It checks the suicidal excesses to which, in fallen man, the reasoning faculty tends. For reason, if allowed to run riot, will, as history shows, question the initial faith which makes us trust it at all. Against such sceptical excesses of rationalism authority rightly protests, and in doing so is the guardian and friend of reason and not its opponent. Take another aspect of modern excess—pragmatism. Here again the claim to believe what works well and fits in with the necessities of the human mind is valid. But when this is pressed to a denial of objective truth we have another instance of the insistence on one aspect to the exclusion of another equally necessary—for the sane and healthy human reason absolutely demands a knowledge of objective truth. These are some specimens of Mr Chesterton's illustrations of his thesis—but his own words are so forcible that I proceed to give them:

The modern world is not evil; in some ways the modern world is far too good. It is full of wild and wasted virtues. When a religious scheme is shattered (as Christianity was shattered at the Reformation), it is not merely the vices that are let loose. The vices are, indeed, let loose, and they wander and do damage. But the virtues are let loose also; and the virtues wander more wildly, and the virtues do more terrible damage. The modern world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad. The virtues have gone

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mad because they have been isolated from each other and are wandering alone. Thus some scientists care for truth; and their truth is pitiless. Thus some humanitarians only care for pity; and their pity (I am sorry to say) is often untruthful. For example, Mr Blatchford attacks Christianity because he is mad on one Christian virtue: the merely mystical and almost irrational virtue of charity. He has a strange idea that he will make it easier to forgive sins by saying that there are no sins to forgive. Mr Blatchford is not only an early Christian, he is the only early Christian who ought really to have been eaten by lions. For in his case the pagan accusation is really true: his mercy would mean mere anarchy. He really is the enemy of the human race—because he is so human. . . .

. . . Humility was largely meant as a restraint upon the arrogance and infinity of the appetite of man. He was always outstripping his mercies with his own newly-invented needs. . . .

But what we suffer from to-day is humility in the wrong place. Modesty has moved from the organ of ambition. Modesty has settled upon the organ of conviction; where it was never meant to be. A man was meant to be doubtful about himself, but undoubting about the truth; this has been exactly reversed. Nowadays the part of a man that a man does assert is exactly the part he ought not to assert—himself. The part he doubts is exactly the part he ought not to doubt—the Divine Reason. Huxley preached a humility content to learn from Nature. But the new sceptic is so humble that he doubts if he can even learn. Thus we should be wrong if we had said hastily that there is no humility typical of our time. The truth is that there is a real humility typical of our time; but it so happens that it is practically a more poisonous humility than the wildest prostrations of the ascetic. The old humility was a spur that prevented a man from stopping; not a nail in his boot that prevented him from going on. For the old humility made a man doubtful about his efforts, which might make him work harder. But the new humility makes a man doubtful about his aims, which will stop him working altogether. . . .

The sages, it is often said, can see no answer to the riddle of religion. But the trouble with our sages is not that they cannot see the answer; it is that they cannot even see the riddle. They are like children, so stupid as to notice nothing paradoxical in the playful assertion that a door is not a door. The modern latitudinarians speak, for instance, about authority in religion not only as if there were no reason for it, but as if there had never been any reason for it. Apart from seeing its philosophical basis, they cannot

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even see its historical cause. Religious authority has often, doubtless, been oppressive or unreasonable; just as every legal system (and especially our present one) has been callous and full of cruel apathy. It is rational to attack the police; nay, it is glorious. But the modern critics of religious authority are like men who should attack the police without ever having heard of burglars. For there is a great and possible peril to the human mind: a peril as practical as burglary. Against it religious authority was reared, rightly or wrongly, as a barrier. And against it something certainly must be reared as a barrier, if our race is to avoid ruin.

The peril is that the human intellect is free to destroy itself. Just as one generation could prevent the very existence of the next generation, by all entering a monastery or jumping into the sea, so one set of thinkers can to some degree prevent further thinking by teaching the next generation that there is no validity in human thought. It is idle to talk always of the alternative of reason and faith. Reason is itself a matter of faith. It is an act of faith to assert that our thoughts have any relation to reality at all. If you are merely a sceptic, you must, sooner or later, ask yourself the question, "Why should anything go right; even observation and deduction? Why should not good logic be as misleading as bad logic? They are both movements in the brain of a bewildered ape?" The young sceptic says, "I have a right to think for myself." But the old sceptic, the complete sceptic, says, "I have no right to think for myself. I have no right to think at all."

There is a thought that stops thought. That is the only thought that ought to be stopped. That is the ultimate evil against which all religious authority was aimed. It only appears at the end of decadent ages like our own; and already Mr H. G. Wells had raised its ruinous banner; he has written a delicate piece of scepticism called *Doubts of the Instrument*. In this he questions the brain itself, and endeavours to remove all reality from all his own assertions, past, present and to come. But it was against this remote ruin that all the military systems in religion were originally ranked and ruled. The creeds and the crusades, the hierarchies and the horrible persecutions, were not organized, as is ignorantly said, for the suppression of reason. They were organized for the difficult defence of reason. Man, by a blind instinct, knew that if once things were wildly questioned, reason could be questioned first. The authority of priests to absolve, the authority of popes to define, the authority even of inquisitors to terrify: these were all only dark defences erected round one central authority, more undemonstrable, more supernatural than all—the authority of a man

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to think. We know now that this is so; we have no excuse for not knowing it. For we can hear scepticism crashing through the old ring of authorities, and at the same moment we can see reason swaying upon her throne. In so far as religion has gone, reason is going. For they are both of the same primary and authoritative kind. They are both methods of proof which cannot themselves be proved. And in the act of destroying the idea of divine authority we have largely destroyed the idea of that human authority by which we do a long-division sum. With a long and sustained tug we have attempted to pull the mitre off pontifical man; and his head has come off with it. . . .

This bald summary of the thought-destroying forces of our time would not be complete without some reference to pragmatism; for though I have here used and should everywhere defend the pragmatist method as a preliminary guide to truth, there is an extreme application of it which involves the absence of all truth whatever. My meaning can be put shortly thus. I agree with the pragmatists that apparent objective truth is not the whole matter; that there is an authoritative need to believe the things that are necessary to the human mind. But I say that one of those necessities precisely is a belief in objective truth. The pragmatist tells a man to think what he must think and never mind the Absolute. But precisely one of the things he must think is the Absolute. This philosophy, indeed, is a kind of verbal paradox. Pragmatism is a matter of human needs; and one of the first of human needs is to be something more than a pragmatist. Extreme pragmatism is just as inhuman as the determinism it so powerfully attacks. The determinist (who, to do him justice, does not pretend to be a human being) makes nonsense of the human sense of actual choice. The pragmatist, who professes to be specially human, makes nonsense of the human sense of fact.

I regret that space will not allow me to quote the fine criticism in this connexion passed by Mr Chesterton on Renan and Anatole France; some of Mr Chesterton's words on the former recalled to the present writer Archbishop Alexander's admirable lines of forty years ago on the joint efforts of Strauss and Renan to construct a Christ whose reality would respond to all the tests of naturalism, and be simply human as humanity is known to the German *savant* and the French *littérateur*, and their utter failure to produce a consistent whole.

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Divinely gentle, yet a sombre giant,  
Divinely perfect, yet imperfect man;  
Divinely calm, yet recklessly defiant,  
Divinely true, yet half a charlatan.

They torture all the record of the Life,  
Give what from France and Germany they get;  
To Calvary carry the dissecting knife,  
Parisian patchouli to Olivet.

Mr Chesterton's own summary, given at the end of this remarkable chapter, is at once brief and forcible. As with Christianity, so with Christ, even apart from actual falsehood, the moderns lose all sense of proportion and of the greatness of the whole. The large supernatural sanity of the Divine figure is not seen, for it is broken up, and in their human categories each piece, separate from the whole which explains it, becomes not sane but insane—and therefore unintelligible as a guide in life:

... There is a huge and heroic sanity of which we moderns can only collect the fragments. There is a giant of whom we see only the lopped arms and legs walking about. They have torn the soul of Christ into silly strips, labelled egoism and altruism, and they are equally puzzled by His insane magnificence and His insane meekness. They have parted His garments among them, and for His vesture they have cast lots; though the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.

I have referred above to Mr Chesterton's criticism of modern pessimism. I think that it formed the turning-point in his adoption of Christianity. He rejected pessimism, but he was no optimist. His acceptance of the universe, he tells us, was not optimism, but something akin to the loyalty shown in patriotism. The optimist will "defend the indefensible," he will be "the jingo of the universe," he will be "less inclined to the reform of things, more inclined to a sort of front bench official answer to all attacks, soothing everyone with assurances. He will not wash the world, but whitewash the world." This is not in accordance with the nature of things. Devotion to the world as to one's country should not mean a false contentment which denies its imperfections. Patriotism should

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first show itself in the effort to make our country great, not in a passive, uncritical assurance that she is already perfect. Rome became great, Mr Chesterton reminds us, just because men loved her and worked for her. They did not, in the first instance, love her because she was great. Here again, and decisively, Mr Chesterton finds the truth in regard of our attitude towards the universe in the Christian ideal. He requires a love of the universe as passionate as that of the optimist, a dissatisfaction with it as profound as that of the pessimist. At first sight this appears to be a desire for incompatible objects. How can you intensely love an evil world? Yet if the world be good enough to prompt intense love, how can it inspire the passionate zeal of the reformer? Mr Chesterton found the desired combination in Christianity. It was God's world, and man had fallen—to help to recover the lost ideal, and to work for this with devotion, similar to that which makes us long that our Fatherland should fulfil her highest possibilities—here was passionate love without optimism, intense zeal for reform and recognition of evil without pessimism.

A crucial illustration of the difference between Christianity and pessimism is to be found in the Christian attitude towards the suicide and the martyr respectively. At first sight the two would seem to be similar. Each of his own accord gives up his life. Modern thinkers have tried to identify them. Such an attempt is a fresh instance of their carelessness to probe the true depths of Christian sentiment. For the Christian, the two men are not only not the same, but they are poles apart. They are the ideal coward and the ideal hero respectively. The suicide is the exponent in action of sheer pessimism—the traditional stake at the cross roads marking his grave reminds us that he has committed the one sin unpardonable by Christianity. The martyr, on the other hand, is the very type of the Christian hero; he sacrifices himself, even his life, to the cause of the Church—his blood is the seed of Christianity. This thought and contrast I have never seen analysed so subtly as it is in Mr Chesterton's pages.

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Martyr and suicide alike care little for life. Yet in the carelessness of life which they show there is a difference of temper and motive which makes one the very antithesis of the other. "A martyr is a man who cares so much for something outside him that he forgets his own personal life. A suicide is a man who cares so little for anything outside him that he wants to see the last of everything. One wants something to begin, the other wants everything to end." This analysis is carried further and deeper elsewhere in the book. Here it comes as the culmination of the philosophy which calls for the combination which makes life and effort worth while—the recognition that there are great causes, great reforms worth striving for in the world; great evils, and some great goal to be attained which make the effort to reform them intensely worth while.

The chapter entitled the "Paradoxes of Christianity" contains, perhaps, the most valuable writing of the whole book, and indicates the general line of argument on which Mr Chesterton arrived at his convictions. He starts with the expression, after his own unconventional and forcible manner, of the practical way in which conviction is reached; and here again he has rediscovered the path already travelled by a great thinker. For he gives us a rough and unphilosophical expression of the line of reasoning in a book which he has, perhaps, never read—Cardinal Newman's *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*. He tells us, in popular language, that it is by the cumulative argument, by the "illative sense," which cannot express all the latent reasons which influence its decision, that he, like others, really reached his conclusions:

... A man is not really convinced of a philosophic theory when he finds that something proves it. He is only really convinced when he finds that everything proves it. And the more converging reasons he finds pointing to this conviction, the more bewildered he is if asked suddenly to sum them up. Thus, if one asked an ordinary intelligent man, on the spur of the moment, "Why do you prefer civilization to savagery?" he would look wildly round at object after object, and would only be able to answer vaguely: "Why, there is that bookcase . . . and the coals in the coal-

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scuttle . . . and pianos . . . and policemen." The whole case for civilization is that the case for it is complex. It has done so many things. But that very multiplicity of proof which ought to make reply overwhelming makes reply impossible.

And then we come to direct autobiography—so interesting and pertinent that it must be quoted, yet far too long to be quoted in full:

All I had hitherto heard of Christian theology had alienated me from it. I was a pagan at the age of twelve, and a complete agnostic by the age of sixteen; and I cannot understand anyone passing the age of seventeen without having asked himself so simple a question. I did, indeed, retain a cloudy reverence for a cosmic deity and a great historical interest in the founder of Christianity. But I certainly regarded Him as a man. . . . I never read a line of Christian apologetics. I read as little as I can of them now. It was Huxley and Herbert Spencer and Bradlaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in my mind my first wild doubts of doubt. Our grandmothers were quite right when they said that Tom Paine and the freethinkers unsettled the mind. They do. They unsettled mine horribly. The rationalists made me question whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer I got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures, the dreadful thought broke across my mind: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I was in a desperate way.

Mr Chesterton proceeds to summarize first the contradictory charges made against Christianity:

Thus certain sceptics wrote that the great crime of Christianity had been its attack on the family; it had dragged women to the loneliness and contemplation of the cloister, away from their homes and their children. But, then, other sceptics (slightly more advanced) said that the great crime of Christianity was forcing the family and marriage upon us; that it doomed women to the drudgery of their homes and children, and forbade them loneliness and contemplation. The charge was actually reversed. Or, again, certain phrases in the Epistles or the Marriage Service were said by the anti-Christians to show contempt for woman's intellect. But I found that the anti-Christians themselves had a contempt for woman's intellect; for it was their great sneer at the Church on the Continent that "only women" went to it. Or, again,

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Christianity was reproached with its naked and hungry habits; with its sackcloth and dried peas. But the next minute Christianity was being reproached with its pomp and its ritualism; its shrines of porphyry and its robes of gold. It was abused for being too plain and for being too coloured.

But then, too, the men of science accused Christianity of being a "light," confined at first to one people, and not common to all. This was immoral favouritism. Yet science itself, like Christianity, has originated in a few, and was never extended to all. Such is the necessary history of all higher knowledge, of which the chosen and gifted few are the pioneers. In view of such careless and flimsy attacks, Mr Chesterton began to think that, in the opinion of its critics, "any stick was good enough to beat Christianity with." There was something in the temper of the attacks on Christianity which looked suspicious, over and above their inconclusiveness. Perhaps, after all, the unreason and eccentricity were on the side of its assailants, the sanity and common-sense on the side of Christianity itself.

. . . Perhaps, after all, it is Christianity that is sane and all its critics that are mad—in various ways. . . . The modern man thought Becket's robes too rich and his meals too poor. But then the modern man was really exceptional in history; no man before ever ate such elaborate dinners in such ugly clothes. . . . The fact that Swinburne was irritated at the unhappiness of Christians, and yet more irritated at their happiness, was easily explained. It was no longer a complication of diseases in Christianity, but a complication of diseases in Swinburne. The restraints of Christians saddened him simply because he was more hedonist than a healthy man should be. The faith of Christians angered him because he was more pessimist than a healthy man should be.

Yet in this suggestion, Mr Chesterton is conscious of something wanting. The moderation of sanity, the common-sense of mere humdrum human nature, was not characteristic of Christianity. And here, by a gradual process, we see Mr Chesterton rising to the conception of its supernatural character—to something answering to intense feeling in man, something not fathomable or reducible to complete logical consistency by our finite intellects, but on the contrary presenting mysteries and paradoxes to us, who

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see through a glass darkly. This view we see gradually unfolding itself in these pages—never, perhaps, adequately analysed, yet throughout implied. Only our relations to another world can remove the constant check imposed by reason on man's deepest feelings and aspirations, when he follows exclusively the common-sense maxims of this world. This world is not adequate to our self-realization. Man cannot be explained apart from his relations to God and the truths of faith. Logic stands aside where mystery begins; and adoration and self-abasement take its place. Intense feeling is justified in a sphere in which logic cannot without revelation reach the facts. We have the Man-God as the culminating dogma; the “frenzy” of the crusader is the type of the feeling which becomes reasonable in view of truths so far above reason. The sanity of Christianity had in it as much “frenzy” as belongs to insanity, but it responded to supernatural facts and not to illusions.

Nevertheless it could not, I felt, be quite true that Christianity was merely sensible and stood in the middle. There was really an element in it of emphasis and even frenzy which had justified the secularists in their superficial criticism. It might be wise, I began more and more to think that it was wise, but it was not merely worldly wise; it was not merely temperate and respectable. Its fierce crusaders and meek saints might balance each other; still the crusaders were very fierce and the saints were very meek, meek beyond all decency. Now it was just at this point of the speculation that I remembered my thoughts about the martyr and the suicide. In that matter there has been this combination between two almost insane positions which yet somehow amounted to sanity. This was just such another contradiction; and this I had already found to be true. This was exactly one of the paradoxes in which sceptics found the creed wrong; and in this I had found it right. Madly as Christians might love the martyr or hate the suicide, they never felt these passions more madly than I had felt them long before I dreamed of Christianity. Then the most difficult and interesting part of the mental process opened, and I began to trace this idea darkly through all the enormous thoughts of our theology. The idea was that which I had outlined touching the optimist and the pessimist; that we wanted not an amalgam or compromise, but both things at the top of their energy; love and wrath both burning. Here I shall only trace it in relation to ethics. But I need not

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remind the reader that the idea of this combination is indeed central in orthodox theology. For orthodox theology has specially insisted that Christ was not a being apart from God and man, like an elf, nor yet a being half human and half not, like a centaur, but both things at once and both things thoroughly, very man and very God.

This character of great opposites in Christian belief is further brought out in the following passage on the greatness and littleness of man according to the Christian view of life:

The average pagan, like the average agnostic, would merely say that he was content with himself, but not insolently self-satisfied, that there were many better and many worse, that his deserts were limited, but he would see that he got them. In short, he would walk with his head in the air, but not necessarily with his nose in the air. This is the manly and rational position, but it is open to the objection we noted against the compromise between optimism and pessimism—the “resignation” of Matthew Arnold. Being a mixture of two things, it is a dilution of two things; neither is present in its full strength or contributes its full colour. This proper pride does not lift the heart like the tongue of trumpets; you cannot go clad in crimson and gold for this. On the other hand, this mild rationalist modesty does not cleanse the soul like fire and make it clear like crystal; it does not (like a strict and searching humility) make a man as a little child, who can sit at the feet of the grass. It does not make him look up and see marvels; for Alice must grow small if she is to be Alice in Wonderland. Thus it loses both the poetry of being proud, and the poetry of being humble. Christianity sought by this same strange expedient to save both of them.

It separated the two ideas and then exaggerated them both. In one way Man was to be haughtier than he had ever been before; in another way he was to be humbler than he had ever been before. In so far as I am Man I am the chief of creatures. In so far as I am a man I am the chief of sinners. All humility that had meant pessimism, that had meant man taking a vague or mean view of his whole destiny—all that was to go. We were to hear no more the wail of Ecclesiastes that humanity had no pre-eminence over the brute, or the awful cry of Homer that man was only the saddest of all the beasts of the field. Man was a statue of God walking about the garden. Man had pre-eminence over all the brutes; man was only sad because he was not a beast, but a broken god. The Greek had spoken of men creeping on the earth, as if

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clinging to it. Now Man was to tread on the earth as if to subdue it. Christianity thus held a thought of the dignity of man that could only be expressed in crowns rayed like the sun and fans of peacock plumage. Yet at the same time it could hold a thought about the abject smallness of man that could only be expressed in fasting and fantastic submission in the grey ashes of St Dominic and the white snows of St Bernard. When one came to think of *one's self*, there was vista and void enough for any amount of bleak abnegation and bitter truth. There the realistic gentleman could let himself go, as long as he let himself go at himself. There was an open play-ground for the happy pessimist. Let him say anything against himself short of blaspheming the original aim of his being; let him call himself a fool, and even a damned fool (though that is Calvinistic); but he must not say that fools are not worth saving. He must not say that a man, *qua* man, can be valueless. Here again, in short, Christianity got over the difficulty of combining furious opposites, by keeping them both, and keeping them both furious. The Church was positive on both points. One can hardly think too little of *one's self*. One can hardly think too much of *one's soul*!

The greatness of the soul and the great scale on which Christianity exercised our feelings of wrath and of pity were out of keeping with a view of life which contemplated no more than what this world alone shows to us:

... The spirits of indignation and of charity took terrible and attractive forms, ranging from that monkish fierceness that scourged like a dog the first and the greatest of the Plantagenets, to the sublime pity of St Catherine, who, in the official shambles, kissed the bloody head of the criminal. Poetry could be acted as well as composed. The heroic and monumental manner in ethics has entirely vanished with supernatural religion. They, being humble, could parade themselves; but we are too proud to be prominent. Our ethical teachers write reasonably for prison reform; but we are not likely to see Mr Cadbury, or any eminent philanthropist, go into Reading Gaol, and embrace the strangled corpse before it is cast into the quicklime. Our ethical teachers write mildly against the power of millionaires; but we are not likely to see Mr Rockefeller, or any modern tyrant, publicly whipped in Westminster Abbey.

In truth, this combination of love and wrath, gentleness and fierceness, was a characteristic note of Christianity.

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Each aspect represented something great in our nature. And Christianity alone showed how the two could be in their fullest intensity combined:

. . . The real problem is—Can the lion lie down with the lamb and still retain his royal ferocity? That is the problem the Church attempted; that is the miracle she achieved. . . . Those underrate Christianity who say it discovered mercy; anyone might discover mercy. In fact, everyone did. But to discover a plan for being merciful and also severe—that was to anticipate a strange need of human nature. . . .

. . . Anyone might say, “Neither swagger nor grovel”; and it would have been a limit. But to say, “Here you can swagger, and there you can grovel”—that was an emancipation.

This was the big fact about Christian ethics; the discovery of the new balance. Paganism had been like a pillar of marble, upright because proportioned with symmetry. Christianity was like a huge and ragged and romantic rock, which, though it sways on its pedestal at a touch, yet, because its exaggerated excrescences balance each other, is enthroned there for a thousand years. In a Gothic cathedral the columns were all different, but they were all necessary. Every support seemed an accidental and fantastic support; every buttress was a flying buttress. So in Christendom apparent accidents balanced. Becket wore a hair shirt under his gold and crimson, and there is much to be said for the combination; for Becket got the benefit of the hair shirt, while the people in the street got the benefit of the crimson and gold. It is, at least, better than the manner of the modern millionaire, who has the black and drab outwardly for others, and the gold next his heart. But the balance was not always in one man's body as in Becket's; the balance was often distributed over the whole body of Christendom.

One more extract shall be given, in which we see Mr Chesterton casting his eye along the story of the early centuries of our era, and noting with the eyes of a Christian poet what he calls the Romance of Orthodoxy. He notes the spectacle of the Church, the great war-chariot of Christ or His war horses, driven with infinite skill and avoiding the excesses of heresy on either side. The passage is as characteristic as anything in the volume—marked by real inspiration and imagination, yet touched—in this case

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only slightly—by the unconventional colloquialism which we must accept, for it is part of the style which *is* the man:

... People have fallen into a foolish habit of speaking of orthodoxy as something heavy, humdrum and safe. There never was anything so perilous or so exciting as orthodoxy. It was sanity: and to be sane is more dramatic than to be mad. It was the equilibrium of a man behind madly-rushing horses, seeming to stoop this way and to sway that, yet in every attitude having the grace of statuary and the accuracy of arithmetic. The Church in its early days went fierce and fast with any war horse; yet it is utterly unhistoric to say that she merely went mad along one idea, like a vulgar fanaticism. She swerved to right and left, so as exactly to avoid enormous obstacles. She left on one hand the huge bulk of Arianism, buttressed by all the worldly powers to make Christianity too worldly. The next instant she was swerving to avoid an orientalism, which would have made it too unworldly. The orthodox Church never took the tame course or accepted the conventions; the orthodox Church was never respectable. It would have been easier to have accepted the earthly power of the Arians. It would have been easy, in the Calvinistic seventeenth century, to fall into the bottomless pit of predestination. It is easy to be a madman: it is easy to be a heretic. It is always easy to let the age have its head; the difficult thing is to keep one's own. . . . It is always simple to fall; there are an infinity of angles at which one falls, only one at which one stands. To have fallen into any one of the fads, from Gnosticism to Christian Science, would, indeed, have been obvious and tame. But to have avoided them all is one whirling adventure; and in my vision the heavenly chariot flies thundering through the ages, the dull heresies sprawling and prostrate, the wild truth reeling but erect.

I have quoted enough, I think, to justify me in my emphatic assertion that Mr Chesterton is to be taken seriously. Yet he may be taken too seriously. And then there will come a reaction. He is very serious in his main purpose; and his very seriousness has its share in making him unconventional and startling. In the fulness of his heart he becomes colloquial. And in conversation we can say strong things—violent and exaggerated things—without detriment to seriousness of purpose. Moreover, we can be provoked into saying false and indefensible things, which do not much matter, for spoken words can be corrected,

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or afterwards laid aside with a laugh if challenged. It is by this standard that Mr Chesterton must be judged; and I think that to many who forget the above considerations his written words are unpersuasive.

At times he does not answer an enemy at all, but spends a page in refuting a travesty of his position which no one worth convincing holds. He tells us, for example, that "an imbecile habit has arisen in modern controversy of saying that such and such a creed can be held in one age, but cannot in another." His criticism is that "you might as well say that a certain philosophy can be believed on Mondays, but cannot be believed on Tuesdays." As a protest against fanatical worshippers of the *Zeitgeist* this may stand; although in cases where Mr Chesterton's parallel is accurate it is too obvious. But as a serious reply to persons really worth arguing with, it is little less than absurd. What is generally meant by the statement Mr Chesterton attacks is that some beliefs connected with religion are possible in one stage of civilization and education, impossible in another. The popular setting and explication of a creed changes. Creeds are arrayed, I needly hardly say, in popular legend and illustrated in terms of contemporary science, and these do unquestionably yield to the pressure of advancing knowledge. It is not (as Mr Chesterton assumes) a fundamental philosophy that changes, but that concrete embodiment of it which includes popular superstitions. The educated Indian will not now believe with his ancestors that the world rests on the back of a tortoise. Among Christians themselves—to avoid ground even conceivably disputable—many beliefs were possible before Copernicanism prevailed which are now impossible. Christians could once believe literally the saying of the Psalmist, "terra in æternum stat." They could regard the Ascension as the rising of Our Lord from a stationary earth to a local heaven above the blue sky. They could regard such pictures as the frescoes of Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa as representing a literal fact as to the prospect for our souls after death. Mr Chesterton is, of course, justified in protesting against the idea that an

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entire creed belongs only to an epoch, and not to mankind as such. He may rightly protest, moreover, against changes in detailed popular beliefs, really made to suit the whim of one generation, and advocated under cover of a law of progress. But the value of such writing as his is that it gives a truth with startling distinctness. Here it does nothing of the kind, but appears to state a falsehood and to miss the force of the position it criticises. The stage of Silas Marner's life, in which he believed that the lots revealed the decision of God, was succeeded by the disproof of this belief. Superstition was driven out by experience. Henceforth his belief of God's action in the world had either to be held differently or entirely abandoned. And there is, of course, a similar advance in experience and education in the history of any civilization.

Again, Mr Chesterton's tirade against liberal theology seems to me to miss the mark. I differ from it, of course, as much as Mr Chesterton does, but I quite differ from him as to why it claims to be liberal. Its devotees claim for it that it is liberal because it leaves you free to reject much on which orthodoxy insists. They hold no doubt (among other unorthodox tenets) that miracles are impossible. I agree with Mr Chesterton that this belief is often in individuals based on an irrational *a priori* assumption. But Mr Chesterton speaks of liberal theology as though it definitely enforced this belief and claimed to be liberal on the ground of such enforcement (p. 254). He treats it to much epigrammatic and scornful invective on the basis of its intolerance. Some liberals are, no doubt, intolerant: but the school surely holds its name in virtue of permission, not of insistence. Liberal theology is a haven for those who do not believe in miracles. Mr Chesterton treats it as a Torquemada for those who do.

Similarly, in another place, he totally ignores the distinction between preventive and retributive punishment, and treats a system which denies the use of the latter as though it denied the use of the former (p. 42). Again, in his attack on modern theories of evolution and progress, he poses as an exhaustive alternative an absolutely fixed ideal, or an ideal

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which completely changes. This gives him the occasion for excellent fooling, but does not meet the really rational exponents of the theory he attacks at all. Let me attempt to give my meaning in the author's own manner. If I say, "You must walk towards a fixed point on the horizon if you want to make progress. If, every time you look up, you change your direction and walk towards a different point in the opposite direction, you don't get on at all," I say what is very true. But such a remark is no reply to those who say that the nearer you get to your fixed point the more you see in its neighbourhood, and the further you see beyond it. So, too, to oppose change in ideals as paralysing is an excellent reply to those for whom each fresh philosophy they read completely revolutionizes their estimate of the ideal aim to be achieved: but it is no reply to those who maintain a growth in its distinctness—a growing clearness in its explication. Again, when he tells us that to distrust a peasant's ghost story is necessarily either to distrust "the people" or to preach the intrinsic impossibility of ghosts, he is surely talking nonsense. I would pit the expert against the people in a problem of conic sections, and an educated man against a peasant in taking evidence for a fact in connexion with which popular superstitions are rampant among the peasantry. Yet this is not to deny the value of healthy public opinion. His alternative ignores the real question and reads like a mere joke.

Some of my readers will smile at these solemn criticisms on my part. They will say, "Of course; that is just Chesterton's way." But I point out these instances because I think it is not Mr Chesterton's more usual way. His epigrams and sayings are far more often illuminating. In such instances they are on the whole misleading. I could quote other instances in which they are yet more misleading. And to class them all together is just one of the means whereby his critics give a false impression of his work. I do not ask for the omission of all such passages—this would be too much. Mr Chesterton moves onward in his shirt sleeves, throwing out all the brilliant sayings that come into his head; and to ask him now entirely to change

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his manner and put on his coat, would probably be to cramp his movements and lose the best of him as well as the less good. I only say that there is a gallery looking on which sees in his best only what is to be found in his worst—only paradox, more or less brilliant or surprising as the case may be—and I should be very sorry if the applause of that gallery ever became Mr Chesterton's test of the value of what he writes, or his inducement to write. The instances given above, though not the worst, have this special disadvantage, that the changes in the form of religious belief called for by changes in human knowledge have been ever since Galileo's time just the point on which the opponents of "orthodoxy" have something to say which has to be answered. It is a pity, therefore, that this something is here misrepresented instead of being met. It can only be met by admitting scrupulously the element of truth which is contained in their assertions, and showing that "orthodoxy" can admit the truth while it rejects its exaggerations. Mr Chesterton, on the contrary, appears to exaggerate the intolerance of orthodoxy almost to the point of a literal *credo quia impossible*.

Nevertheless, the very part of this chapter—the Eternal Revolution—of which I am speaking, if ineffective against the more reasonable critics of Orthodoxy, is most effective against the popular excesses and defects of the general movement they represent. To read it brings home most forcibly the chaos of thought and paralysis of effort resulting from individualism—from thought ever beginning afresh, and substituting for the old corporate faith an eager alacrity to abandon the achievements of the past, and beliefs tested by practical success. Such a method makes construction impossible. It means ever hesitating or pulling down, never trusting or building. The argument which in these pages is advanced on behalf of a true creed and against a philosophy of progress, exaggerating the immutability of the former and the mutability of the latter, fails in that it does not recognize the constructive and corporate elements in modern thought, in the hands of its best exponents. But it stands as a plea for the value of stability

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in conviction. Moreover, it shows the value of such stability even where the ideal and creed adhered to are largely wrong. And this is the application which Mr Chesterton himself ultimately gives to his words. They are an apology for deep convictions, inspiring to action and hard to change—for strength of intellectual character. His view, perhaps, needs for its basis some of that very trust in the forces at work in progress which Mr Chesterton lightly rejects. Or I should prefer to say that it needs for its basis a trust that we are fulfilling the designs of Providence in working hard for the best we can see.

The argument stands for conviction as against scepticism—not as supposing that all deep convictions are absolutely true, but that presumably they are partly true, and that to hold by them and to act on them in the first instance is a sounder principle than a ready scepticism. The former course will lead to their gradual correction as logic and experience test them in action. The latter forgoes the test of action and leads to an attitude of negation which is morbid and paralysing. The sceptic is ever occupied in straining his eyes to examine what is deeper down than it is given us to see. Mr Chesterton's argument is a plea against that blunder in reasoning which consists in carrying analysis too far—in the "exercise of thought in matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to a successful issue." As an argument for conviction against flabbiness, for action against inaction, for reform against stagnation, these pages are very powerful. As an argument against growth in the definiteness of the aim to be striven for, it misses the mark. But there is profound truth amid paradox in the criticism of an intellectual plasticity which robs individual effort of intensity and makes perseverance impossible. The excessive openness of mind which is at the root of this tends not towards progress and reform, but towards its opposite—stagnation. For things can only be changed—change can only be planned—to suit a fixed ideal of something better. If such an ideal is not persistent or inspiring, the motive-power for change is gone. Over-

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great intellectual plasticity is thus the bulwark of stagnant conservatism. Here again we have a thought which is extremely interesting and among the most suggestive in the book: and the passage in which this conclusion is reached is an excellent illustration of the method in Mr Chesterton's occasional madness, and the vivid light thrown by his most fantastic illustrations on important principles.

This is our first requirement about the ideal towards which progress is directed; it must be fixed. Whistler used to make many rapid studies of a sitter; it did not matter if he tore up twenty portraits. But it would matter if he looked up twenty times, and each time saw a new person sitting placidly for his portrait. So it does not matter (comparatively speaking) how often humanity fails to imitate its ideal; for then all its old failures are fruitful. But it does frightfully matter how often humanity changes its ideal; for then all its old failures are fruitless. . . .

. . . Let us suppose a man wanted a particular kind of world; say a blue world. He would have no cause to complain of the slightness or swiftness of his task; he might toil for a long time at the transformation; he could work away (in every sense) until all was blue. He could have heroic adventures; the putting of the last touches to a blue tiger. He could have fairy dreams; the dawn of a blue moon. But if he worked hard, that high-minded reformer would certainly (from his own point of view) leave the world better and bluer than he found it. If he altered a blade of grass to his favourite colour every day, he would get on slowly. But if he altered his favourite colour every day, he would not get on at all. If, after reading a fresh philosopher, he started to paint everything red or yellow, his work would be thrown away: there would be nothing to show except a few blue tigers walking about, specimens of his early bad manner. This is exactly the position of the average modern thinker. It will be said that this is avowedly a preposterous example. But it is literally the fact of recent history. The great and grave changes in our political civilization all belong to the early nineteenth century, not to the later. They belonged to the black-and-white epoch, when men believed fixedly in Toryism, in Protestantism, in Calvinism, in Reform, and not infrequently in Revolution. And whatever each man believed in, he hammered at steadily, without scepticism: and there was a time when the Established Church might have fallen, and the House of Lords

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nearly fell. It was because Radicals were wise enough to be constant and consistent; it was because Radicals were wise enough to be Conservative. . . . Let beliefs fade fast and frequently if you wish institutions to remain the same. The more the life of the mind is unhinged, the more the machinery of matter will be left to itself. The net result of all our political suggestions, Collectivism, Tolstoyanism, Neo-Feudalism, Communism, Anarchy, Scientific Bureaucracy—the plain fruit of all of them is that the Monarchy and the House of Lords will remain. The net result of all the new religions will be that the Church of England will not (for heaven knows how long) be disestablished. It was Karl Marx, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Cunningham Graham, Bernard Shaw and Auberon Herbert, who between them, with bowed, gigantic backs, bore up the throne of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Taken as a whole, *Orthodoxy* is a timely warning given to his contemporaries with a youthful force and keenness by a convert to the aged creed of Christendom, which has passed its 1900th birthday. We learn how he has come to realize the inner force of its truth—"time-honoured" for some of the philosophers, "effete" for others, ever young for Mr Chesterton. His pages are marked by the freshness and often by the insight of genius—no other word can be used. They have not the balance of an all-round philosophy. They do not show the fastidious taste and discrimination characteristic of the typical scholar. They have not the artistic finish of the poet; and the true poetry of many a paragraph is marred by the transition from the sublime to the ridiculous. Yet in this there is meaning and method. It is a carrying into action of the view expressed in the epilogue to Mr Chesterton's clever novel, the *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, that there are ever two aspects of the truth, the serious and the humorous. It is the utterance of a man in whom, to use Jowett's phrase, "things serious and profane lie near together, and yet are never confused." And the man who is more than his arguments must put himself into his writing. The book is the trumpet call of a reformer who, like all reformers puts his entire energy into his mission, and, therefore, cannot afford to be reflectively fastidious.

Nevertheless, it remains very singular that one so sen-

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sitive to the poetry which modern life has parted with, so greatly impressed by the loss of dignity which our commonplace surroundings have brought, should in his own writing apparently rejoice in just that destruction of dignity which commonplace images bring. Mr Chesterton seems to have a dual personality; and it is put together from the heroes of his own novel—Adam Wayne and Oberon. He hates a red pillar-box; he loves the robes of Becket. Yet there is an enjoyment of incongruity which the present writer at least finds it difficult to reconcile with such tastes, while enjoying its brilliant displays. Something might be said as to Mr Chesterton's resemblance in this respect to Browning—of whom Tennyson always said that he had a keen sense of the music in poetry. Yet the unmusical rhymes he loved seemed to show a very different side of him. Both writers have asserted their individuality with singular and unconventional boldness. Browning carried the public with him in the end; so, perhaps, will Mr Chesterton. Yet the present writer is not convinced that the manner of either is consistent with the truest literary art.

However, a powerful individuality "maun e'en gang his ain gait." And it is very many years since so much individuality has been brought to bear on controversies which are so largely long-standing ones. *Orthodoxy* is a book to upset the pedant, to irritate Mr Chesterton's *bêtes noires*, the "dreary and well-informed." Here it hits with wonderful precision the one weak spot—the heel of Achilles—in some ingenious but demoralizing system. There the reading of the relevant literature has been careless, and the mark is missed—a lay figure is destroyed, a most amusing play is acted in the destruction, and so the matter ends. The Casaubons of the age, and even their betters, may find in the book much to criticise. "A man," they will say, "ought not to have written this page, who had not read this and was not familiar with that." It is a book which makes a challenge most unwelcome to the conventional philosophers—"is this a brilliant charlatan or a man of genius?" The former verdict must bring

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an uncomfortable sense of insufficiency. The latter our age extremely dislikes. The book can hardly fail to be a great force with the natural body-guard of reality and originality in literature—the abler spirits of the rising generation; those who have not yet lost the instinct which detects and prizes vital thought, and sees through the shams which so often accompany highly conventional writing. In our own late day, a work on these well-worn themes rarely affords half a dozen passages which come upon one with the feeling that, in the sense above indicated, we have found something original. In this work, one's pencil marks half a hundred. J. S. Mill told us, fifty years ago, that we must master the whole existing literature of these discussions before we are fitted to say anything new. But soon after he said it, signs were apparent of the advance of specialism at accelerated speed, of the consequent complete crushing of individual thought under the ever growing weight of accumulated authorities. Our Davids did their best to put on Saul's armour, but it had become so heavy that before they had even got it all on their energies were spent. In philosophy and in theology it was the same. In Mill's time, the few experts could fulfil his test, and originality could, perhaps, emerge after the severe training. Now specialism has so greatly developed that it hardly can. Perhaps in Mr. Chesterton it would have done so, had his training been that of an expert. But it has not. And one of the very few men who could, I believe, have now fulfilled Mill's test, and remained original after the second half of a training—of which the first half is still good for all—has set the example of going forth with little of equipment over and above his own extraordinary force and skill—little beyond the stone and the sling. The result is, however, something which must be taken very seriously indeed; and if even half of what he says needs qualification and correction, that will not prevent the book giving us as a permanent legacy more of original and practically helpful suggestions than perhaps anything which has appeared in our own day on Chateaubriand's theme, "the genius of Christianity."

## Mr Chesterton

I have dealt with Mr Chesterton's book at considerable length; and I will add a word in explanation of what appears to me to be the special suitableness of its argument to a Catholic review. It is not that I think the position of Mr Chesterton in these pages necessarily identical with Catholicism, though its affinities to Catholicism are very close. But it does seem to me to be an attempt in English literature of the hour at doing what a sympathetic spectator from another planet would regard to be one great work of the Church at present—namely, bringing to bear all available guns against a perverse philosophy of life, which is being preached in the name of progress. Such a spectator would, perhaps, say that the Church does not just now show in its action a close or understanding sympathy with modern thought, but rather regards it as, on the whole, taking a wrong direction; that the Church, at this moment, is urging action on the ancient fixed ideal and creed rather than speculation on novel points of view. She does not deny or question in general that there has been incidental progress in human thought. Many of her representative thinkers are, indeed, keenly alive to the special problems which such advance presents. But in her official action the Church emphasizes rather the defects and dangers of modern thought. She notes that weak man may easily be absorbed by the new and lose his grasp on the old. Our faculties are in danger of losing what they have already grasped and possessed—truth which is substantial and divine—while they pursue shadows—or substances ever retreating among the shadows. To concentrate our main attention on this fact is a one-sided insistence for the age on old aspects of truth which are being forgotten, not a denial of new aspects to be recognized in due time and in due proportion. Such an attitude is undoubtedly reinforced by some of Mr Chesterton's best pages. And it is likely to be as unpopular in many quarters as the Church is ever unpopular with the world.

WILFRID WARD

## The Measure of National Wealth

WHEN any economic discussion arises which concerns the community as a whole, it becomes a capital matter to establish *some measure of the material prosperity of the community*. A change of fiscal policy, for example, is argued; at the very origin of such an argument must appear the supposed advance or decline of contemporary communities, which have themselves accepted or rejected the new policy proposed. At the outset also of any such discussion will necessarily appear a comparison between the former and the present prosperity of one's own community. No main part of the argument can proceed until such a *measure* has been established and successfully applied; for although abstract and theoretical argument might prove that such and such a fiscal policy must necessarily be advantageous, yet if, as a matter of fact, nations adopting it had lost wealth or had increased their wealth more slowly than others, or if one's own nation, having adopted it, had lost wealth or had increased its wealth more slowly than others, theoretical arguments in favour of so unsuccessful a result could never weigh with men of judgement. At least, they would never act upon such arguments.

Now the establishment of such a *measure*, though it is of vital importance, happens to be a task of peculiar difficulty.

It does not, indeed, bear the appearance of a difficult task. The prices of commodities and their amount are well known, many incomes are registered, the value of land is assessed. It would seem (and it still does seem to some observers) that the business of ascertaining the material prosperity of a community is but the adding up of a sum, whose elements require laborious discovery but whose result is a matter of simple arithmetic. This first impression is false. The more thoroughly the economic circumstances of any community have been considered for the purpose of estimating its total wealth, the more doubtful has an exact estimation become.

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It is the object of what follows to show in what manner certain recent attempts to measure the material prosperity of a community have failed. In a further paper I shall examine whether we cannot find some rule which shall lead us in the future to more exact conclusions.

Before such an analysis is undertaken it is necessary to restate the fundamental definition of all economic science:

Matter transposed from a condition where it is less, to a condition where it is more, serviceable to the needs of man, is said to have received an increment of *value*: *wealth* consists in those material objects to which such increments of value have been given: the wealth of an individual or a nation consists in the material objects to which such increments of value attach, and over which social arrangements give him or them powers of consumption or exchange. Such wealth cannot therefore be measured in *things*: it can only be measured at any moment by the amount of the increments of value attaching at that moment to the material objects in possession.

For example: A man by the arrangements of society has control over three tons of coal, the one hewn from the seam but still at the bottom of the mine, the other at the pit's mouth, the other at the place where it is intended to begin the consumption of that coal for the satisfaction of human need. This man's wealth cannot be measured by saying he has three tons of coal, the *values* attached to that coal are alone a measure of his wealth.

The ton of coal hewn out of the seam and lying at the bottom of the mine has received a measurable increment of value. It has been taken from its situation in the seam, where it was less serviceable to the use of man, and it has been transposed into a situation and condition, viz., out of the seam and broken up, where it is more serviceable to the needs of man; it has reached one stage in its progress towards final consumption. Let this increment of value be measured by its exchange against the current value of our medium of exchange in this country, and let it be one-fifth of a sovereign.

The ton of coal at the pit's mouth has been lifted to the

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surface of the earth, it has been sifted and sorted; it is laid upon a truck and is ready for its journey; it has achieved a second stage in its progress towards final consumption, and it has received a further increment of value. This further increment of value shall be, let us say, one-twentieth of a sovereign, and the ton of coal at the pit's mouth carries a total increment of value above zero of one-fourth of a sovereign, where its fellow on the floor of the mine carried but one-fifth.

The third ton, which has arrived at the place where it is destined to be consumed in the satisfaction of the needs of man, receives, from the length or difficulty of the journey, a further increment in value of, let us say, three-fourths of a sovereign, so that the total of its increments of value amount to one sovereign exactly.

Then the wealth of the man whom we have supposed in possession of these three tons in their three stages of increment of value, is one sovereign for the last, five shillings for the second, and four shillings for the first, and his total wealth in coal is £1 9s.: we measure that wealth, it is apparent, not in coal—it is not in "tons" that we measure, we do not call him a man with "three tons of coal"—but in the increments of value which the coal has received: we measure in values; we call him a man worth £1 9s.

It is clearly evident that the wealth of many such men, that is the wealth of a community, can only be established when we have discovered what are the increments of value at their disposal. The formula may be easily stated; but the translation of this formula into a concrete statement, is (as we shall presently see) a very different matter. The formula runs thus: *The wealth of a community at a given moment is the sum total of all the increments of value attaching to the material objects in the possession of that community.*

Such is the formula for a given moment. Were all our sources of wealth arrested while a computation of our wealth was made, such a formula would comprehend the result. But, in point of fact, wealth is perpetually coming in and going out. The factor of time enters into any calculation of prosperity.

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One may suppose the process of production and consumption arrested at some one moment, and a computation made at that moment. One may use (as the physical metaphor goes) the *static* method. But, as the factor of time is necessarily present in any economic process, it is a better plan to admit it into one's estimate of wealth, and to consider, not how much wealth is present at a given moment, but how much is consumable in a given unit of time; and as the first was called the *static*, so this may be called the *dynamic* method.

Either method is legitimate, either can give true results; but the results differ in kind, and it is wisest to adopt the second method, for many reasons which cannot here be discussed: as, that a mere valuation includes much unproductive wealth, much fictitious value due to the competition for monopolies, etc. One reason is sufficient to decide in favour of such measurement of "income" rather than of "static" wealth, which is, that by measuring the material prosperity enjoyable *within a certain unit of time* by a community, we are in touch with the way in which men and communities actually consider their well being. Community A is possessed of M values at a given moment. Community B is possessed of 2 M values; then it is true to say that B is *statically* twice as rich as A; but if A can consume and replace his M values twice as fast as B can consume and replace his 2 M, then A and B feel equally rich and are called equally rich.

These divergent statements, the static and the dynamic, are not contradictory. Each is a truth; but each is a truth stated relatively to a different aspect of the question, and it is evident that the dynamic aspect is the most valuable for purposes of practical comparison. To put it in everyday language, if I am making £2,000 a year by painting, and my neighbour is also making £2,000 a year by buying and selling false Velasquez', we may be said to be equally well off, although an examination of all the values within our possession at any given moment might show him to be indefinitely richer than I. His wealth at a given moment might include six false Velasquez' of high repute, mine

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nothing more than clothes, furniture and a few unpaid bills.

We may then, for the purposes of this enquiry, confine ourselves to the dynamic formula, and say that the material prosperity of a community may be measured in *the total values consumable by the community within a given space of time*.

Note, "consumable," not "consumed"; for it is in the power of the possessor to save a certain margin out of the values consumable, and it may also be in his power to exceed, by borrowing in some form, his true power of consumption.

Note also "consumable," and not *produced*. What a community can produce has, in economic theory, nothing to do with our subject. The power of production has, indeed, a high political meaning, and it may be true that a nation which loses that power will ultimately lose all economic power with it; but power of production is not, in strict economic analysis, a test for the wealth of a man or of a community, for it is evident that one may, by some social arrangement, be able to consume far more than one produces (as is the case with most rich men, and among nations, with France and England at the present day); conversely, one may be compelled to consume far less than one produces (as is the case with most poor men, and among nations with Egypt for example, or with South Africa). In pure economic theory you could have a community producing next to nothing and consuming largely—Venice was for some generations almost in that state—and although you could not have a community consuming nothing and producing largely, yet you could have a community consuming very little in proportion to its produce, and compelled to forego the major part of its production for the pleasure of others.

We have then to measure the sum total of values consumable by a community within a given period, and the period most convenient for statistical application is a year. When we know how much a nation as a whole could regularly, and without borrowing from other nations, consume in values during one year, when we know (that is) what is

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called its *Potential Demand* for one year, we shall have measured its material prosperity; and a similar standard applied to another contemporary nation, or to the same nation at another period, will give us results permitting all useful comparisons.

Let me now review the various methods by which it has been attempted to estimate this total, and let me show how and why all have failed.

I will begin with the most inept. Consider, in the first place, the estimation of national income by the volume of foreign trade.

It should surely be evident that a test of that kind is no test at all; but so powerful is the association of ideas, that a nation living as does our own by foreign trade, with difficulty dissociates this source of wealth from the absolute characters of wealth itself. Our journalists and our politicians, even those whose intelligence tells them that the standard is a ludicrous one, with difficulty avoid an unconscious use of it when they are comparing the great nations of the modern world; it will therefore be useful to state very briefly, in spite of its self-evident character, the argument against such a standard.

Foreign trade *may* account for nothing in a nation's total power of consumption. What it does account for can only be found under the category of *imports*, while of these only what is *wholly retained for consumption* affects that total power of consumption a measure for which we are seeking. Exports cannot be counted in total consuming power, on the contrary, they are so much *less* to any nation and are only sent abroad that some other thing—imports—may come in. But even of imports, only the values retained for consumption count in the sum total of yearly wealth. America sends Lancashire two bales of cotton; the increment of value on each is (say) above zero £15. Then they appear as £30 worth of imports. But of them one, being made up into fabric, is re-exported at an estimated value of £45; the other, estimated also at £45, is retained and the fabric consumed in England. Then our *total of consumable values* includes only the *second bale*, and of the £30

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of imports £15 only counts in the wealth of the Island. The export is presumably sent abroad to purchase something, but so far as the cotton is concerned all we can say of the whole transaction is that it represents £45 of the income of England; of which a third was import, two-thirds were values created within the Island.

There is, thus, no necessary relation between the imports of a people and its total consuming power. The gold-fields of the Yukon import, I suppose, every conceivable article of consumption: they export (I should imagine) nothing but gold, and the proportion of imports to the total consuming power of that mining community must be very high, for everything, except what they choose to save, is represented by imports. Conversely, the French people though (of the greater nations) they possibly stand first in material prosperity per head, account, with a population of forty million, for certainly not £2 a head of imports representing consumable values wholly retained for consumption.

For every error in political economy, however glaring or however subtle, a truth can be discovered which has served as a basis for the error, and the truth in this instance is the fact that a large and increasing volume of foreign trade generally accompanies, though it is not identical with, an increase in national prosperity.

Only imports retained for consumption can count as wealth, but the fact that such imports must usually, in part at least, be paid for by exports of domestic product, and the fact that this activity of production commonly gives a sort of momentum to the whole national life and breeds increase of wealth on every side, makes the *expansion* of trade, though not a direct guide, yet a fair symptom of the economic advance of a free and commercial state. Germany, for instance, is not only increasing the volume of her foreign trade enormously, but also (though in a much smaller degree) the volume of her total yearly wealth. In general, if we test the matter by history, a sudden and rapid expansion of foreign trade is the prelude to, or the accompaniment of, a general expansion of national wealth.

*It does not follow, however, that the maintenance or increase*

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*of a foreign trade already large means the maintenance or increase of national wealth; foreign trade can be maintained at its old level and can even gradually increase in volume, but it may do so at the expense of an internal production of consumable values, and its increase may co-exist with a decline, and even a rapid decline, of the sum of consumable values controlled by the nation.*

A concrete example will make this clear. Suppose an island to have two sources of wealth:

(1) The consumable values produced by its agriculture, all the production in which is due to internal activity, and all the values of which are consumed within its boundaries.

(2) The consumable values represented by imports, which are obtained by the export of some article—marble—which the island does not itself consume.

Let the agricultural source of wealth represent nine-tenths and the imports one-tenth of its total yearly consumable values. Agricultural wealth falls to one-third of its former importance by a decline in agricultural skill—the result of war, a series of bad seasons, insufficient capitalization in a time of rapid mechanical discovery, or a change in national philosophy and habit.

Suppose, in the struggle to get food, the export of marble to treble in amount and the imports to treble with it. Then the foreign trade of that island would have trebled, and yet its total yearly income would have fallen by forty per cent. It would be producing marble furiously, and importing, perhaps, a sum of agricultural produce less by far than what it could have raised at home under earlier conditions.

Or consider this case: a nation consists of two very diverse parts, A and B, united under one political system. The one, A, though barren, contains metal ore and coal in profusion. The other, B, is devoid of coal and metal but is of excellent soil and climate, fertile, and skilled in agriculture. Such a nation will import but a small proportion of its consumable values. It has within it all it needs. Its two parts, A and B, have together a total foreign

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trade, let us say, of but twenty millions of pounds, of which not more than five millions stand for imported values consumable within the kingdom.

The total consumable values consumable by this nation in the year, may be, let us say, one thousand millions, and are largely made up of agricultural articles passing from B to A, metallic and industrial articles passing from A to B. Some revolution separates province A from province B and makes them independent states. The old division between the provinces becomes an international function: the traffic of goods across it becomes international trade. The foreign trade between these two states will be enormous. It will run into hundreds of millions. The total foreign trade of the two used to be twenty millions, a quarter of which alone consisted of values consumable within the nation; it will now appear multiplied ten, twenty or thirty fold, yet the material prosperity of the people in A and B will remain the same, whether we put them both in one bracket and call them one nation, or separate them and call them two.

To sum up:—The volume of foreign trade is no index to national prosperity. The imports alone concern this, and of the imports only those consumable values which remain for consumption within the nation. These, again, mean little to us unless we know what proportion they bear to the total consumable values in the possession of the community; and in general, the volume of foreign trade is much more the accident of a frontier than a function of national economic prosperity.

All this is so obvious and elementary that an apology is, perhaps, again required for introducing it at all, but, I repeat, upon nothing is the mind, even the educated mind, of a nation largely engaged in foreign trade, more likely to be misled; and no error more frequently appears in our own debates here in England.\*

\*At the very moment of writing, the writer's attention has been called to two very good examples of this: A gentleman writing under the name of "Ellis Barker" supposes, in *The Spectator*, of October 17, 1908, that Great Britain, so far from being the wealthiest of modern

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To turn from this obviously erroneous method, let us next consider the more tempting one which consists in adding up assessments.

A great modern nation is so accurately surveyed, and held so tightly in the bonds of government, that the assessment to value of its citizens may roughly be accepted as an accurate piece of statistics. When the tax collector in Germany (for instance) has found out the wages of your cook, the salary of your governess, the allowance of your eldest son, and your own income, one is sure he has been fairly accurate in his figures. If the great army which the modern state mobilises for the purpose of discovering such things, ends by arriving at a certain sum total, that total, surely (one might say), omits nothing and imagines nothing. It is surely final.

To these official statistics, more or less elaborated according to the community, but in France, England, Germany, Austria and Italy at least, very thorough, and perhaps even more thorough in the minor states, must be added the numerous non-governmental, but most reliable, statistics furnished by our great modern organizations, such as the Trades Unions and the Railway Companies, or arrived at by the voluntary and patient labour of particular students.

Thus we have in England, of official statistics, the statistics of assessment to income tax, the statistics of assessment to land for local rates, the statistics of imports and exports, the statistics of production of articles subject to excise, the statistics of probate, and, latterly, statistics upon industry in general, which are growing in completeness. All these are stamped with the authority of government. We have, besides, the statistics of the great Trades Unions, of the Railway and Steamship Companies, of the nations, is less wealthy than Germany and, possibly, even than France: He takes it for granted that France is less wealthy than the German Empire! Whereupon the Editor of that Journal, in a note to the letter, goes one better and affirms that his country is wealthier per head than any country in the world !!

Neither of these gentlemen can have been considering the general economic situation of modern peoples; both must have had in mind the volume of foreign trade, and that alone.

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Banks, etc., and we have, in the field of private research, the invaluable results of such men as Mr Rowntree.

It is often thought that in the presence of so vast an accumulation of figures there is but one great difficulty before the student, which is the difficulty of grasping all the evidence so presented to him. But if the matter be examined it will be seen that this difficulty, though considerable, is neither insuperable nor fundamental. Abstracts and condensations are published, a general redaction of this great mass of evidence can be made. Moreover, a few categories account for the great mass of the wealth so calculated.

The obstacle present to the use of this method does not consist in the volume of evidence: it consists in the very nature of the method itself. You *cannot* estimate national wealth by a mere addition of assessments, save under the hypothetical or rather imaginary supposition of a nation consisting of a definite number of absolute owners, no one of whom trades, exchanges, or has any other economic relation of debt or credit or salary with any other person in the community. It need not be said that such an ideal condition is useless for our purpose. In all other conditions and *in proportion to their complexity*, assessment as a basis for estimating national wealth is necessarily false, because it is necessarily exaggerated.

I have dealt with this point in a former number of the DUBLIN REVIEW (that for April, 1908), under the title "The Inflation of Assessment." The arguments there used may be briefly recapitulated here.

When you approach several economic units, whether individuals or corporations, and discover the total amount of consumable values under their possession for one year, the sum total of consumable values so discovered will not give you the total sum of consumable values possessed by the community in that time. It will give you far more. There will be an error of exaggeration, and this error will increase—not in an arithmetical, but in a geometrical, progression—as you deal with an increasing number of inter-dependent economic connexions between the various units.

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The first stages of this growth of error can be watched and allowed for. Our income-tax regulations are even somewhat minute in this matter, allowing for insurance, premiums and interest on debt. But the machinery of such safe-guards, rebates, etc., are defeated after the very first stages of the enquiry by the enormous complexity of a modern state.

To take one instance out of a hundred: all luxurious expenditure appears twice, or more than twice, in any system of assessment. A man travelling first-class, for instance, consumes but a penny's worth of upholstery in the way of better cushions; but he pays many shillings—and the difference (which represents no real wealth) appears both as expenditure in an income for which he must account, and as receipts in the income of the railway company. A man drinking a bottle of champagne of, say, three shillings in economic value, pays, in England at least, some fantastic profit or other of one hundred, or one hundred and fifty per cent to the restaurant, he pays duty to the state as well; his income must account for both these imaginary values; the restaurant keeper is assessed on the profit that imaginary value gave him; the landlord on the surplus value left over, not by the true economic value of the restaurant, but by the fact that, in that particular situation, you can get men to pay far above the economic value of their food and drink.

Again: none of the losses upon speculation are set against the assessed profits, all the purely fictitious special values attaching to monopoly are assessed as real wealth. For instance: Two rich men, each with a claim upon Egyptian cotton, happen to want a picture, for the moment renowned, destined in a year or two to oblivion. In their competition for this picture each will offer 1,000 bales of his cotton in exchange for it. The value of the picture goes down at 1,000 bales in the assessment of national wealth, precisely as though England actually had another 1,000 bales of cotton. Nor is it only luxurious expenditure, in the sense of expenditure, by the rich which creates imaginary values. All conventional prices do so. When a poor person drinks a cup of tea and pays one penny for it, less than a farthing

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of that penny is consumable value, but his three farthings and more goes down, somewhere, in the statistics of assessment. It goes down once in the statistics of wages (for instance), part of it goes down in the statistics of London land values, part of it is tax. The three farthings goes on being assessed. Exactly how much the process of exaggeration continues no one can say, but *one can say that it is a process wherein the chance of error increases in geometrical progression with the number of transactions involved*, and once one has said that, one easily sees how, in a numerous and complex community, the errors due to this method of estimating public fortune rapidly outpace all systems of exemption and rebate.\*

I have allowed my pen in this very short and necessarily elementary series of remarks to digress into the use of terms which, though they are just, may be regarded as unnecessarily complicated; I can bring it back into better paths by referring the reader to some very plain and common-sense considerations.

If we go by assessment as a basis for the establishment of national wealth, what are we to make of the following figures?

What I may call precarious incomes (better and less envitably known as "Schedule D") rise, since 1890, by thirty per cent.; salaries of people in regular employment under Government, or under public companies, leap up by much more than half in the same period! We are asked

\* Where the error is traced along the line of a particular increment of economic values, the progression remains arithmetical, but the moment cross relations come in, a geometrical progression is established.

For, let the assessment of A overlap the assessment of B so that something is common to them both, the assessment of B overlap the assessment of C, so that something is common to them both, and so on; then the error of excess present in adding up a given chain of assessments is an error due to simple addition. But if we are also certain that A overlaps not only with B but with  $x$  other assessments, that B overlaps not only with A and with C above and below, but with  $x$  other assessments, and so on on either side, every new unit brings us—not one overlap, but a new series of overlaps, we have to allow for a factor of multiplication. The error of excess, being an error due to the neglect of a multiple, increases in a geometrical, not in an arithmetical progression.

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to believe (allowing for the increase in population) that where a clerk got £100 about the time when Mr Gladstone was alive, his successor is getting £120, or that the rising barrister who then made a thousand, now makes in the same circumstances £200 more. The absurdity is even more striking if we take a longer period. We must make the direct tax-paying population of the United Kingdom *three* times as rich to-day as it was at the time of the Crimean War. We must regard incomes from salaries and profits of all kinds as multiplied nearly by *five* in the same period; and we must consider the country in general to have become within comparatively recent memory from poor, rich.

The thing is manifestly ridiculous! Of those who read these lines there are many who can remember the Franco-Prussian War. They will be willing, perhaps, to believe that since that period the assessment of agricultural land has fallen in the proportion of sixty-four to fifty-two, but they will with difficulty believe that the England they see around them is, so far as regular tax-payers are concerned, *twice* as wealthy as the England they then knew. The further back one goes the less one is satisfied. Was the England (and Ireland) of Pitt but a *tenth* of our England and Ireland in wealth? If so, where did the force of English wealth appear in the Napoleonic wars? Is the surplus wealth of Paris *three* times what it was in the last years of Napoleon III?

It is evident these things are not so. It is not wealth that has mainly increased (though wealth has increased) it is multiplication of economic relations and cross relations, and with it the over-assessment of wealth.

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely to show how fallacious is the method of using assessment as the basis of estimating national wealth; and each instance could easily be used to prove that an extension of activity in commercial and social relations, exaggerates this type of estimate out of all bounds. To give but one example, the peasantry of modern France, some 20,000,000 or more in number, are assessed in the most careful manner to dis-

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cover the value of their *produce*, the assessment of such *produce* arrives at one-third of the lowest estimate of the nominal incomes to which the produce ultimately gives rise!

I say nothing of gains made by A from B by transactions in which no farthing's worth of wealth has been produced, but which all go down as wealth assessed to A, and which are quite lost sight of as wealth lost by B; though transactions of this sort (which our fathers called by a coarser name) form a very large part, indeed, of modern speculative fortunes.

There is another method, and apparently a much better one, of arriving at the total sums of consumable values at the disposal of a community within a year.

It is to estimate the *total production in values* which goes on in a given time within the State. Statistics can approximately arrive at these, and their sum may be made the basis of calculation. One has but to add to that sum the consumable values obtained by import, and the sum total would seem to be the true national income.

This, as I shall show in a second paper, though erroneous in itself, indicates the true method. Indeed, if it be possible to determine (*a*) *what is produced within a nation for consumption*, and (*b*) *what is brought into it for consumption*, the total of such values will give the total of the national income; but in the ordinary method of thus judging productive energy there lies an error, fairly obvious, though continually committed. The error consists in counting *all* increments of value present in each stage of industry and adding all together; it is a confusion of the static and the dynamic calculation.

You ask how much coal has been produced in the year; if you are accurately-minded, you ask the value at the pit's mouth, or at some other definite point in its progress. You then ask how much iron has been produced in the year, and if you are statistically-minded you ask for that value at some point in its progress, as, for instance, in the form of pigs. Then you ask how many boats, how many steam engines, how many bridges have been produced in the year, and so on.

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Now, it is evident that this method of calculation will never do.

So much coal was hewn out and brought to the pit's mouth. But what happened to it? It was used for smelting the iron, or it was used for converting the iron into steel, or it was used for turning the iron or the steel into some new form which gave it further increment of value. And if you add up all these different items of production, you will arrive at a result absurdly superior to the true sum-total of consumable values produced within the nation.

To take a very simple illustration, one that would never have occurred to a medieval man, but one which is being actually practised every day by the modern man. Suppose you were to ask all the farmers in the country in June, the value of their standing crops of wheat, to discover in August the value of their thrashed wheat; to ask of the millers in early winter the value of the flour they held, and to gather between that and next March the value of loaves baked and sold by bakers throughout the realm, to what a vast extent would you not be exaggerating the total wealth in wheat of the community! The wealth of the community in wheat can only finally be measured in *baked loaves*, that is the form in which the wheat reaches its final stage. That is the form in which is carried its whole increment of value, just before the moment of consumption in human use, and if you set down and crudely add up all the other values it has at every stage between the soil and the loaf, you will exaggerate this department of the national wealth indefinitely.

The example is crude and obvious, simply because we are used, by the immemorial tradition of a simpler time, to all the processes here mentioned. When we eat bread we know that it is wheat, we know (even in England) that it was grown in the ground, we know that it had to be ground into flour, and we know that the flour had to be baked into bread; any gentleman taking £5,000 a year from the taxes who by his analysis of the process showed himself ignorant of such simple facts, would be in danger of losing office.

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Unfortunately, the newness or the complexity of modern conditions does hide from our politicians the precisely similar condition attached to all other statistics of even the most modern forms of production, and therefore our politicians, when they cite statistics of production in their estimate of national wealth, perpetually fall into this obvious error.

Let me follow the fortunes of a pair of tongs. They may be bought by the rich or by the poor for a certain small sum. Let me consider one million of such articles, they are a convenient illustration for they may be wholly produced within this island. The iron ore may still be got out of English earth, the fuel which smelts and converts it will also be got from our soil, each will be transported over English rails by English labour, the million pairs of tongs will be fashioned by Englishmen in English factories, and they will be conveyed to the shops in English wagons by English drivers and sold there by English shopkeepers to English householders. When they begin to be used in private English fireplaces, and not until then, they have reached the final stage of production and are beginning to be consumed for the satisfaction of a human need.

Let us suppose that this million pairs of tongs (at one shilling each—it is purely arbitrary) represent £50,000.

Now let us ear-mark exactly that proportion of coal necessary for the smelting and the conversion of the metal, the hauling of it in all its various stages, the warming and cooking of all the labourers engaged—which must include the shop-keeper who sold them—let us consider and ear-mark the iron ore in all its stages, the oats that fed the horses which dragged the dray, from the sowing of these oats at least to the bringing of them into the horses' stable; all the food, clothing and housework whatsoever; all the maintenance of the same, and every item of all material consumption that went in this business, and you have the increment of all those values finally represented by the £50,000, which the householders paid for the million pairs of tongs. But the moment you begin to consider the oats separately, the coal separately, the iron ore

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separately and the rest separately, you fall into the danger of counting things twice over; and it is here that what are called "Statistics of Production" lead one so wildly wrong on the side of exaggeration.

Here also, precisely as in the other forms of error, it is an active, productive and commercial country which is, above all others, in danger of grossly over-estimating its wealth.

I find, for instance, that in a certain year the United Kingdom has produced some nine million tons of pig iron, "valued at" something between 70s. and 80s. the ton. I find, in another column of the same abstract, that it has produced not quite five million tons of steel. I find that in the same year a certain number of railway lines are laid, and I may by close research discover what has been used in repairs of the old. I find further the number and value of girders, locomotives, etc.

Now, how can I discover from such statistics an index of material wealth? It may be said that each item represented wealth in its time. It did. But that wealth disappeared in the new increments of value; the iron ore, the coal, the pig iron, the steel, each disappeared after it was noted and valued, it was again noted and again valued at a higher value in another form. As it is in this extreme and obvious case, so it is in the much more intricate forms of industrial activity which everywhere surround us. Certain contents of value are final in one form: a girder in a bridge. The same contents are but parts of another form with a higher increment of value: a girder in a house. One square yard of canvas covers a tub and is used up. Upon another is painted a picture worth as much as £10.

It is evident that this method will never do. You may (as in the case of the error of assessment) allow for this and that, distinguish between final and intermediate forms and the rest of it, but you will always be lost at last in the protean maze of industry. You will never get at the total of consumable values by a method of mere addition, which only appears so simple at the outset in order to become more and more complex as your enquiry proceeds. It will

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in practice be quite impossible to follow the transmutation of all these forms of matter and yet, if you do not follow it, you will not, by this method, have even the vaguest standard for measuring the wealth of the nation. You will have something to talk about in such schoolrooms as are lent (or hired) to political orators. You will be able to make fine phrases about "our production of textile fabrics"; "the statistics of our production of tin plates" (the thing on which poor Mr Chamberlain came such a cropper); "our national production of coal"—and so forth; but when you have done you will be giving a false impression of our standing in material wealth; nor is there any method conceivable by which the statistics of production, so taken in a modern complex industrial society, could even approximate towards a true result.

There are other ways in which it is attempted to establish a measure of the material prosperity of a community. There is the rough and ready way of finding out how much taxation the community can bear. This fails in two regards: first, some nations allow themselves to be taxed much more heavily than others, as, for instance, England is very much more heavily taxed than the United States; and secondly, taxation falls upon very different classes and in very different ways in different types of society—as for instance, the English workman does not know that he is paying a tax upon tea and beer and tobacco; while the middle-class (upon whom direct English taxation now mainly reposes) would thankfully exchange their direct taxation (income tax and rates) for any indirect group of levies.

There is another rough and ready method, which consists in estimating the total liabilities of a Government, and comparing it with the state of that Government's credit; but that, taken by itself, is very faulty. For some well to do nations do not choose—or have once not chosen—to pay, as Greece for instance. Others, though impoverished, are scrupulous in payment; others are imagined by your cosmopolitan financier (a man who lives in the clouds) to be wealthy when they are not; others again, could pay, being wealthy and honest, but having but imperfect

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machinery for estimating, raising and apportioning revenue, do not.

Of two nations equally wealthy, the one having no proper governmental machinery, having in the past repudiated, having its finances perpetually in disorder, might carry but one-tenth of the loan (and that at a high interest), which the other, well governed, docile, with forms of wealth easily to be counted or to be tapped, and (above all things) with a clean record of payment, might carry.

To sum up, one may say that none of our current methods of estimating, however roughly, the wealth of a community will satisfy a future historian, nor can any of them satisfy a modern economist. All deal with figures a little too far removed from realities, and no one of them, nor any simple combination of them, would seem to give even so much as limits of maximum and minimum wherein the income of a nation may be fixed. They are not *rough* estimates: rather are they *illusory*.

It will be legitimate, after such a conclusion, to despair of any solution. I believe that a solution can be discovered; not, indeed, an exact one, but one which for *purposes of comparison* between the present and the past, between one's own nation and contemporary rivals, will hold good. To this method I propose to devote a future paper.

H. BELLOC

## ENGLISH CATHOLICS IN THE XVIII<sup>th</sup> CENTURY

Dr Kirk's Biographies of Eighteenth Century Catholics. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S.J., and Rev. E. Burton, D.D., F.R.Hist.S. Burns and Oates. 1908.

The Dawn of the Catholic Revival. By Right Rev. Mgr Ward, F.R.Hist.S. Longmans. In the press.

Life of Bishop Challoner. By Rev. E. Burton, D.D., F.R.Hist.S. In preparation.

IT is recorded of Dr Arnold that he once advised taking the study of history backwards, instead of in the reverse direction, as is usually done in schools, beginning with the present day, and tracing back the manner of life and national institutions with which we are familiar through the vicissitudes of their history, in order to arrive at their source and origin. This has only to be stated for us to realize its force. Much of the dullness which the average schoolboy finds in learning the facts of the landing of Julius Caesar, or the dates of the Saxon kings, or the liberties granted by the Magna Charta comes from his failing to see any connexion between what he is studying and the England of to-day which he knows. The essential connecting link does not come till the end of the course, and is often never reached at all.

A similar remark may be made with equal force of our own study of English Catholic history. The accounts of the lives of the martyrs in the time of Elizabeth, and later, and the character of the work undertaken by the missionaries, the majority of whom escaped martyrdom, would be far more interesting and more instructive if we had in our minds the direct continuity between them and the English clergy and laity of to-day.

There has been no lack of interest in the early days of the separation, in the story of Edmund Campion and the martyrs from among the "Seminary priests" from Douay, Rome and Valladolid. The cause of their beatification has been introduced—in a few cases they are already declared "Blessed"—and their lives have formed the subjects of

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many lectures and writings. When, however, we come to more modern times, there has been an almost universal consensus in beginning with the establishment of the Hierarchy, in 1850, or at least with the events that immediately preceded and led up to it. Even Catholic Emancipation has come to be considered less than it once was as an epoch in our history. It is as though the establishment of the Hierarchy was the beginning of a totally new order of things, and the connexion with the past has been lost. From the year 1688, when Dodd's *Church History* leaves off, until—let us say—the arrival of Wiseman in England in 1840, there seems an almost total blank in our modern literature. If we wish to read of the effect of the Penal Laws enacted under William III, of the lives of Catholics during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, of Bishops Giffard, Petre and Challoner, no book can be found written in recent years to supply the want. During the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth centuries, from the first Relief Act of 1778 to Emancipation in 1829, we are a little better off; but not much. Husenbeth's *Life of Milner* gives us many facts of greater or less interest, though there is no attempt to co-ordinate them or to explain their inward meaning. In this way Father Amherst's *History of Catholic Emancipation* is of much more value; but it was never finished—it breaks off in 1820—and, moreover, he confines himself throughout strictly to the political aspect of the Catholic question. The exciting events of the Gordon Riots are of national importance and they have found many chroniclers; while the immigration of the French clergy has been well described in French by Canon Plasse; but no English translation has appeared. Beyond these, hardly any modern book of importance can be thought of until we reach the Oxford Movement and the events which preceded 1850; these have been told again and again in all their different aspects.

Yet, if the results of the establishment of the Hierarchy are closely examined, they appear to be more questions of sentiment than of fact. The popular idea that before 1850 there were no Catholic Bishops in England we, of course,

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know to be false; yet many Catholics themselves overrate the change which then took place. After all, to replace eight Bishops who were Vicars-Apostolic by thirteen Bishops in Ordinary was, numerically, not such a great change, and it can hardly be said that the status of a missionary Bishop differs very visibly, at any rate to an outsider, from that of a Vicar-Apostolic—that, for example, there was any great change when the Vicar-Apostolic of the Yorkshire District became Bishop of Beverley. Bishop James Talbot, who was Vicar-Apostolic in London when the question of the Hierarchy was first mooted in 1783, pointed out that his "faculties" were as extended as those of a Bishop in Ordinary in any country; while the fact that they were "delegated" instead of "Ordinary" is little more than a matter of sentiment. And, it may be added, that the Bishops who governed in Penal times were in no way inferior to those whom we have had since. The names of Bishops Giffard, Challoner, Walmesley, Milner and others may worthily rank with those of Cardinals Wiseman, Manning and Vaughan; while, for actual sanctity, Bishop James Talbot, the last Confessor of the Faith, who stood on trial for his life in 1769 under an old statute of Elizabeth, is not unworthy to rank with the martyrs themselves.

Turning to the clergy, we find that the change has been even less, so that Daniel Rock and the *Adelphi*\* were avowedly disappointed at the form which the measure took when it came. Dioceses were created, but no canonical parishes were erected. A limited number of missionary rectors were, indeed, afterwards added, whose position was in some respects like that of a parish priest; but the main bulk of the clergy remain as simple missionaries. There has been a certain amount of legislation at Provincial and Diocesan Synods: much of it is hortatory, some of it only a formal confirmation of what was already customary. On the whole, the position defined by Benedict XIV in the *Regula Missionis* of 1753 remains substantially in force.

\*The "Adelphi" were a society of secular clergy founded in 1843, to promote the establishment of a regular hierarchy. Daniel Rock took a leading part, and they eventually numbered over a hundred members.

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What change there has been—as, for example, that the chaplains to the gentry and to endowed missions such as several in Essex which used to be supported by Lord Petre have become few in proportion to the rest—is due to other causes—the growth of the urban population, the decrease of the wealth and influence of the landowners, or the like; these would have come about equally if there had been no hierarchy. Even the Provincial Synods, which were regarded as an integral part of the new state of things, have long fallen into disuse. They were intended to take place every three years; but only four have ever been held, the last one thirty-five years ago. The Bishops have found that informal meetings, such as the later Vicars Apostolic used to hold, are more convenient for the end in view.

We must, therefore, look to other causes for the reason why the early days of the Hierarchy are so full of interest. It was a transition period, which is always an interesting one. There had just been an accession of men, some of them of eminence, all of a type which had been unknown among the Catholic body before. The influx of converts produced two effects. On the one hand, many of them took a leading share in Catholic work, and the foundation of new orders was helped on, or even—as in the case of Newman, Manning and Faber—initiated by them. In the second place the arrival of the converts reacted powerfully on the old Catholics themselves. Their work and character were criticized and often misunderstood; and this had the effect of making them look into it themselves, and stirred them to action. The friction between converts and old Catholics, however regrettable, was inevitable; and it had its good side, as all such criticism must. The influence of the new comers could not fail to broaden the minds of the hereditary Catholics and produce counter-action in self-defence. Add to this the influence of Cardinal Wiseman, who almost alone among the old Catholics seems to have had the faculty of understanding and sympathizing with the zeal and aspirations of the converts, and we have the main visible features of the rapid growth of Catholicism during that period. But there was another influence at

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work, less publicly talked about, but probably an even more potent factor in the spread of Catholicity in England at that time. This was the influx of the Irish in consequence of the potato famine in 1845. This resulted in great increase in all the congregations, a demand for new churches and missions, and a large help towards the support of the clergy from the pennies of the poor. Hence we find all Catholic work in a state of rapid development during these years. The establishment of the Hierarchy was, indeed, a prominent feature, and in some respects even a necessary one; but it was rather the setting than the essence of a period which we look upon as an epoch in Catholic history. This can be understood when studied in connexion with the years which preceded it. The biographer of Cardinal Wiseman has recognized this by devoting a chapter to a brief review of the history of English "Papists," as an introduction to the study of Wiseman's work in England. That chapter is a reminder to us that we have not sufficiently studied the period covered by it.

These remarks have been suggested to the present writer by a request from the Editor of the DUBLIN REVIEW that he would write a short account of the scope of his forthcoming book, *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival, 1781–1803*. That period was also one of transition, if possible, even more rapid than in the years which followed 1850; yet it is a period about which Catholics in general admittedly know very little. We are accustomed to speak of the dreary eighteenth century, and rightly so. The exciting days of active persecution had passed away, and it was a time of stagnation, or rather steady decline; when the Penal Laws passed in the reign of William III, exacting numberless fines and other penalties on the practice of the Catholic religion, were having a silent but efficacious operation. Everything in those days depended on the old Catholic families who sheltered the priests and supported the missions; and throughout the century they were one by one falling away. Milner enumerates nine peers and four baronets\* who had given up their religion about this

\* *Sup. Mem.*, p. 44.

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period. Time after time in the contemporary newspapers we read the sad announcement, such as that A. B. has recently "taken the oaths," and is now a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of X. or Y. The work of Challoner, to whom Catholics of those times and later owe almost everything, is especially revered, inasmuch as he lived in times when Catholic prospects were at their lowest.

It may be difficult to fix exactly the date to be considered the actual low-water mark. Father Amherst puts it at about the time of the death of the learned Alban Butler, President of the English College at St Omer in 1773, five years before the first Catholic Relief Act was passed. That Act, small and short though it was, gave some measure of hope for the future. Nevertheless, the present writer would be inclined to look for it some few years later, when the Act of 1778 had passed, and had resulted in the Gordon Riots, which filled Catholics with such horror and alarm that many of them called out to have the law repealed so as to protect them from such dangers in the future. At that time all hope seemed to be gone. The well known writer Rev. Joseph Berington, in his book on *The State and Behaviour of Catholics* published a few months after the Riots, expresses his mind very clearly:

Shall I sit down silently satisfied [he asks],\* because the good humour of a Magistrate chooses to indulge me, whilst there are laws of which any miscreant has the daily power to enforce the execution? My ease, my property, my life are at the disposal of every villain, and I am to be pleased because he is not at this time disposed to deprive me of them. To-morrow his humour may vary, and I shall then be obliged to hide my head in some dark corner, or to fly from this land of boasted liberty. It is surely better *not to be* [he concludes] than to live in a state of such anxious and dreadful uncertainty.

Again, later on,† he says:

The boasted excellencies of the British Constitution are nothing to me, who am deprived of the common rights of humanity; they only serve to make my condition more irksome and to create a restless desire of changes and revolutions. My situation cannot be worse, and it may be mended.

\* Preface, p. viii.      † p. 134.

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This is the language of despair. Berington was a learned man and a singularly pungent writer. His tendencies to Cisalpinism, or worse, have drawn on his head the condemnations of many. But there is no reason to suppose that in estimating the state and prospects of Catholics he was doing otherwise than voicing the general sentiment.

Whatever time, however, we fix upon as the lowest ebb, certain it is that during the last decade of the century the whole outlook went through a complete revolution. The nineteenth century opened with Catholics practising their religion openly, extending their work in all directions and full of hope for the future. The contrast is depicted by Father Amherst in glowing terms:

Standing over the death-bed of Alban Butler [he writes]\* we may imagine what he would have thought had God presented to his failing eyes a vision of a hundred succeeding years. What would he have seen? He would have seen the venerable Bishop Challoner, then in the eighty-third year of his age, living to witness this first gleam of hope afforded by the passing of the Act of 1774; and he would have seen him still living to thank God that in his extreme old age He had allowed him to see the day on which, by the Act of 1778, Catholic bishops, priests and schoolmasters were no longer subject to perpetual imprisonment; and the old Catholic gentry could inherit the estates of their forefathers and purchase new lands without fear of their properties being seized by some apostate relation. He would have seen the great French revolution bursting upon affrighted Europe, and causing the English Government again to send a message of peace to the Catholics and give them the further relief afforded by the Acts of 1791 and 1793.<sup>†</sup> Next he would have seen a sight which must have riveted his attention. His own College of St Omer's, the other Colleges of the English seculars and regulars, all the convents of English ladies in France and Belgium were breaking up, and their communities were pouring into the old country amidst the sympathy and applause of their countrymen and with the hearty welcome of a Prince Regent. He himself was liable at that moment, had he been in England, to perpetual imprisonment for being a priest; and he now sees thousands of the French clergy hospitably received, even

\* *History of Catholic Emancipation*, 1, p. 32.

† The Acts of 1774 and 1793 were Irish Acts. Those of 1778 and 1791 were passed by the British Parliament.

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invited to the shores of England, pensioned by the government and many of them scattering themselves over the country, exercising the holy ministry, loved and respected by all, and leaving a name which to this day is revered. And all this was within twenty years after the dark days on the last of which he died.

It will be noticed that Amherst traces the change in the attitude of the Government towards Catholics to the French Revolution. It is questionable how far this can be established. The debates in Parliament show a tendency towards toleration some years before that, and the Relief Act was definitely promised by Pitt in May, 1788, when the Revolution had not yet broken out. But there can be no doubt that the indirect consequences of the Revolution to which Amherst alludes were all important to English Catholics. Before it broke out, the greater part of their energies were devoted to the development of their houses on the Continent, which formed the one feature of their unfortunate condition on which they could look with satisfaction. These houses numbered more than forty—an extraordinary testimony to the earnestness of a body which, according to Berington, did not exceed 60,000 souls. There was the college at Douay, and the "Venerable" in Rome, founded successively by Cardinal Allen in the reign of Elizabeth; the colleges at St Omer and Valladolid, both originally due to Father Parsons, S.J.; Benedictine and Franciscan monasteries at Douay; a college at Lisbon; an "Academy" carried on by the ex-Jesuits at Liège; a Dominican establishment at Bornheim in Flanders; and monasteries or convents at Paris, Rouen, Pontoise, Cambray, Brussels, Liège, Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, Dunkirk, Ypres and many other places. Each house was a Catholic centre. The convents and schools were alike peopled by the members of the old Catholic families who sent their children "beyond the seas" at the risk of incurring fines and other penalties. During the eighteenth century, as the prospects in England gradually declined, they devoted more and more attention to their establishments abroad. The colleges at Douay and Valladolid were completely rebuilt, as also some of the convents, while others were added to, and all

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pains were taken to secure the efficiency of their work.

The idea that nearly all these institutions were to come to a sudden and abrupt end would have seemed almost unthinkable; yet so it turned out. To-day we have colleges at Rome, Valladolid and Lisbon; and convents at Paris, Bruges and Ypres. These are all that have survived, and even in the case of these, their existence has not always been continuous. But in place of what are gone we have Ushaw, Stonyhurst, Downside, Old Hall and Ampleforth —names which have become grateful to our ears by their long and honourable histories; and we have Benedictines at East Bergholt, Oulton, Stanbrook, Teignmouth and Colwich;\* Dominicanesses at Carisbrook; Carmelites at Lanherne, Darlington and Chichester; Poor Clares at Clare House, Darlington; Austin Canonesses at Newton Abbot; Sepulchrines at New Hall; and others as well, not to mention various offshoots of the above; all these date back to a past on the Continent, and all were driven home by the Revolution. The story of their dangerous adventures, in many cases including imprisonment under the Terror, under the stress of which many nuns died, is full of interest, while the unwonted sight of nuns in this country, where they had hardly been seen for over two centuries,† marks an epoch in our history. Of course they did not venture to be seen in their habits. They belonged to enclosed orders; but even in their own houses, they thought it prudent at first to dress in secular attire. Even in the colleges in the country the priests did not venture to dress in cassocks outside the chapel. At Douay College all students, lay and clerical alike, had been accustomed to wear the *soutane*; at Crook Hall and St Edmund's all, including the priests, went about the house in coats.

It was in truth due to the fact of the religious being

\* Princethorpe is not mentioned, as they were originally a French community, who have gradually Anglicized themselves.

† There were two convents in Penal times, at York and Hammersmith respectively. The religious belonged to the Institute of Mary. They did not wear the religious dress; but in other ways they were usually able to keep their rule unmolested.

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sufferers by the Revolution that the people of England allowed them to stay in their midst at all. The futile attempt in Sir Henry Mildmay's Bill for the gradual suppression of the convents, which was thrown out by the Lords, in 1800, only served to accentuate the substantial good feeling towards them throughout the country.

But a still more powerful influence, so far as non-Catholics were concerned, was the influx of the French emigrant clergy who were forced to leave their own country in 1792. It was chiefly due to a speech of Edmund Burke in the House of Commons while discussing the Quebec Government Bill, that those from the West and North of France were induced to trust themselves to the charity and love of justice with which they credited our countrymen. Their confidence proved justified, and England, which normally contained half-a-dozen Catholic Bishops and four hundred clergy of her own, suddenly became the home of thirty French Bishops, and priests who could be numbered by thousands. Protestant though England at that time was, her people rose to the occasion. Large sums of money were subscribed for the relief of the emigrants. The King himself set the example by issuing a letter on their behalf and ordering collections in the churches, which the Archbishop of Canterbury was to carry out. When private benevolence was exhausted, Pitt stood up in the House of Commons and boldly proposed an annual grant of public money, which was carried unanimously. The old, unfinished King's House at Winchester was fitted up and 700 French priests lodged there. The University of Oxford printed special editions of the Vulgate and the Breviary for their use.

The Catholics themselves were not backward in helping, although they were sore pressed at that time to provide for their own kindred who had lost their homes on the Continent and were arriving in England destitute. But they also helped the French clergy according to their means. The late Judge Stonor, who was brought up till the age of fourteen by his grandfather, the well-known lawyer and writer, Mr Charles Butler, at his house in

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Great Ormond Street, has quoted to the present writer the description which the latter used to give of those times. He arranged to have Mass in his house, and some eight or ten French priests would celebrate daily. He always gave them breakfast afterwards, in many cases feeling sure that they would taste nothing more till he performed the same act of charity to them next day.

The French priests remained in England until after the signing of the Concordat between the Pope and Napoleon in 1801. A good many remained another thirteen years, till the restoration of the French royal family. And a few elected to remain in England for good. It is said that the contact with the French clergy and the edification of their lives was one of the strongest influences to help in the gradual breaking down of anti-Catholic prejudice.

With respect to the Catholic body itself also those were times of unusual interest. Milner and Charles Butler were both in their prime; Lingard, who was ordained priest in 1795, had already gained a reputation as a scholar; Bishop Walmesley had been one of the first mathematicians of his day, better known on the Continent, where all his work was done, than in his own country; Turberville Needham, who died in 1788, has left behind a name well known in the world of science for his original microscopical research; while for all-round scholarship, both literary and scientific, few men in the country equalled Sir Henry Englefield, of whom Fox said that he was never in the company of that baronet, for however short a time, without learning something. Joseph Berington's writings have already been alluded to; and his chief opponent, the Rev. Charles Plowden, S.J., is still known. Two well-known Irish ecclesiastics were resident in London. One was Dr Hussey, chaplain to the Spanish Ambassador, afterwards first President of Maynooth, then Bishop of Waterford; the other the celebrated Father O'Leary, the Capuchin, author of many tracts and other works. And we may, perhaps, add the name of Alexander Geddes, whose work in Scripture, however unorthodox, evidences plenty of ability and critical scholarship. To the end of his life he

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called himself a Catholic, though he was commonly considered to have virtually left the Church. This list might be extended; as it stands it is surely a remarkable one for so small a body. At least five of those mentioned were Fellows of the Royal Society or of the Society of Antiquaries or both, at a time when it was very difficult for a Catholic to hold such a position. Sir Henry Englefield was elected President of the latter Society, but found it necessary to resign at the end of a year, solely because of his religion.

Every bright picture has its dark side. The dark side of Catholic history in England during the last part of the eighteenth century was the unfortunate misunderstanding which arose between the laity and the Bishops. At one time it reached so acute a stage as to threaten downright schism. It is not wonderful that when the crisis was over, Catholics of the day wished it to be forgotten. Charles Butler promised not to write about it, and kept his promise for nearly thirty years, until he was writing his *Historical Memoirs of English Catholics*. By that time, apparently, he considered that a sufficient period had elapsed to render a short account harmless, and he kept it expressly within a short compass. Milner answered him without using any such restraint, and one result has been that, perhaps, we think them to have been even worse than they were. But they were certainly bad enough. The causes and development of the movement have never before been set forth, and they are full of instructive lessons. The minute books of the Catholic Committee and the Cisalpine Club provide us with a full authentic record of their proceedings and plenty of collateral matter is available in the different collections of archives.

Here it may be well to anticipate a criticism which will probably be made in various quarters. These disputes and dissensions have long been happily forgotten, it will be urged; why drag them out from their obscurity? Is it not more charitable to the parties concerned to let the whole be consigned to oblivion? Such an objection would seem at first sight to have considerable weight. If, then, the writer, after careful consideration, has determined to override it,

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perhaps it may be well to say a word in reply. It seems to him, then, that similar considerations might be urged against the writing of all Catholic history, which must ever disclose abuses and scandals if it is to be truthful; while in the present case sufficient time has elapsed to enable us to learn valuable historical lessons without giving pain to anyone. The fact that there were misunderstandings only shows that the Catholics of that day were human. Nor does it seem that right was exclusively on either side. Undoubtedly the Cisalpine party went to great lengths in their anti-episcopal—and even anti-Papal— declamations; equally we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that Milner, their strongest opponent, then priest at Winchester, and Charles Plowden, then at Lulworth, often spoke and acted in a way that did not make for peace. And in private life the Cisalpines were religious and charitable in a high degree.

But at last, the writer can well shelter himself under no less an authority than Pope Leo XIII, who threw open the secret archives of the Vatican to Dr Pastor, to enable him to write his *History of the Popes*, although this involved of necessity bringing to light many forgotten scandals. In announcing his decision to the Commission of Cardinals, the Pope adopted as his own the well-known maxim of Cicero that a historian should never dare to say what is not true, and never fear to say what is true, and appealed to the example of Scripture. Had the Gospels been written on any other principle, the modern Church might never have learnt of the fall of St Peter.

In the present instance, the Bishop of Clifton acted similarly by inviting the present writer to inspect the archives of the old Western District, now in his possession, which have never seen the light; and it may be added that, but for his continual and even insistent encouragement, the work would never have been undertaken. The Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishops of Birmingham and Hexham afforded similar facilities with respect to the archives of the other three of the former vicariates—the London, Midland and Northern Districts respectively; in like manner also the authorities of Ushaw, Oscott and

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Downside gave willing access to their papers; and it Stonyhurst be not added, it is not for want of any equally cordial co-operation on their part, for the Rector most kindly offered to do all in his power; but it so happens that, of their many valuable papers and records, hardly any belong to the period under review. Add to these manuscript sources a whole host of contemporary pamphlets and publications bearing on the controversy of the day, and it will be seen that there is no lack of material for a comprehensive history of those times.

In conclusion, it seems well to add that, on the same principle as before, it is important to connect the events in the period before us with Catholic history before and after. With respect to the former, a life of Bishop Challoner is in preparation, written by the Vice-President of St Edmund's, the Rev. Edwin Burton. This work will carry the story back almost to the time of James II, for Challoner was born in 1691, and being prepared from original sources, will throw much long-needed light on the days of the earlier Vicars-Apostolic.

But it will not be out of place to call attention also to the book recently announced by Messrs. Burns and Oates, entitled *Kirk's Biographies*. Dr Kirk died at Lichfield in 1851, at the age of ninety-one. He was a remarkable link between very different epochs. He knew the English College at Rome while it was still under Jesuit rule, before the suppression of the Society in 1773; in the last decade of the eighteenth century he had held the office of President over the venerable school at Sedgley Park; yet he lived to see the Hierarchy, and there are still those living who remember him. When we add that it was his hobby to collect the details of the lives of the eighteenth-century Catholics, with a view to a possible continuation of Dodd's *Church History*, we shall realize that, however unpretending from a literary standpoint, his work will be invaluable as an aid to the study of this most neglected part of our Church history—the eighteenth century.

BERNARD WARD

# CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN GERMANY

## III. Organization and Method

IT would seem that the best way of securing a man's interest in social service is to persuade him to do a piece of work, and to provide him with a mental background which may throw that work into relief.

Get him to act! It is not enough that he should listen. As long as he is merely passive he will not be really interested. He will not give his whole-hearted sympathy to those who are doing the work. Indeed, he will be much more likely to criticize them. He can realize neither the difficulties nor the importance of what is being done. But if he can be lured into taking an active part in it, however small, he will see it with new eyes. He will feel that it is part of himself, and that he is a part of it. He will give a real and not a mere notional assent to the matter. Merely to present the background to him is almost useless. He may be perfectly familiar with the efforts of actual workers and with their organization, and yet remain untouched. He may devour a wilderness of slum literature (statistics or novels according to temperament) and have but a surface interest. Unless the will be roused, three-quarters of the man is left unmoved.

On the other hand, a background can scarcely be dispensed with. Men are seldom capable of solitary effort, or at least of long-sustained solitary effort. They need to feel the reinforcement of other wills, and to see their work as part of a larger whole. This is especially the case with social work, in which discouragements as well as mistakes abound. Of course a man's religion may be so vigorous as to sustain him through long stretches of seemingly unsuccessful effort. But, quite apart from the need of guidance and comparison which even such a one must experience, we have to admit that religion does not

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always learn to express itself in social work at all: as, indeed, will appear from the dearth of social workers amongst ourselves. There are many excellent Catholics who do not see the bearing of such work upon their religion, and who do not realise that it is demanded of them nowadays in quite a special way, if they are to fulfil the Gospel precept of loving their neighbour. Such as these need a background: they need to be shown the wants of the world, and the concerted efforts of their fellow-Catholics to meet those wants. They require at least an initial introduction to a wider sphere of activity. As for the ordinary man, he needs continual reinforcement. Unless he is constantly brought into relation with an organised body of workers, there is much danger of flagging. The steady and persistent pressure of personal wants and pleasures will almost inevitably narrow his horizon.

Hence if we are giving so much space to the consideration of the German Catholic Congresses, it is because these Congresses are far from being mere shows. They are a combination of background and activity: of pageant and individual effort. Practically every one who attends them belongs to some one or more of the multitudinous Catholic societies which cover Germany as with a net, and suffer no fish to escape. He will have the meetings of his own particular society to go to in the mornings, and at the general reunions in the afternoon he will feel something more than a mere spectator. He represents a guild of artizans or a students' union, or something of the kind, and his own special organization in turn represents a wheel in the great machine of which he is now enabled to see all the parts.

The development of the social sense among the Catholics of Germany during the last twenty years will, therefore, be best gauged by continuing our study of the Congresses during that period. This done we shall describe the chief method by which the enthusiasm fostered at the Congresses is sustained during the year and directed into useful channels. In the fourth and final paper of this

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series we propose to summarise the results of our survey of Catholic social work in Germany, to note the points of resemblance and contrast between the conditions of such work in Germany and in England, and finally to endeavour to ascertain the extent to which German methods might, with due qualifications, profitably be introduced amongst ourselves.

We may begin by giving some indication of the great increase during recent years in the numbers attending the Congresses. The question of providing accommodation has become a very serious one. At Treves in 1887 a special hall was built for the general meetings, and this precedent has frequently been followed since. At Munich in 1895 the only building capable of holding the visitors was the municipal beer store: this was converted into a public hall at a cost of some £2,000. At Dortmund in the following year the public meetings had to be divided into two sections. Yet Dortmund is mainly a Protestant town, and possessed, at the time, the largest hall in Germany. At Mannheim in 1902 the workmen's meetings were held in four halls simultaneously, one of which held 9,000 people. The *Festhalle*, specially built for the Cologne Jubilee Congress, was a really imposing building, holding ten thousand men. Nevertheless, seven other halls had to be found in order to accommodate the crowds attending the meetings after the workmen's procession. The elaborate hall which was specially built for the last Congress (1908) at Dusseldorf, eclipsed all its predecessors. It stood upon an admirable site, lent for the purpose by the municipality, and cost considerably over £3,000 to erect.

To give some idea of the composition of the crowds attending the Congresses, we may divide them roughly into residents and visitors. The former will include the Catholics of the town where the meeting is held, and also those from the neighbourhood. Their number will, of course, vary from year to year, according as the Congress is held in a Catholic or a non-Catholic, a densely or a sparsely populated, district. For we observe that the

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Central Committee does not always select for a place of meeting a town where Catholics are found in great numbers. On the contrary, it frequently sacrifices an opportunity of temporary triumph in favour of the general well-being: it looks rather to Catholic needs than to mere outward splendour. If the Catholics of a particular district need strengthening, the Congress will go there to strengthen them. This was the case, for example, at Neisse, in Silesia (1899), a town of but twenty-thousand inhabitants, where the elaborate setting which would have been supplied at Cologne or Münster was lacking. Local effort could do little. But local effort was very considerably stimulated and strengthened by having the Catholicism of all Germany concentrated within its borders for a week. Besides fortifying local Catholic institutions, and creating new ones, these Congresses are in themselves a valuable piece of Catholic apologetic. A minority of Catholic workmen, disheartened by the sneers of their Socialist fellows, can hold up their heads again and glory in their birthright after their town has been visited by one of these great gatherings.

The visitors to the Congress include, as we have seen, men from every position in life. Clergy and laity, professions and trades, politics, art and literature—all are represented. Catholics from all parts of Europe and America are found there. At Mannheim it was calculated that ninety thousand visitors came into the town on a single day.

We cannot fail to be struck by the increased prominence of working men at these gatherings during recent years. A procession and mass meeting of Catholic workmen now ushers in every Congress. At Neisse the procession numbered five thousand men; at Mannheim, twenty thousand, representing a hundred and seventy workmen's associations. At Cologne the "Black Parade," as it has come to be called, was particularly striking. The streets were decorated and spanned by triumphal arches, and Cardinal Fischer stood on the steps of the archiepiscopal palace and

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received the salutes of a seemingly endless line of men, representing three hundred and forty workmen's associations.

Nothing could exceed the skill with which these great crowds are organized. No other religious body or political organization in Germany could attract and manage such enormous numbers. Even the Social Democrats, with their vigorous propaganda and sensational methods, can show nothing similar. As a leading Liberal newspaper pointed out some time ago, the success of these Congresses springs from a solidarity between clergy and laity, only possible among Catholics.

Those who have had some experience of the difficulties of organizing a Congress, as well as those who have suffered annoyance at the hitches from which so few congresses are entirely exempt, will appreciate the almost preternatural smoothness with which the German meetings run their course. Everything is foreseen and provided for. Accommodation and conveyance, postal arrangements and refreshments, hours of meeting and order of proceeding, all are carefully considered. We meet no irate reporters clamouring for information, no perplexed priests wondering where they shall say Mass on the morrow, no straggling companies of visitors appealing for guidance. There is nothing to divert the attention from the main business. One may surrender oneself to the prevailing enthusiasm without being irritated by the impossibility of finding a seat, or haunted by grim misgivings as to the possibility of getting anything to eat afterwards.

It may be well to glance at the machinery by means of which such admirable results have been secured.

It will be remembered that a Central Committee was instituted in 1868; but that during the *Kulturkampf* it was found advisable to entrust the whole work to a Commissary General. This state of things lasted until 1898. For twenty-five years the organization of the Congress was in the hands of that administrative genius, Prince Löwenstein. The post was one which suited him admir-

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ably, and to it he devoted all his amazing activity. He was a man who had his finger on the pulse of the nation, and could detect the slightest symptoms of coming trouble in any part of the country. In drawing up the *agenda* for the Congresses he showed an unerring instinct for strengthening the Catholic defences, just at the points where the next attack was to be delivered, and he was perpetually travelling about the country and seeing that the resolutions of previous Congresses were being carried out. As soon as one meeting was over, he was hard at work upon the details of the next.

In any case he would have been difficult to replace. But upon his resignation in 1898 it was felt that the reasons which had rendered advisable the concentration of authority in the hands of a single man had now ceased to exist, while, on the other hand, the increase of business was such as to make a return to the old arrangement absolutely necessary. The direction of the Congresses was, therefore, entrusted to a Central Committee of nineteen members, of whom fifteen were permanent, the other four consisting, at any moment, of the presidents of the last two Congresses, and the president and vice-president of the Local Committee of the next Congress. The fifteen permanent members were chosen so as to represent the widest possible interests. They included the presidents of the chief Catholic associations, as well as leading representatives of mission work, labour, literature, and so forth. It will thus be seen that the Central Committee is enabled to give a thoroughly representative character to the Congresses, and to keep in view the interests of the whole of Catholic Germany. This accounts in great measure for the alertness and actuality which characterize these meetings. The members find themselves informed of the most pressing wants of the moment, and are enabled to anticipate the attacks of the various anti-Catholic forces arrayed against them. And besides being forearmed against danger, they are given a constructive programme which enables them to take the lead in all social enterprise.

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Besides the General Committee, there is, of course, a Local Committee appointed for each Congress, upon which a great deal of work devolves. To it are attached various sub-committees which concern themselves with such matters as the speeches, the Press, attendance, accommodation, finance, building and decoration. There may be a dozen such sub-committees, each of them consisting of anything up to a hundred members.

When a Congress is actually in operation, the Central Committee and the Local Committee step aside and entrust almost the whole conduct of affairs to the Managing Board, elected by the members of the Congress itself at their first meeting. The Central and Local Committees are represented on this Board. The Congress also appoints committees to deal with the following subjects:

1. The Liberty of the Church (the Pope and the Roman Question, Missions, Right of Association, etc.), and the organization of the Congress.
2. Social Questions.
3. Christian Charity.
4. Christian Education (Schools, Art, the Press, etc.).

There are various types of meeting at these Congresses. In the first place we have the General Meetings—great demonstrations, stirring pageants, popular exhortations—to which all are admitted. At these meetings the speakers are appointed beforehand, and no general discussion is allowed. These meetings serve to impress upon the public mind the conclusions arrived at in the members' meetings. Secondly, there are the members' meetings themselves, at which motions are discussed and voted upon. Here the main business of the Congress is done. Admission to these is limited to life members of the Congress and to those who have taken a member's ticket for the year. Thirdly, the private committee meetings—gatherings of Catholic experts—where the material is prepared for consideration at the members' meetings. Lastly, we have the numerous meetings of the various societies represented at the Congress. Care is, of course,

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taken that these meetings do not clash with the general meetings of the Congress itself. A dozen or more Catholic societies may hold their own annual meetings in various halls up and down the town in the course of a day, and then muster in force for the various Congress meetings.

The Congress usually lasts for five days (Sunday to Thursday), and opens with Solemn High Mass. The Blessed Virgin is Patroness of the gathering, and a solemn Requiem Mass for deceased members is sung on one of the days. The presidents open each meeting with the salutation "Praised be Jesus Christ," and at the end of the last meeting the *Te Deum* is sung in German by the whole gathering. Addresses of loyalty are sent to the Pope, the Emperor, and the Sovereign of the State in which the Congress happens to be held. Speeches may not be read, save for special reasons, and with leave of the President. They are limited to thirty minutes in the general meetings, and ten minutes in the members' meetings.

One of the most striking features of the Congress is the absence of hap-hazard speaking, and the well-calculated concentration of purpose. True, the field surveyed is a wide one: as wide as the Church itself; but a single tendency runs through all the speeches. The special circumstances of the time are carefully considered by the Local Committee in conjunction with the Central Committee, who determine upon a dominant idea which shall make itself felt from first to last—a *Leitmotiv* which shall recur throughout. It then becomes the business of the Speech Sub-committee to select speakers and to suggest to them the several variations or applications of this central theme. To take an example. The *Leitmotiv* at Strasburg in 1905 was the text, "Stand fast in the Faith: do manfully and be strengthened" (I Cor. xvi, 13). This message was conveyed in speeches dealing with the following subjects.

The sources and blessings of religious life. The importance of the Papacy in religion and civilisation. Catholic Missions in the nineteenth century, and the duties of the Catholic body. The *Bonifaciusverein*. Popular education at the present time. True and

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false toleration. The fight against immorality. The co-operation of Catholics in social work. The participation of Catholics in art and learning. The co-operation of Church and State for the general well-being. The labour question at the present day. The advantages which the Congress offers to working men.

Or again, at Würzburg in 1907 the main theme was that of the co-operation of clergy and laity in public life within the limits approved by the Church. The opportunity of such a message in Bavaria at the time will be evident to those who have followed recent events in that country.

Besides the wide publicity given to the proceedings of the Congresses by an army of reporters, representing every newspaper of standing, non-Catholic included, an illustrated volume of *Proceedings*, running to some six hundred pages, is issued every year, giving a full account of the preparations for the Congress, and all the meetings, including those of the various societies. No better guide can be found to the Catholic activity of Germany than the current *Verhandlungen*, which may be bought for a few shillings and is presented gratis to members.

The resolutions passed at each Congress represent the voice of enlightened public opinion in Catholic Germany, and give detailed direction, suited to place and time. They suggest fresh lines of development and fields for enterprise to the various existing societies, and urge the support of such societies in districts where they are especially needed. Perfect co-ordination and the maximum of efficiency are the natural results.

It must be remembered that these Congresses are presided over and chiefly managed by laymen, and that they deal with such difficult and delicate matters as the Roman Question, Socialism, parochial work, mission work, scientific research, and the like. Yet the loyalty of these great gatherings has always been as remarkable as their courage and plainness of speech; and the Bishops of Germany, after fifty years, can find nothing but praise for them. It is not long since their Lordships drew up a formal endorsement of the tendencies and work of these

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meetings during the past half century. This solemn ratification by episcopal authority should be borne in mind. Lay activity in religious and social works has sometimes been checked amongst ourselves by over-timid apprehensions of friction with ecclesiastical superiors. But, given such loyalty as prevails at the German Congresses, we may safely emulate their freedom of speech and action.

Of the deep religious spirit pervading these Congresses there can be no mistake. They are interwoven with prayer and inspired by faith. Those who have had most to do in promoting them have been men of deep and tender piety. The Catholic spirit of Windthorst persists to-day. Prince Löwenstein, after a quarter of a century of devoted service to the Congresses, has given himself to God by a fuller dedication within the walls of a Dominican monastery. Were we allowed to speak of those who still direct the work we could give abundant evidence of the depths of spirituality which gives such a marked character to their social effort.

Such, then, is the institution which more than any other has fostered and promoted a spirit of solidarity and loyalty among the Catholics of Germany, and has enabled them to use their power to the utmost in furthering the well-being of the Church and their country. Our object in this and the previous paper has been to show how this spirit has been fostered. And though we have multiplied the details somewhat relentlessly, we trust that certain broad facts will stand out from our treatment.

It has been seen, then, that the German Catholics began the work of construction in the face of enormous difficulties. They suffered from persecution without and apathy within. Mountains of prejudice had to be removed. The work could only proceed slowly, and demanded as much tact as courage. But the pioneers were confident. They trusted the people, and knew that Catholic ideals, if once grasped, would afford sure guidance and bring order out of chaos. And so the

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meetings from the first were of a popular nature. An appeal was made to the spectacular instincts of the people. The leading Catholics of the country made sacrifices in order to be present. They "went to the people" and the people came to know them and to be familiar with their faces and voices. Friendly intercourse soon produced mutual respect and understanding. Moreover, party politics and local differences were laid aside together with exaggerated class-distinctions. A determined and persistent effort was made to effect solidarity. And solidarity came by degrees. A common platform was found at first in the defence of essential Catholic liberties. Then the platform widened, and was seen to be far more spacious and attractive than had been supposed. The Catholics of Germany came to see that their religion had many ramifications; that it was not a mere matter of Sunday Mass and Friday abstinence, but a domain as wide as life itself. That fact once grasped, Catholic principles were applied to every department of human activity, and the one embarrassment of the Congress henceforth was the multiplicity of interests with which it found itself concerned. For, as we have pointed out, not only does the Congress review the work of existing Catholic institutions, but it creates such institutions according to the needs of time and place. In a word, the Catholics of Germany get together once a year, see what is wanted in the way of fresh organization, and proceed to supply it without loss of time.

Important as were the annual Congresses, their appeal came only at intervals, and the enthusiasm which they evoked was likely to abate in the course of the twelve months which elapsed between them. An institution was wanted which should serve as a permanent Congress and should keep the Catholics of Germany in close and constant touch with social movements, stimulating and guiding them by an uninterrupted succession of meetings, lectures and visits, and by a continuous output of sound Catholic social literature. This want is in increasing measure being supplied by the *Volksverein*, which may be

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described as the most successful association ever devised for the promotion of the social sense among a people. It plays an extraordinarily important part in the life of Catholic Germany, and must be described in some detail.

The *Volksverein* was Windthorst's legacy to Catholic Germany. Just a year before his death, when nearly eighty years of age, and in a precarious state of health, he threw himself with all the ardour of a young man into the work of launching the new association. He rose from his sick bed to help to draft its statutes, and, against the advice of his doctors, travelled from his home in Hanover to Cologne for its inaugural meeting on October 29, 1890. The words addressed to him on this occasion by his aged and heroic wife have often been quoted:

As you live only for the great cause, we must be content if you do not return to us from this journey. We must leave all to God.

At the meeting itself Windthorst's spirit was indomitable. At nine o'clock in the evening, after a long day's discussion, someone asked him whether he would not retire and take some rest. "No," he replied, "I will stop, even if it should last the whole night." That night the *Volksverein* was founded and its statutes approved, Windthorst himself accepting the dignity of being the honorary president.

The new association grew rapidly. By 1892 it had a membership of 120,000, which in 1904 had grown to 400,000. By June, 1908, the members numbered 610,800. More than a third of these come from Rhineland, and about a fifth from Westphalia, but all parts of the Empire are represented. As membership is confined to adult men these numbers are all the more striking.

The *Volksverein* introduced itself to the Catholics of Germany in a famous manifesto, mainly drawn up by Windthorst himself, from which we may be allowed to quote a few words:

Grave errors and dangerous revolutionary tendencies are everywhere making their appearance: the very foundations of the existing order of public and private life are threatened. Let us,

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therefore, go forth to meet the new foe in close array. Let us unite and form one great coalition which shall comprise all parts of the Fatherland. This union must see to organizing our forces and increasing our means. It must systematically direct and increase our activity in the matter of literature, pamphlets and popular meetings. Thus our adversaries will find even the remotest village prepared for their advent; and errors will be at once confronted by the power of truth throughout the country. Every member ought, therefore, to work for the objects of the association, first in his private life, then in public by writings and speeches. And it must be remembered that the aim of the *Volksverein* is not only to protect from false doctrines, but to promote and to put in practice the right principles which underlie all social questions.

The object of the new association had been primarily the defence of Catholic social principles against the attacks of the Social Democrats. But, as in the case of the Congresses, so here, too, the original scope was gradually widened. Not content with protecting Catholics from socialistic propaganda the *Volksverein* started an active social propaganda of its own. It became a great continuation school for the Catholics of Germany. It evolved a constructive programme and set itself to educate the people in Catholic social principles. It developed among them an interest in social reform, realising that such reform has to be worked out by the people themselves. It became, eventually, a highly specialised "social-sense organ."

By degrees it became apparent that the *Volksverein* must undertake an even more fundamental work. Not merely must it instruct its members in Catholic social principles, but it must give them a thorough grounding in the deeper religious principles which underlie the social teaching of the Church. Were this not done, their whole position might be turned by adversaries who denied the existence of God or the Divinity of Christ. To defend the superstructure of Catholic social theory it was necessary to defend the foundations of religious belief. Members must be able to justify their *Weltanschauung* if they were to get a hearing for their social programme. And so it was that the *Volksverein* took up

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the work of instructing the people in Christian apologetic and providing them with an abundance of cheap but excellent literature on the subject.

The organization of the *Volksverein* is worth noting. A central Board of thirty-three members appoints a director for each state or diocese. Under this director is a manager for each town or group of villages. The manager in turn appoints a promoter for every group (twenty to fifty) of Catholic families. Directors, managers, and promoters (these terms, though not the precise equivalent of the German titles, are sufficiently convenient) are brought into close relation with each other, and serve to link up every Catholic household with the Central Bureau at München-Gladbach.

The promoters, who now number about twenty thousand, are selected from all classes of the population. Though voluntary workers, they are trained men. Provision is made for their instruction in social and apologetic subjects. They meet together several times a year to discuss methods and hand in their reports to the managers. Each of them has his two or three streets to work up, his group of families to keep interested. He pays frequent visits to them, distributing literature, collecting the annual subscription of one shilling, beating up stragglers, supplying information. The printed form, the pamphlet, the Catholic newspaper are supplemented by the personal influence and the concrete appeal. These promoters are the nerves of the *Volksverein*, ramifying over the whole of Catholic Germany. The managers and directors serve as nerve centres—they influence wide tracts of the organism and correlate the action of their promoters. The brain of the whole association is at München-Gladbach, and is known as the Zentralstelle. We strongly recommend any of our readers who may be in its neighbourhood to pay it a visit. That its methods are so little known amongst us must be a matter for regret. It is an institution of which Catholics may well be proud.

This Central Bureau employs a large staff of salaried

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officials who devote all their time to the work of the *Volksverein*. The Catholics of Germany have realised that such work cannot be done by professional and business men in their leisure moments, but demands the undivided attention of experts. The result is an efficiency which challenges the admiration of every specialist in social organization. About sixteen of these officials constitute the literary staff. All of them are well versed in literature, or economics, or apologetics. All have degrees in political economy or theology. Priests are among them, but only on condition of their possessing the required qualifications. They are there not merely as clerics but as specialists. Besides the literary staff there are about fifty clerks, accountants, librarians, and so forth. The printing press employs another fifty. The whole field of work is carefully divided, exhaustive registers are kept, and the staff hold frequent consultations.

The Central Bureau is in constant and intimate communication with every director, manager, and promoter of the association. Literature is distributed on an enormous scale. Eight times a year a magazine called *Der Volksverein* is sent to every member. Social and apologetic articles are sent weekly to more than four hundred Catholic newspapers, thus enabling even the smallest and remotest local journal to give its readers sound Catholic solutions to current problems. A series of pamphlets, entitled "Social questions of the Day," deals in a popular manner with questions of education, labour unions, accident and life insurance, tariff laws, social democracy and the like. Another series deals with apologetic questions. Yet another provides materials for lectures. Besides all this we find a monthly magazine for the study of social questions (*Soziale Kultur*) and another for the direction of men's, women's and young men's clubs, various publications for workmen, instructions for promoters and so forth. About fifteen million publications are issued in the course of each year.

It would be difficult to convey a just idea of the

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variety and excellence of this literature, of which a large quantity lies before us as we write. Particularly striking is its business-like directness of appeal. The writers know exactly what they want to say, and how they may say it most convincingly to the particular class of people which they are addressing. Here, for instance, is a tract for agricultural labourers. We find that it is written with an eye on their conditions and needs, and in a style which they can appreciate. It contains just the facts that will tell with agricultural labourers. It is written not by a condescending being who has never seen a plough in his life, and who from the seclusion of his study favours the masses with advice which is alternately nebulous and impracticable, but by a close and sympathetic student of rural life, familiar not only with the general principles of sociology but with their application in detail. Here, again, is a newspaper for working men. It avoids sweeping generalisations, pious exaggerations, vague sentimentality. It is definite, practical, sensible. Above all, it leads. It is not afraid to face the questions which engross the workman. It gives clear direction, based upon understanding and sympathy. And so it finds readers. We might continue the list indefinitely and always with the same result. Everywhere we find the combination of expert knowledge and effective presentation. It may seem that we are laying a great deal of stress upon qualities which are essential to all apologetic literature which is to be of the smallest use to anyone. Our excuse must be that these qualities, however desirable, are, unfortunately, rare.

Besides publishing literature, the Central Bureau sends replies to the numerous questions which are sent in by members in all parts of the Empire and beyond it. The workman who (as frequently happens) gets into difficulties about his insurance, the priest or layman who wants to start a club, the member who wants materials for a lecture, the controversialist in difficulties, the student in distress—all find the Bureau of inestimable utility. They have only to drop a line and say what they want.

## in Germany

If they can manage a personal visit to München-Gladbach so much the better. They will find the place a perfect hive of social industry. Besides availing themselves of the expert information which is given so freely, they may consult the great library of books on social and apologetic subjects, or work in a reading room, or attend lectures in the great lecture hall. The place is a kind of perpetual congress, stimulating beyond belief, and organized to perfection. Those of us who have had to carry on social work, theoretical or practical, in comparative isolation will appreciate the bracing effects of even a few days spent at München-Gladbach. Here we are at the heart of things. Instead of being left to cut our own way through the tangled jungle of social theories, or to flounder unaided in a slough of economic literature, or to waste time and money in employing methods which have already been tested and found wanting, we find ourselves guided by ripe experience, introduced to the best literature, and put into communication with skilled workers in the same field as ourselves.

For the Central Bureau is in close touch with every sound social movement or organization in the Empire, denominational or otherwise. It not only instructs its members in the latest achievements of social action, but sets itself to anticipate social problems and to be ready with its solution when the need shall arise. It is by no means content to let the Socialist take the lead in new enterprises. It does not defer action until the secularist has got a ten years' start with a new method. "We do not wait to be pushed," as one of the staff observed. That the *Volksverein* should keep the lead in Germany in spite of the fierce competition of the Social Democrats indicates a mental alertness to which we cannot hope to attain in this country at present. It is the reward of half a century of strenuous social study and action. But at least we may have the broadmindedness to adopt good methods, of whatever origin. Too often is our work disparaged by our co-religionists merely because we have not been the first in the field.

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The work of capturing local public opinion in any particular district has been reduced to a fine art by the *Volksverein*. Indeed, such an operation presents little difficulty to an organization at once so strong and so supple. We may imagine, for instance, that the Catholics of a particular village are in need of support. Information comes from the promoters of a neighbouring town that the Social Democrats are making a dead set at the village in question, and are carrying all before them, since the local Catholics are quite unprepared to meet such an attack. The Central Bureau is at once informed of the position of affairs. Lecturers are sent down, literature is circulated, and even pecuniary help offered if required. A nucleus of resident Catholics is formed by personal influence. A meeting is held with a view to introducing the *Volksverein* into the district. Membership forms are in readiness, and speakers of note are imported to give attractiveness to the movement. By degrees a Catholic phalanx is formed which, since it is backed by the resources, material, intellectual and moral of the Central Bureau, will generally be able to hold its own against the forces which it has to meet.

This is but one example of the many ways in which the Central Bureau gives support to local effort. It has many other methods, from founding Catholic libraries and information bureaux to providing for the giving of missions to poor parishes. And if we have spoken of its opposition to Social Democracy we might also speak of its co-operation with many forms of undenominational social work. Indeed the extent to which it has gone in the latter direction has afforded matter for much controversy among the Catholics of Germany. That it should refuse to extend a similar toleration to the Social Democrats will surprise no one who is conversant with the aims and methods of that enterprising party.

One of the most remarkable achievements of the *Volksverein* has been its provision of systematic instruction in political economy, social science, and Catholic apologetics. Between 1892 and 1900 eight courses of practical

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lectures on social work, lasting from a week to a fortnight, were given in various districts. Since 1900 this movement has grown rapidly. Besides the special courses held in various districts according to local needs, various courses of holiday lectures are now given annually in München-Gladbach by the leading Catholic authorities in the country. A large number of priests and educated laymen from all parts of the world attend the special courses there provided for them—three lectures a day for a fortnight, each lecture being followed by a discussion. Moreover, intelligent working men are given, also at the centre, a two months' course of sociology, which enables them to take a leading part in the social life of their district. Local clubs will often send one or two of the most promising among their young workmen members to take part in such a course. This training of leaders and orators among working men is a matter of the highest importance. We cannot hope to secure the allegiance of the working class to Catholic social reform unless we instil into influential members of that class an intelligent appreciation of such principles. The workman can only be reached by the workman. Labour will control its own course and will not accept a programme that it has not made its own. No amount of exhortation or denunciation from without can take the place of intelligent and loyal guidance from within.

The existence of the Congresses and of the *Volksverein* goes far to explain the satisfactory extent to which the German Catholics have cultivated what we have called the social sense. The former provide an annual review of the troops in which the units are made to feel their relation to the whole body. The latter keeps alive the enthusiasm produced by the annual gatherings, and translates it into strenuous work during the rest of the year. It drills and drills persistently. The twenty thousand promoters are so many insistent drill-sergeants. The lecture courses train officers. The Central Bureau is the headquarters of a general staff which represents the experience and intelligence of Catholic Germany. It is

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small wonder that popular interest is fostered and guided. And the need of fostering and guiding popular interest must be our excuse for having dwelt at such length upon these two institutions. It is here that German example is most stimulating and helpful to ourselves. To find the workers and to give them a sense of the importance of the work is always the initial task. But mere random activity and undirected zeal will do more harm than good. We have not only to create the material but to organize it. The *Volksverein* has done both. We must bear in mind, too, that this great popular league does not promote the interest of any one class at the expense of the rest. We have spoken much of its interest in working men, but we might also have spoken of its successful endeavours to organize the commercial and professional classes. And as it works for all classes, so it encourages all healthy institutions. It does not drain away the resources of other societies, but increases them. It combines and co-ordinates rather than divides. It supplies help and information to every form of social effort. It does not absorb other organizations but promotes their growth. It makes the pace for growing concerns, and starts others on a career of usefulness. It prevents overlapping and friction. In a word, it introduces method. It aims at welding the whole Catholic body into a single social organism, alert and intelligent. Its activity extends far beyond the six hundred thousand men who constitute its members. It may be said that in one way or another its influence is felt all over Germany. True, it has not as yet secured the adhesion of all Catholics. Unlike the Congress it is not absolutely universal in its extent. But it is universal in its scope, and although there are important groups of Catholics who do not endorse all its tendencies and methods, yet it has worked out Catholic social principles into a practical system of instruction which is likely to hold the field and prove most effective in solving modern problems.

## Sonnet

### SONNET

NOT seldom in the time of mists and showers  
To my sick mind come thoughts of old defeat;  
And memories like smoke from smouldering peat  
Darken the passage of my thriftless hours,  
Mere phantoms, eloquent of wasted powers  
Assail my sense, and I myself detest,  
That self that chose the worst, yet loved the best,  
And whose dead hopes smell rank as festering flowers.  
Yet when I can discern the shadow cast  
By old despairs athwart new-won success,  
My vilest deeds seem all obliterate;  
Nor can I look upon that sin with hate  
Whereto I owe the hope I now possess—  
That loving good I may attain at last.

R. B.

*May, 1898.*

# EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

Un Été dans le Sahara; Quatorzième Édition, 1902.

Une Année dans le Sahel, Onzième Édition, 1907.

Dominique, Vingtquatrième Édition, 1907.

Les Maîtres d'Autrefois, Seizième Edition, 1906.

René Bazin, Un Peintre Écrivain, 1897 (Questions littéraires et Sociales 1906).

F. Brunetière, E. Fromentin: Discours prononcé à la Rochelle (Variétés littéraires, 1903).

“**C**ALL no man happy before his death,” said the ancients; and the modern may add, “Call no man famous before his centenary.” No man in the nineteenth century was so tiresome or insignificant but that, failing any other motive to remind the world that he existed, his hundredth anniversary will stimulate journalistic enterprise or local piety to seek a market for his “remaindered” celebrity. That is his chance: he stands or falls at that examination. It is perfectly well and proper that the prisoners in limbo should have this centenary outing. For there is an unobtrusive merit, too proud to flatter or even to humour the fashion, which cannot well gain its deserts within a generation or two; and which may, at about a hundred years’ range from an author’s birth, be ripe to enter upon a full public recognition which shall meanwhile have been prepared and surveyed by the critics.

But ought Fromentin to be called an antiquated or neglected author? Perhaps it is a ridiculous confession of ignorance and presumption to confess that he was unknown to me three years ago; but an ignorance which, if humiliating, was perhaps not singular. And daily experience confirms the opinion that Fromentin is very little known in this country. The neglect is so surprising to anybody who has read him, that I have even heard it suggested that there must be a deliberate plot amongst the *asseclae* of R. A. M. Stevenson to keep *Maîtres d’Autrefois* from being translated, because the source of so many of their ideas would be made public that their occupation would be gone. I cannot tell how that may be; one would require more

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familiarity with Mr George Moore's and Mr Arthur Symons's works than I can pretend to.

But at any rate it is not unpardonable to assume that some readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW are still unacquainted with Fromentin: my object is to invite them to read him. And to those who know him already (perhaps better than his present advertiser), I trust that I shall say nothing to put them out of conceit with an acquired friend: it is indeed irritating to hear a favourite author mispraised.

Fromentin was born in 1820; so he has still a dozen years to run before his climacteric of revision. But the signs augur well for his definite literary canonization. His native town is now adorned by his statue; and his books are in demand. Naturally the circulation of *Dominique* does not equal the circulation of Bourget's or Bazin's latest; but it appears to have run through five editions in the last year. And *Un Été dans le Sahara* and *Les Maitres d'Autrefois* continue to be reprinted at a rate which (in the instances of a book of travels fifty years old and a book of criticism thirty years old) almost accredits them to be classical. But when a man has had a certain success, and then after his death his name has seemed to grow shadowy and disappear; even if his "discoverers" survive and his chosen lovers continue loyal to his memory, there is only one class of person that can rekindle his lamp for public behoof: the critics. Fromentin has been fortunate in being the subject on which two great men of letters, and one of them a great critic, have recently spoken: René Bazin and Ferdinand Brunetière. M. Bazin's lecture on Fromentin was given in 1897: it is to be found in his *Questions Littéraires et Sociales* published in 1906.\* Brunetière's—if I remember rightly—some seven years later. It is a pride and a pleasure to confess that I owe to this great man, among many greater debts, the debt of a first introduction, and a just and sympathetic introduction, to Fromentin.

M. Bazin's praise is well weighed and temperate: he knows that, in restoring to life the apparently drowned, an excessive violence is misplaced; one must aim at inducing

\**Un Peintre Ecrivain: E. Fromentin.*

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a regular habit or rhythm which shall not provoke pernicious reactions. He knows that one can damn by unmeasured as well as by faint praise. He allows Fromentin three good books and one masterpiece:

Sooner or later the world will recognize your *Maitres d'Autrefois* for a masterpiece; and, with your permission, considering that it is rather a big book, rather a stiff book, rather technical, the world will take a rest, while still enjoying your company, by re-reading *Dominique*.

The author of *Les Oberlé* writes with undeniable authority upon the novel; and the only reservation which he sets against many merits in *Dominique* is a question whether the kind of book, an autobiography of a man's own life, not entire but in the one crucial incident of a decisive passion, comports the highest order of creative genius. In the general criticism he is probably right. But *Dominique* will surely live as the autobiography of the man who afterwards wrote *Les Maitres d'Autrefois*. It explains many things; and among other things it explains why Fromentin was silent for thirteen years after *Dominique*—dedicated to Georges Sand—came out in 1862. *Maitres d'Autrefois* was published in 1876, and that same year he died.

Is it not profoundly true, what Cardinal Newman said—extraordinarily true for so simple a saying: “Literature differs from science and other printed matter in that *literature is the personal use or exercise of language*”?\* We run to a great man's book for his sake; and if it be disappointing, we have only to regret that his greatness lacks this equipment of thinking out in speech. But if we fall upon a great or a charming book, how eager is the mind to follow up a trail from the fully shaped and uttered thought to the mother brain. Let a single masterpiece establish a man's true rank and quality, and from it a vitalizing influence reaches and sustains the rest of his work. Once gain the starting-point of interest, and a man's whole budget will be explored with sympathy and generously valued. *Les Maitres d'Autrefois* is a big enough cork—to borrow a

\* *Idea of a University*, p. 275.

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plain-speaking metaphor from Pindar—to float all Fromentin's wares. If *Dominique* will continue to be read, not only as a good novel but as Fromentin's autobiography, then the early books of travels will have their faithful elect public also, not only for the travels' sake but because they afford new points of view from which to study and admire a fine figure of human intellect. I defy you to read any one of Fromentin's books and not conceive a curiosity about him from the very reserve and discretion of the style.

It is convenient to find M. Bazin summarizing and dismissing the mere facts of our author's life in three sentences:

Tout le monde sait qu'Eugène Fromentin est né à la Rochelle le 24 Octobre, 1820; qu'il a commencé, comme une infinité d'autres, par faire son droit; qu'on l'a même aperçu dans l'étude d'avoué de Me. Denormandie; qu'il a été vaguement poète avant d'être peintre, et peintre en même temps qu'écrivain; qu'il est mort en 1876, laissant quatre volumes. . . . Sa biographie tient dans ces quelques lignes.

All the rest is in the books and the pictures. But in this article we must prescind altogether from the pictures. Such is Fromentin's literary modesty that, after reading the scanty allusions in his books, it was a surprise to hear, as I have lately heard from two eminent living masters of brush and graver, that he was no amateur sketcher, but a serious artist, not only with his pen. A reader of Leonardo da Vinci and Sir Joshua Reynolds does not need to be told that when painters have the intellectual gift of reasoning upon the path which their ideas traverse in passing from eye to brain and from brain to manual execution, they stand high among the true philosophers. And in particular he is likely to recognize that these men, more perhaps than any other class, help him to a vocabulary for articulating the mere impressions of an amateur into a language which makes them a constituent part in one's philosophy of life. They can people a whole quarter of one's mind which is otherwise likely, by standing empty, to decay, and by decaying to vitiate the symmetry of one's intellectual ground plan. These men have clues which are denied to any other class. For it is just when they come to concrete

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tests of literary or artistic virtue that so many philosophers prove charlatans. Hegel on Virgil, and Spencer on Homer are grand warnings. When he republished *Un Été dans le Sahara* and *Une Année dans le Sahel* in 1874—after a dozen years had passed over the crisis of passion which is told in *Dominique*—he introduced the two books afresh by a preface which exhibits, as in epitome, the admirable coolness and detachment of judgement which so rarely accompanies, and when present so gravely dignifies, a quick and various sensibility like his. It tells us much of himself, and that too—which is not an easy feat—without a suspicion of egoism. Indeed a man of that worth and power, who could say, as, in the person of *Dominique*, he says

If there is any point that distinguishes him from the most part of those who might be disposed to find themselves reflected in him, it is this: he had had, what nobody I think need envy him, the somewhat unusual courage to examine himself often, and the still more unusual strictness of judgment to pronounce himself second rate.\*

—such a man will readily be acquitted of either mock modesty or the sorry egoism of hastening to be the first to proclaim an insignificance which nobody will not be slow to dispute. In this preface he tells us that in the days when he was taken with a craving to write, he was a nobody, very ignorant, and eager to produce: and for these two reasons in a great uneasiness. A bit of cold analysis which agrees well with a telling phrase in *Dominique*:

I felt whims, not of an inclination “to be somebody” (which I hold to be an absurdity), but of an inclination to create—which seems to me the only excuse of our poor existence. . . . The motive will not be (do not mistake my meaning) any gains of human dignity, or pleasure, or vanity therefrom accruing; I have no motive, selfish or altruistic, beyond a desire to discharge my brain of an encumbrance which gives me discomfort.†

We cannot wonder that the heroine, who listened to this avowal, “smiled at so quaint and commonplace an account of a rather noble phenomenon.” Swans do not like to be

\* *Dominique*, p. 3.

† *Dominique*, p. 221.

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reminded of their feet. Inspiration commonly affects to dress in more ethereal fabrics than this dry pathological statement. And yet it somehow reminds one of the realism of another great Gaulish author, Catullus, describing the *malaise* of the unspoken word, the idea awakened by emulation and still unable to open its eyes.

“Atque illinc abii tuo lepore  
incensus, Licini, facetiisque  
ut nec me miserum cibus invaret  
nec somnus tegeret quiete ocellos,  
sed toto indomitus furore lecto  
versarer, cupiens videre lucem . . .” *Catull. l.*

True, in Catullus it is the frantic craving for the renewal of a delightful companionship; but the companionship is so delightful just because it helps both parties to “discharge the brain of an encumbrance.” I forbear to draw the parallel of Socratic *μαιευτική*.

Then he proceeds to tell us how, feeling his art of the brush inadequate to interpret the abundance, the liveliness, the intimacy of his recollections, he sought as a makeshift to use the pen. And, once begun, the venture amused him; desk and easel stood side by side; he explored the diverse capacities of these two “mechanisms,” he passed from the repertory of forms and colours to the repertory of words. And—to cut it short, though the whole preface deserves quotation—he satisfied himself that the astonishing sanity and expressiveness of French, without departing from the average stock and the regular limits, furnished the writer with inexhaustible resources.\*

So he made his own, by experiment and study, a doctrine which, as a Frenchman, doubtless he was apt and predisposed to receive; but a doctrine which, if it were not a kind of insult to John Bull to preach it in this island, would give us more Newman and less Carlyle, more Hudson and less Hewlett, more Fitzgerald and less Browning—in fine, more of central English style and less of mountebank provincialism. For we should be loth to

\* Preface to *Un Été dans le Sahara*, p. 18.

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admit that it is not true of English as well as of French to say,

that it may be compared to an excellent soil, which, though it be limited in area, may be exploited to boundless depth without any need for superficial extension; a soil qualified to yield all that you shall ask of it, provided only that you dig.\*

And before we leave this most wise and luminous preface, I must mention, by the way, that it contains one phrase of retrospective criticism upon *Dominique*, published twelve years before.

I have [he says] since then written one novel proper (*pur roman*), . . . which reproduced in another form the quite personal side of the preceding works: and there I stopped.†

But what is more important is to mention how it foreshadows *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*. He will write no more of his travels, he says. What matter if there be change of scene, when the manner of seeing and feeling remains still the same? But then he adds:

I am bound to say that there is still open to me a very different field of observation; the field in which I find myself placed for the future, and where rather habit than inclination keeps me. Shall I there find a subject to write upon? I cannot tell. I believe that there would be a great deal to say, on certain points which are familiar to me, in exposition of my *aperçus*, my knowledge, my beliefs. The subject would be ticklish handling, no doubt, for a craftsman turned critic; he might fairly be challenged to show less theory and more masterly practice. What an alluring subject, and what a thorny one! Am I at liberty to attempt it, or shall I meet with a veto? Hitherto I have thought it more proper to refrain.

There you have the first glimmer of the masterpiece appearing on the horizon of his mind; and there also, surely, you have Fromentin's character told: the balance, the discretion, the gentility; the man whose mind is master in its own house, master alike of his talents, ambitions, vanities and inclinations.

The first talent which M. Bazin selects for remark in Fromentin is—I translate his words—

\**Ibid.*, p. 18.

†*Ibid.*, p. 22.

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an eminent quality, indispensable henceforth to any novelist; a modern quality, anyhow, at the pitch that we have carried it to; a quality at once bodily and mental, half natural and half acquired, which, failing a better name, I shall call *eye*.

The name is, perhaps, no less happy in English than in French; we do talk of a man "with an eye" or "with no eye" for important subjects like cricket and billiards; and without much effort we might extend the idea to express an analogous grace applied to such innocent though unconsecrated pastimes as the observation of men and things. Bazin includes in the term a sharpness of all the senses, an aptitude for receiving impressions, and a special memory for images. Perhaps it is more owing to Fromentin than we might suppose, if this gift is become, as Bazin says, indispensable to the modern novelist. Certainly it was a rarer thing when he wrote his first volume of travels fifty years ago. The new descriptive style shocked the sixties. Louis Vuillot, in *Les Odeurs de Paris*, talks with scorn of Fromentin as a great "teinturier en bleu bulozien." Perhaps Brunetière would have admitted that the new way offered dangerous outlets upon Dilettantism. The precursor has no praise in his own generation; and let him but completely convert the men who count—the men who are posted in readiness to receive, canalize and transmit a new influence whenever it breaks out—and his innovation is so soon taken for granted that he is like enough never to be reckoned for a prophet at all.

We ought to credit Fromentin with the close approximation which has been made between descriptive writing and painting; but we ought to hold him guiltless of the abuse of descriptive writing by second-rate authors—or must one say authoresses?—because he had technical skill enough in both to use each and yet respect their mutual frontiers. And now—not to spend too long over this part of the subject—let us expel Thule from our minds by warming them in the luxurious notion of midsummer in the Sahara and the thermometer at 120 F. in the shade, and then inspect a couple of specimen pages as an example of Fromentin's "eye":

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About 11 o'clock the heat became suddenly extreme. The sky, hitherto cloudless, now began to be dressed in whitish stripes, a sort of transparent sweepings, like immense spiders'-webs. The wind was rising and inclined to settle in the south. It blew very faintly as long as we were still in shelter, but as soon as we reached the plain level there was no mistaking the *scirocco*. Still it was another two hours before it came out in full fury. At first there were only passing catspaws, now hot and now almost cool. I was meeting them full in face and could exactly gauge their temperature, pace and duration. Gradually the interval between the puffs diminished; they were also perceptibly more regular, but still discontinuous, a series of jerks, like a sick man's respiration, quickened by fever. The earth itself grew increasingly hot as the accesses of this strange breath grew more frequent and hotter; and though there was no more sunshine, and my shadow hardly showed on the ground, which was lit by a wan, cheerless luminosity, I still seemed to feel a burning sun on my head. The sky was of a red-brown, through which not the faintest glimmer of blue penetrated. Presently the horizon ceased to be discernible, and took on the blackness of lead. And at length the blast became unintermittent, like an exhalation straight from a furnace. Then the heat seemed to come from all quarters at once, from the wind, from the sky, and, perhaps stronger still, from the bowels of the ground, which positively glowed under my horse's feet. The poor beast found it exhausting to make his way in the teeth of the wind, but suffered especially from the fiery heat which struck up against his belly. For my part, had it not been for the exertion of keeping myself upright in the saddle, I should really have enjoyed the sensation of warmth (which, after all, was not unbearable); and, bating a traveller's curiosity, I was not sorry, even at the price of discomfort, to breathe a hurricane of sand and fire which issued from the Desert. ....\*

Now here is a painter's observation, which I note by the way: contrary to what you see in Europe, a picture in this country is composed of shadow with a dark centre and corners of light. You might call it a sort of transposition of Rembrandt. Nothing is more mysterious.

You know what shadow is, in these lands of light. It baffles expression; it is something dark and transparent, clear and coloured: a deep water, you would say. It seems black; and when the eye dives into it, to your surprise you can see plainly. Eliminate the

\* *Un Été dans le Sahara*, p. 85.

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sunshine and this very shadow will become daylight. Figures seen through this medium swim in a peculiar blond atmosphere which makes outlines swoon away. Look at these figures now that they are sitting down in it. Their whitish garments almost fuse with the walls; the bare feet hardly show against the earth; and were it not for the face that makes a brown blot in the midst of the indeterminate *ensemble*, one would fancy them figures modelled in clay and sunbaked like the houses. Only now and then there is a moment when a fold displaced, a gesture that recalls life, a thread of smoke passing the lips of a *tekrouri*-smoker and enveloping him in nebulas of moving vapour, betray a company of people resting.\*

And next—reluctantly forbearing to quote an exquisite bit about lizards, another that describes a visit to a recent battlefield, another on Arabs eating mutton, and another on the question, how ought the Bible to be illustrated?†—I will pass on to say a word or two about *Dominique*. Perhaps these samples will suffice to show how delineation in word can be minute without jejuneness, and literary brushwork need not always be a substitute for brainwork.

If *Dominique* is not a masterpiece—and one must defer to M. Bazin on that point—it has some of the elements which make a masterpiece. Above all, economy: much is made out of a little, and yet the product is not small in quality nor unsatisfying. The story is very simple, and told in a consistently autobiographical view. *Dominique* is a country-bred student, hardly more than a schoolboy, when he gradually discovers that he is desperately in love with Madeleine, who is already married to another man. A drama of passion does not mean in Fromentin's hands what it does to the Zolas and Ohnets.

Nous sommes, avec *Dominique*, en plein roman d'adultère, et si l'oubli du devoir n'y est nulle part glorifié, si les termes y sont d'un homme du monde, et si la lutte exprimée est avant tout celle de la conscience, je n'aperçois pas en quoi la passion y mérite une épithète qui la transforme et la singularise!

\**Un Été dans le Sahara*, p. 157.

†He condemns the Tissot School by anticipation, perhaps divining what Huysmans expressed when he said that Tissot drew “Un Jésus Christ renaniste.”

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Thus M. Bazin replies to Georges Sand, who had characterized the passion of the book as *une passion sage*. Her standards of *sagesse* must have been facile. Or was she misled by the admirable control and smoothness of execution, a discretion and reserve in workmanship? Fromentin certainly does not use high colours in violent combinations. But it is not the emotions which want intensity, nor the experiences which have not been probed down to the quick. The fact is that Fromentin does not for an instant play with the Neo-pagan philosophy of the Naturalists. Poets have the choice of regarding Nature as a goddess or as a sacrament: his lot is not with the Pantheists. *Natura in pecude, vitium in homine.* To degrade the will and deify an appetite would be the negation of all that Fromentin's work vindicates. In *Dominique* he seems to me to be near the Classical Greek conception of passion as a *θεῖα νόσος*, frightful, anarchic, but no more to be adored than the Goddess of Fever or the Demon of Mumps. However that may be, the will triumphs—in both parties; for a moment in *Dominique*, but for a decisive moment which gives Madeleine time to recover herself and save them both. And what is left for a man after such a crisis? *Dominique* may be described as an answer to that question. For many men, nothing: nothing for the hero of Alexandrian or Neo-pagan romance. But for Dominique, whose will is sound and intact amid the ruins of sentiment, there is left just that picture in quiet tones and soberly-combined harmonies, in which, as a setting, Fromentin has framed the story of passion:

Qui sait même si le bonheur n'est pas en grande partie dans la volonté d'être heureux? \*

It is a mistake to suppose that a richly-gifted sensibility is not capable of ascetic satisfactions: else we should have no mystical poets. Dominique retires to his *Château de Trembles*, and lives ordered and not empty days of meditation, benevolence and domestic routine. He loves wood and field and village, and he is man enough to yield a free obedience to a self-imposed discipline.

\* *Dominique*, p. 223.

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I shall say no more of the story, although there is plenty to say, if time allowed, about the character of Madeleine, and those of Olivier and Augustin, the two *might-have-beens* between which Dominique steers his course into a solitary harbour. But I should like to give a specimen of the charm which the book affords, apart from the plot and the characters presented. There are exquisite accounts of the seasons on the Biscay coast, landscapes and seascapes designed by a more practised hand than wrote *Un Été au Sahara*; things that, once read, cannot be forgotten any more—like the passage where he tells of listening by the seashore on a starless night to the sound of migratory birds thronging the air overhead, and crying to each other now and again, the better to keep their caravan marshalled and directed in the thick darkness. But I will select those pages which describe the boyhood of one whom M. Bazin calls especially happy in never being sent to school, but spending all his life in his own *days* until he was fifteen:

The last recollections that I had left to me of my father were these: at the rare times when the disease, which was sapping his life, allowed him some respite, he would go out, make his way on foot to the outer wall of the park, and there, during long afternoons of sunshine, stroll for hours together, leaning upon a thick cane, and his gait so slow that I thought of him as an old man. Meanwhile I scoured the country and set my traps for birds. As I had never received any other instruction, this seemed to me to be as close an imitation of what I had seen my father do, as could be expected of me. As for companions, I had none but such children of the neighbouring peasants as were either too idle to attend the school or too little to be put to work on the land. They all, by personal example, encouraged me in the most absolute indifference with regard to the future. The only education which took my fancy, the only learning which cost me no rebellions—and, mark you, the only learning which was to bear me any positive and lasting fruit—came to me from them. I learned, without system, by rule of thumb, the mass of little facts which make up the science and the fascination of country life. I was equipped with all the aptitudes one could desire to make the most of such teaching: robust health; a peasant's eyes—that is to say, perfect eyes; an ear

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quickened by early training to catch the least sounds; indefatigable legs; and, with all these, the love of open-air things, and a concern for all that is acquired by observation, by seeing, by listening; little taste for stories to read, the greatest curiosity for stories that are told. The marvellous in books interested me less than the marvellous in legends, and I thought the superstitions of the countryside much superior to fairy tales.

At ten years old, I was like all the children in Villeneuve; I was as knowing as any of them, not quite so knowing as their fathers; but there was between them and me a difference, at that time imperceptible, but which became definite on a sudden occasion. It was this: from our common existence and experiences I derived sensations to which they seemed to be wholly strangers. For instance, when I look back, it is quite plain to me that the delight of making snares, setting them beside the bushes and watching the bird, was not to me the most captivating part of the sport; what proves it is that I have no really poignant memories to attest those endless lyings-in-wait, except the sharply-drawn vision of certain places, the exact note of hour and season, and even the apprehension of particular noises which I have never since given up hearing. Perhaps you will think it rather childish to recall, at an interval of wellnigh five and thirty years, how, one evening that I was taking up my snares in a fallow field which had been ploughed the day before, it was such and such weather, the wind in such and such a quarter, the air tranquil, the sky grey, September wood pigeons were abroad, flying overhead with very loud clapping strokes of their wings, and all around in the plain the windmills were waiting, with their sails taken down, for a wind which would not blow. I cannot explain to you how such worthless details could get lodged so fast in my memory, with the exact date of the year and perhaps the very day, as to find a place now in the conversation of a man past middle age; but if I quote you this instance out of a thousand others, it is in order to indicate to you that my exterior life was already yielding a peculiar product, and I was developing a sort of special memory, not very sensitive to facts but singularly apt to be permeated by impressions.\*

And so much for *Dominique*, the romance of which he found no more to say than that "under a different form, it reproduced the quite personal side of the preceding works."

\* *Dominique*, p. 50.

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The re-edition of the two books of travel, and that preface which I have drawn upon so largely, appear to mark a definite stage of mental convalescence, the returning sense of pride and pleasure in work achieved and the renewed *besoin d'écrire*. We have remarked the first hint which he gives of his coming venture. We may complete that hint by citing a curious sentence from *Dominique*. After a long struggle against his love for Madeleine, and after eschewing her society for months, all Dominique's defences are mined by an accident. He goes into an exhibition of pictures at Paris and finds her portrait, as she now is, painted by one who is a master psychologist with the brush, confronting him there. The scene is excellently managed in the story, but one sentence out of it is germane for our present purpose:

Although very ignorant in this art, for which I had an instinctive feeling unimproved by any cultivation, and for which I cherished a respect which made me all the less inclined to talk about it, I sometimes went to exercise myself in studies of painting which taught me to form a right judgment of the age we live in, and in the working out of comparisons which did not give much ground for congratulation.\*

Thirteen years later these studies in art criticism were matured for expression. A tour through Holland and Belgium furnished him with a precise matter in which to realize his views and judgements. The æsthetic of philosophers (Aristotle and perhaps Schopenhauer excepted) is a tiresome and idle business; they suffer strange illusions. But their vagaries ought to be encouraged rather than checked, for a reason which perhaps they neither guess, nor if they guessed it, would much relish. It is good that Herbert Spencer should utter his opinions about Homer: but good, just because the case is not Herbert Spencer sitting in judgement upon Homer, but Homer sitting in judgement on Herbert Spencer all the time. An impostor will often be exposed by a practical touchstone of this kind. Creative and critical agree ill; the same age rarely excels in both activities; the same man, very rarely. But these

\* *Dominique*, p. 289.

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rare men are just the only ones who are worth hearing upon æsthetics. Ruskin's theories become suspect when we survey the frightful buildings which he inspired; we listen with respect to a Leonardo or a Sir Joshua because their practice of their art commands the admiration of painters. Bating the question of Fromentin's skill as a painter, he is great enough, as a literary artist, to prove that when he talks of art he does not mean art in the abstract—which is nothing, unless there be such a thing as abstract eyesight—but art as it is subject to the senses: the invisible forcibly detained, like Proteus, by stress of brush and oil and pigment, till it reveal such secrets as we are able to ask of it.

It would be an instructive problem to compose a formal æsthetic from Fromentin's notes. It is only fair to point out at once that in his preface he deliberately forswears the attempt at a formal æsthetic.\* But good problem as it is to take any serious work and treat it as a child treats the piece of string in the mystery called Cat's Cradle, my present scope is a mere introductory advertisement, and I can only hope or attempt to display in a few summary and rather fortuitous glimpses what a depth, riches and variety of interest are to be found in *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*.

Holland and Belgium are his field of inquiry: in each he admires a school and a dominating genius. "Genius is always right, cleverness is often wrong," he says in *Un Eté dans le Sahara*. Genius can take care of itself; cleverness needs to be disciplined in a school, or it will run into silly provincialism for want of guidance. One reason why he loves the Dutch School is gratitude. "I should not wonder if Holland did us yet another good turn; and after bringing us back from Literature to Nature, some day or other, after long wanderings, brought us back from Nature to . . . Painting" (p. 289). Fromentin worships genius, with a reasonable worship; but he mistrusts mere personal eccentricity and uncorrected fantastic egoisms posing as originality. And because they are the decisions of a man who knows his trade as an expert, his decisions

\* pp. 1-3.

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are valid beyond that trade. For instance, how true and telling a classification, not only of painters, but of a permanent and ubiquitous human type, is expressed in this phrase: "Ceux qui font souche, les intermédiaires des hommes d'études et de bonne volonté que les renommées appellent, que la nouveauté fascine, que le mieux tourmente." Rubens and Rembrandt are, needless to say, his geniuses, his types of Flemish and Dutch art at their highest. And he can make you feel all that these men severally stand for and represent (by transforming and aggrandizing—an idea which we have unhappily ceased to associate with the idea of representation: perhaps because the mind is depressed at the mere thought of a member of Parliament): you feel the nationality, that strange complex of climate, history, temperament, which may or may not be exhibited in political independence and emphasized in a separate language, but which though it can hardly be defined, yet cannot be denied without absurdity. He loves to display the cordial ease and generosity, the Shakespearean carelessness and abundance in Rubens; and he does the same with equal respect, perhaps not with equal affection, for the careful, anxious, troubled and yet triumphing temper of Rembrandt. Indeed he loves the Dutch School more than Rembrandt. Lister to its character (pp. 178-9). First he describes the characters of Dutch landscape and life, how human and racy in every aspect it is, and how you shall discover in it "the elements of perfect novelty in art with subjects as old as the world."

Hence proceeds the most harmonious unity in the spirit of the school, and the most astounding diversity that was ever seen within one and the same spirit.

The school is called a *genre* school collectively. But analyze it, and you will find painters of "conversations," of landscapes, of animals, of seascapes, of official pieces, of still life, of flowers; and in each category, almost as many sub-species as there are temperaments—from the Picturesque to the Idealist; from the copyist to the arranger; from the traveller to the stay-at-home; from the humorist, who finds a fascinating pastime in the human comedy, to him who turns from it in abhorrence; from Brouwer and Ostade

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to Ruysdael; from the imperturbable Paul Potter to the riotous wag Jan Steen; from the merry wit Van de Velde to that great morose thinker, who did not live recluse and yet had no dealings with any of them; who echoed none of them, and was the epitome of them all; who seemed to paint his time, his country, his friends, himself, and in the last resort did but paint one of the unknown corners of the human soul: no need to explain that I mean Rembrandt.

Style corresponds to point of view; method to style. Putting apart Rembrandt, who is exceptional *chez lui* as elsewhere, in his own time as at all times, you perceive but one style and one method in the studios of Holland. The aim is to imitate what is, to endear by imitation, to give precise expression to simple, lively, and reasonable feelings. The style, then, must exhibit the simplicity and the clearness of the principle. It is bound by a law of sincerity, an obligation of truthfulness. It is before all things required to be familiar, unaffected and agreeable to natural type; it results from an aggregate of moral qualities, viz., *naïveté*, patient strength of will, and uprightness. They look like domestic virtues transferred from private life into the practice of fine art, virtues equally efficacious for good conduct and good painting. If you were to take away from Dutch art what might be called its honesty (*probité*), you would no longer apprehend its vital element, and it would no longer be possible to define either its morality or its style. But, just as in the most practical of lives there are certain springs which uplift conduct to higher levels, so in this Dutch art which is reckoned to be so positive, in these painters who for the most part are reckoned no better than shortsighted copyists, you are aware of an elevation and a spiritual goodness, a tender affection for truth, a hearty welcome to reality, from which their works acquire a value which the mere things do not seem to possess. This is how they come by their idealism, an idealism somewhat misunderstood and pretty poorly esteemed, but unquestionable to anyone who makes up his mind to get at the secret, and very entralling when you know how to relish it. Now and again, the least spice of warmer emotion turns them into thinkers or even poets. . . .\*

This passage serves well enough to support Fromentin's claim to be no ordinary tourist. This is very different stuff from, let us say, even the pleasant and not thoughtless dis-cursiveness of Mr E. V. Lucas's travels in Holland. Also it

\* *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, pp. 177-9.

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shows what qualities make *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois* a book of general significance and profit, beyond the merely technical range of Sir Joshua's "Notes" on his Dutch tour.

The next two extracts are very personal; they describe, one, the town which he feels most sympathetic with his own humour (and if you know a man's favourite town, does not that tell you a good deal about him?), namely, the Hague; and, the other, that Dutch painter whom he seems to have characterized with most affectionate insight, Ruysdael, because in Ruysdael he seems to read his own image reflected.

This is where I should recommend all those people to live whom the rowdiness and the pettiness or the ostentatious luxury of things, have put out of conceit with big towns, but not with towns. And for my own part, if I had my choice of a place to work in, a pleasure where I might be comfortable, breathe a delicate air, look at pretty things, and dream of things even more beautiful; above all, if I were to be overtaken by cares and worries and difficulties with myself, and needed quiet to resolve them, and much charm of circumstance to allay them, I should do what Europe does after her storms—this is where I should hold my congress.\*

The Hague is unmistakably a capital, and even a royal city: one cannot think of her ever having been otherwise. She only wants an adequate palace, for the whole cast of her features to agree with her final destiny. You feel that she had princes for her *Stathouders*, that these princes were like the Medicis in their own way, that they had a taste for a throne, that they were bound to be kings somewhere, and that it was no fault of theirs if it was not in this place. So there is a sovereign distinction about the Hague; by right, since she is very rich, and in duty bound—for opulence and a great air of gentility is all one when all is well. Instead of being tiresome (as she might be) she is orderly, well-conducted and peaceable. Haughtiness would be excusable in her, but she does not go beyond a sumptuous dignity, and a very great and gracious style. Needless to say, she is *neat*, but not in the way one supposes, nor merely thanks to the well-kept streets, the brick pavements, the painted *bâtel*s, the flawless plateglass windows, the varnished door, and the brilliant copper; but because she has pieces of water perfectly handsome and perfectly green, green from the reflexion of

\* Fromentin wrote this in 1875.

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their banks, and they are never sullied by the muddy wake of a *galiote* and the open-air cookery of the watermen.\*

This is the portrait of Ruysdael, introduced by a warm appreciation of a little picture in the Van der Hoop Museum, entitled "River View." I omit the technical part.

... There you have Ruysdael, complete: a great air and carriage, not much charm, except by accident; a great power of attracting; an *intimité* which discloses itself by degrees; the skill of a pastmaster, and very simple means used. Imagine him like his painting, make an effort to evoke his personal presence beside his picture, and, if I mistake not, you will have a two-fold figure, but in perfect mutual accord, of an austere thinker, a warm soul, a laconic temper of mind and a man of few words.

So plainly does the poet in Ruysdael reveal himself through the restraints of form and the concision of his language, that I have read somewhere that his work has the quality of an elegiac poem in innumerable stanzas. This is very high praise when you reflect on the literary poverty incident to an art in which technique goes for so much, and the material has so much importance and value. Elegiac or no, be that as it may, poet he was beyond question; yet if Ruysdael had written instead of painting, I suspect he would have written in prose rather than in verse.

Verse allows of so much fancifulness and manœuvre, prose is such a stickler for sincerity, that so clear and truthful a nature must have preferred this language to that. If we explore the bottom of his idiosyncrasy, he was a dreamer, one of a kind that numbers many instances in our day, but rare at the time when Ruysdael was born; one of your solitary ramblers who shun the town, haunt the suburbs, and unfeignedly love the country, though they neither exaggerate their feeling for it nor express it with affectation. These are the men whom far horizons afflict with a strange distress, easily delighted by the fascinations of a great plain, sensitive to a shadow, passionately responsive to a sunbeam.

One does not conceive Ruysdael as very young or very old; one does not see that he had his years of adolescence, one is not aware in him of the enfeebling load of years either. Did one not know that he died before he was fifty-two, one would figure him as a man between dates, a man of ripe age or precociously mature, very thoughtful, early master of himself, subject to periodic depressions, regrets and the musings proper to a retrospective nature and one whose youth never knew the exhausting disquietudes of

\* *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, p. 156.

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hope. I do not think his was a heart that could exclaim *Levez vous, orages désirs!* His melancholy (and he is full of it) has a manly and reasonable temper which excludes alike the riotous childishness of early years, and the nervous, infirm tearfulness of the decline; it only throws a darker tinge over his painting, as it might have tinged a Jansenistic disposition.\*

I must not prolong the quotation, though Fromentin carries on his partial necromancies for another page and a half. Enough has been submitted to the reader to show that the critic is here doing what no creative critic escapes or, perhaps, cares to escape; what elevates the finer critics to levels they could never reach unaided—I mean projecting his own image upon the object he thinks to describe, and with minute and curious affection confessing himself under the forms of telling another's case. One need know nothing of the author's life, and yet he must be a dull reader who does not catch the vibrating chords of self-revelation in what Fromentin writes of Ruysdael. Is that the real Ruysdael? At least, one may suppose, there must be much real affinity to attract the critic in the first instance, and lead him on by increasing interest and sympathy until he conjures his own feelings and qualities into an historic personality. Does not the novelist work somewhat similarly? Conceiving what he supposes to be an external ideal and then vitalizing it by the transference of his own life-warmth? Ruysdael can take care of himself; another may interpret his painting more truthfully than Fromentin, but Ruysdael has given Fromentin the means of interpreting himself.

My specimens have been rather lengthy, and yet I have deliberately forborne to quote *show pieces* like that astonishing page which describes Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," or his "Ascent of Calvary"; passages by which the great critics vindicate Fromentin for a classic writer of French prose. I have given just fair samples to show how full of meat, how pregnant with wisdom and meditation and right-reason, is the whole book.

It is tempting to give a few lines of his account of Amsterdam, if only to add one more instance to the list of

\* *Op. cit.*, p. 256.

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witnesses (which includes St Augustine and Newman among others) to the fact that a keen sense of smell is perhaps the most authentic note of a fine sensibility, in whatever medium the artist may work.

Here [Amsterdam] even more than at Rotterdam the air is impregnated with that honest Holland smell, which tells you where you are, and gives you a sudden original sensation of turf-cuttings. A smell tells all: latitude, distance from pole or equator, from coalfield or aloes—climate, seasons, places, things. Anybody who has travelled a bit knows that: there are no favoured countries but those where the smoke is aromatic and every hearth speaks to the memory. As for the countries which can show no better credentials to the sensuous memory than the confused exhalation of animal life and crowds, they have other charms, and I do not say one forgets them, but one remembers them differently.\*

What would he have said of Ireland!

Most readers will think of a passage in *Loss and Gain*. They will not blame me for setting before them two beautiful sentences of St Ambrose: "Ego tamen odorem et ipsum terrae simplicem atque sincerum pro gratia benedictionis accipio," and "Diutius odor fragrat acceptus quam sermo resonat aut visus appetet. Plerumque quod momento brevi fueris odoratus toto tibi diespirat in naribus."†

And it is tempting to quote his wonderfully acute analysis of the strange duality of nature in Rembrandt, at once sober master-craftsman and inarticulate mystic in torment to find a language; or a most exquisite passage on Memling, of which Huysmans would not have disowned the sentiment, though he could not have attained to the discretion and devoutness of phrase. It betrays a mind in which religion lies deep, almost dissembled in an extreme shyness of spiritual exposure. But to conclude, I will take a page where his art criticism broadens out most fully into a philosophy. He is preparing the reader for a judgement, which he thinks may be held strange and temerarious, upon Rembrandt's *Ronde de Nuit*.

For all its rebellious airs, the human spirit is at bottom nothing but idolatrous. Sceptical, no doubt, but credulous; it knows no

\* *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, p. 313.

† *Hexam.* VI, ix, 63.

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more imperious need than the need of belief; its native habit is submission. It may change masters and change idols; its natural subjection persists in spite of all such revolutions. It dislikes being fettered, and it fetters itself. It doubts, it denies, but it admires; admiration is a form of faith. And, once in admiration, it is ready to abdicate utterly that faculty of free private judgement (*libre examen*) which it professes to cherish so jealously. Survey its beliefs, political, religious, philosophical: is there a single one that it has respected? And you will observe that at the very same time, by a subtle reaction, when you might discover beneath its insurrections a vague craving to adore something, as well as the proud sense of its greatness, it creates for itself on one side, in the world of art, another ideal and other cults, without ever suspecting what inconsistency is involved in denying Truth, while you go down on your knees before Beauty. It does not seem to perceive clearly the absolute identity of the two. Art seems to man a realm of his own where his reason need have no fear of being taken off its guard, and where his act of consent can be made without compulsion. He chooses famous works, in fact, patents of aristocracy, holds fast by them, and will no more allow them to be called in question. There is always something well-founded about his choice—something, but not everything. One might review the work of the great artists for the last three centuries, and draw up the catalogue of these persistent credulities. Without scrutinizing too nearly the strict accuracy of his preferences, one would at least see that the modern man is not so very much averse from convention, and discover his dissembled fondness for dogma by looking at all the dogmas wherewith, for better or for worse, he has littered the past. There are dogmas and dogmas it seems. Some are provoking, some agreeable and flattering. It does not cost anybody much to believe in the sovereign authority (*souveraineté*) of a work of art which he knows for a product of the human brain. Any man who knows pretty well what he is about, frankly believes himself master of the secrets of this visible and palpable issue of human handiwork. One man is like another: he can criticize it, and say he understands it. But what is the origin of this thing, human in appearance, written in the universal language, painted alike for the intellect of the learned and for the eye of the simple, and which apes life so closely? Whence does it proceed? What do we mean by inspiration? A phenomenon in the natural order? or a real miracle? These questions are matter for great meditation, and nobody explores them to the bottom. Instead of that, we find admiration, and loud voices hailing a great man or a masterpiece, and no more is left to be said.

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Nobody concerns himself with the mysterious formation of a heaven-descended work. And thanks to this thoughtlessness, which will reign in the world as long as the world lasts, the very man who snaps his fingers at the supernatural will be bowing the knee before the supernatural, and never seem to suspect what he is about.

Such, I believe, are the causes, such the supremacy, and such the results of superstition in art. Several instances might be given; the picture about which I am going to speak is perhaps the most interesting and signal instance. It needs some boldness, to begin with, to arouse your doubts; and what I am about to add will probably be even more hazardous.\*

And with that he passes into a wonderfully penetrating and comprehensive consideration of the *Ronde de Nuit*. Once more the preface to something which is of great local, particular or technical interest (for, doubtless, the books of travel are best read in Africa, and the criticism of Rembrandt should be studied in the very gallery), is itself rich and full of meaning to read apart, at any time or in any place. And to the philosophy of it (in which Brunetière must surely have recognized an *amity*, in M. Barrès' sense, if not a regular alliance), I hope the reader will say, "Very French and very true." Let me assure him that he might add, "And very Fromentin."

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

\* *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*, p. 322.

# THE CENSORSHIP OF FICTION

OF certain controversies it may be said that they sleep at times but never die. When they appear to have uttered their last word, yea or nay, and opinion seems all of one colour, suddenly the shield wavers, the lines are mingled, disputants rise up from we know not where, and the fray begins again. Such is now the case in regard to a prime Liberal doctrine which Milton pleaded for as "the liberty of unlicensed printing," and Jeremy Taylor as "the liberty of prophesying," not without effect.\* Its progress became, accordingly, the boast of England, from which the idea and the practice travelled to America. And still it is the law that no censor shall prohibit the birth of any publication, though when born it is made subject to the penalties of libel if it assails character without privilege; and in this country it may be prosecuted as blasphemous or immoral. But prevenient censorship, which expired in 1694 under William III, is a thing abhorrent to English ears. Yet, in the United States, President Roosevelt has commended in forcible terms the suppression of anarchist literature by methods of police akin to Russian bureaucracy. And it has been gravely proposed among ourselves this very year to check the dangers of pernicious novels and romances, by insisting on a licence for works of the imagination before they see the light of day. Even newspapers, it is thought, should be compelled by law to observe a reticence which they now too frequently violate in their reports of trials and other incidents.

This would be acting, indeed, on Plato's view as drawn out in some of the most remarkable pages he has left us. Socrates, in the Second Book of the *Republic*, defines education after the old Greek pattern, as "gymnastic for the body and music for the soul." But music, taken in so large a sense, means all the fine arts, including literature; and it comes in point of time as of importance before gymnastic. "Shall

\* *Areopagitica*, 1644; Taylor's book appeared in 1647.

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we then," he asks, "carelessly allow children to hear any casual tales which may be devised by casual persons? to receive into their minds ideas for the most part the very opposite of those which we should wish them to have when they are grown up?" Certainly not, is the reply. "Then," concludes Socrates, "the first thing will be to establish a censorship of the writers of fiction, and let the censors receive any tale of fiction which is good, and reject the bad; and we will desire mothers and nurses to tell their children the authorized ones only. Let them fashion the mind with such tales, even more fondly than they mould the body with their hands; but most of those now in use will have to be discarded."\*

He gives his reasons, which are curiously pertinent to the matter in hand, as we might instance, time permitting. Meanwhile, that we may be strictly practical and British, we will throw our question into the shape it has received among those who favour some restriction of the liberty now enjoyed and abused by storytellers. There is a censor of plays, so the argument runs, why not one of fiction? For these two arts have much in common. They address the same audience. They employ similar and even identical motives. Neither can claim exemption as merely a graceful form of private recreation, since both are liable to be corrupted in a way that affects the public at large. The stage appeals to all the world; but so does the novel, especially when it is multiplied in the undress of a newspaper feuilleton, or as a sixpenny edition displayed on railway book-stalls. Nothing is more frequent than the dramatizing of successful stories; and if the stage becomes less literary as it comes into touch with the crowd, so, from an artistic point of view, does the novel itself. Theatres now spring up all round us, in correspondence, Ruskin would say, with "the ravening state of the national desire for excitement." And novel-reading is equally on the increase. The amazing growth of fiction threatens to absorb the market for books, while its character has undergone a decided change and tends ever downwards. If, as it spread, it still

\* *De Repub.*, II, 376-7.

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kept the tone and colour of its classic English time from Scott to George Eliot, no sensible man would dream of putting it under the Lord Chamberlain. It has taken quite a different ply, and there is the mischief. A literature that propagates moral anarchy in this fashion can be checked only by censorship, and not after the harm is done.

That much admirable fiction is published by writers who sell in their thousands, including not a few Catholics, this argument does not deny. And that great houses find their account in reprinting the older masters, we may judge from the numerous editions of them at low prices. But there is an unconsecrated ground outside these borders which hardly invites a blessing. As literature is fast becoming another name for the novel, so what is known as the "reading public" are now mostly the young of both sexes and women with a certain degree of leisure. Fiction is *par excellence* the woman's world, emphatically so in the United States, and almost on the same scale in England. Take as its types and founders, Henry Fielding and Samuel Richardson. Then, it may be said, Fielding with his *Tom Jones* has quitted the scene, and the author of *Clarissa* stands triumphantly alone. In one or other of its countless forms the problem novel is the novel of the day. It appeals to the imagination as Richardson did, and Rousseau after him, always discussing from the feminine outlook the relations of men and women. But the tendency is now to enlarge freedom, cost what it may to society. Freedom in act by slandering marriage and every species of self-control as a "yoke" not to be borne. Freedom of escape from the duties and burdens of life by suicide, which is treated as an "open question." And freedom in art by flinging away reticence, tearing off drapery, depicting the monstrous and the unclean, bringing to light the abnormal, and taking pleasure in deformity. It is a new and dangerous application of the French proverb—itself open to question—*Tout connaître c'est tout pardonner*. All may be forgiven to instinct; feeling has become its own apology, and temptation absolves from resistance in proportion as it is strong. Such is, in Thackeray's language, "the New Apocalypse."

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For this revolt against law the Greeks had a significant name; they called it *Hybris*, or insolence. It was the outbreak of mere passion at odds with reason, refusing to submit on the ground of sensual pride. Those women who raise its standard, whether in romance or in the streets, we may fitly term Bacchanals, who, with dishevelled hair and flaming torches, would substitute for the old religion, decorous and humane, a Feast of Unreason, where no order prevailed, but sheer momentary impulse. Their type is the mad Agave of Euripides, holding her murdered son's head in her hands. Free will disappears, to make way for Free Love, which is not only different but contrary to all that we understand by rational choice. Insolence turns to violence, and violence to cruelty. Thus the novel of sensation, which must get its effect anyhow, seizes upon crime as its main-stay; from romantic adventures it sinks to police-chronicles, detective stories, and frank reproductions of thieves' and murderers' diaries. This "blood-boltered" literature calls especially to the young. It delights in crude fact, and cares nothing for the light and shade of which all noble teachers have known the secret. All that it perceives in the universe becomes to it *pabulum mortis*, meat for Death to feed upon. Instead of subduing monstrous conceptions to what is natural and wholesome, it reverses the spell, and it shows to the lad's untainted mind every vile thing which it has rooted out among the refuse heaps of humanity.

Another disquieting sign is the demand for translations of French novels and memoirs, of the works of M. Zola, which a jury in London condemned as unfit for civilized ears, and of writers like M. Anatole France, anarchic and unclean, however subtle or superficially refined. The realist who collects garbage on his own market-stall is probably not so great a danger to society as the elegant criminal, trained to disguise in the fairest literary forms a poison which paralyses belief and takes away the motives of heroic action. Nor can it be supposed that the costly illustrated editions of eighteenth century *chroniques scandaleuses* from the days of the Regency and Louis Quinze, done into booksellers' English, have come forth to satisfy a new-born taste

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for historical knowledge, or to prove Carlyle's thesis that the Revolution of '89 was a judgement on a nation of delinquents and the monarchy they worshipped. By some warp in their composition the polite French people have infected Europe from an early age with reading as unwholesome as attractive to our lower instincts. What a fierce anti-Christian library is that of which the leading lights are Rabelais, Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau—not to mention the false prophets who have brought its tradition down to our own time! No other language keeps a succession so unapostolic as this in its records. And the end is not yet; far from it. The ministers of death who now tyrannize over French education have no philosophy deeper than Renan's *Amusez-vous*; their aims are earthly, base and sensual. With hollow rhetoric, M. Buisson, fresh from the campaign to put down religious liberty at home, told the Moral Education Congress in London that Christian ethics had had their day. He would set in their place a "morality more humane, secular, socialistic and democratic." But the fruits which Justice is gathering in the police-courts and the assizes from this new tree of knowledge are exceedingly bitter, as figures prove, and the least believing of Parisian journals confess.

To the French standard in letters, and certainly in fiction, we are drawing nearer and nearer. It is impossible to give instances; but every one whose duty leads him into the dense forest of latter-day romance will be aware that the audacities, let us say of Mr George Moore, and the remarkable feats of Mrs Elinor Glynn or Miss Violet Hunt, or the lady who calls herself Victoria Cross, belong to a school which thirty years ago did not exist in England. The lack of reticence, so peculiarly French that a dilettante no less fastidious than Edmond de Goncourt was incapable of imagining a literature from which it should be absent, is essential to the emancipated novel. It might be mere rusticity, as in many good old books, but in the modern it is deliberate and held to be indispensable. Accordingly, since women now write for women and claim their free-

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dom from the trammels of received conventions, they are, in this respect, the chief of sinners. It was said to the praise of George Sand that she always wrote like a gentleman. And she nearly always did, even when her characters had fallen into the stage described by Thackeray as that of "mental debauch and disease." But those who are now imitating her faults in our language without a spark of her genius take the lower road to notoriety, judging it to be the more direct. Publishers appear to have decided that the selling value of a book determines its moral status; and we are assured on good authority that works of fiction have been declined, not because they dealt with dangerous subjects, but because they were not seasoned as highly as the palate of the so-called "public" demanded. Between the English and the French railway bookstalls, once as unlike as the nations themselves were a generation ago, the difference is steadily, but by no means beautifully, growing smaller each season. Travellers can now buy cheap, on both sides of the Channel, their fill of atheism, free thought and pornography. That last hateful word which one is ashamed to write, has come to us from the Boulevards with the thing itself. Who will say that civilization is not in peril when its loftiest ideals are thus attacked, and this degrading stuff is thrust upon the people by advertisement, by exhibition, by a machinery that rests neither day nor night, in every journey that we take and where traffic is most abundant?

That some kind of social revolution is going forward all parties in Church and State would agree. But revolution means a change in ideas, and the ideas which women as well as men are casting away include no little that is Christian. Lighter views of the meaning of life must be entertained in proportion as its value for eternity is disputed or denied. If, as above noted, the sacred word "conjugium" is translated as merely a "yoke," and youthful lusts find condonation so long as they evade the penalty of wrong-doing, what becomes of self-control? Nothing is easier in a weak and sensuous age than to sacrifice modesty under the pretence of art. When wealth has

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grown to enormous stature, what more enticing than to bow down before the golden image that our American and other kings have set up in the world's exchange? Obedience, again, to laws which are made by simple voting, where God is overlooked as the Supreme Lawgiver, how can it be exacted if its sanction appears insecure? Man will not obey mere man for conscience' sake; and that is why brute force never can persuade, although it may hang or guillotine, the anarchist. Youths trained on modern French principles develop into criminals; women brought up in American luxury cultivate divorce. The fine arts, or as we now say barbarously esthetics, having no purpose but technique, and no content save impression, will give rise to the strangest aberrations; and instead of being what old-fashioned Ruskin taught that they were, the very gate of Heaven, they will furnish rather a forecourt to the asylum which they are helping to enlarge.

Melancholy facts, if true, it may be replied, but can we prove that human creatures ever did guide their conduct by what they read in hours of idleness, to kill time? Or has art any relation to morals except incidentally? Novels, according to the stern realist Carlyle, are but "tales of adventure which did not occur in God's creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads;" they are "part and parcel only of the Sum of Nothings, which nevertheless obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers."\* Who, then, would charge upon these phantasms and fleeting shadows a genuine causation, as if they had life or substance? With dogmatic Thomas of Chelsea we find, amusingly enough, that George Eliot, when she was only Miss Evans and an Evangelical, would have been of one mind. "I cannot imagine," she wrote in 1839, "how the adventures of some phantom, conjured up by fancy, can be more entertaining than the transactions of real specimens of human nature from which we may safely draw inferences." Such is the irony of Fate lurking

\* *Essays*, vii, 148, "The Prinzenraub."

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about the steps of authors who know not under what a law of surprises they were born! However, the young Puritan damsel adds a winged word, "The real secret of the relaxation talked of is one that would not generally be avowed; but an appetite that wants seasoning of a certain kind cannot be indicative of health."<sup>\*</sup>

This ancient, highly respectable view of romance, including stage-plays, condemns fiction outright as false, frivolous, and in its nature immoral, unworthy to be glanced at by religious eyes. "Not censorship but suppression," said the Calvinist, who would not so much as tolerate the fairy tales and legends of Ossian that his folk in the Western Isles told by the fireside on winter evenings.<sup>†</sup> "Have I any time," he growled, "to spend on things that never existed?" He was convinced that the Second Commandment forbade Christians as well as Jews to make to themselves the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. First cousin to the Mohammedan he judged every imitation of life to be a sacrilege. A dilemma which has had consequences arose out of this native philosophy. All stories must be literally true or wickedly false; and so the *Arabian Nights*, when Captain Burton recited them in the desert, were taken to be fact, their marvels authentic, for "why should a man tell such lies?" said one old Sheikh to another. That a middle term is conceivable, which shall be real yet imaginary, true though invented, is the very condition of art, without which painting, sculpture and poetry must renounce their highest achievements. But to minds of the type we name Puritan—widespread outside the bounds of any single sect—such art has ever been Satan's masterpiece. Carlyle had long broken with his Presbyterian creed when he gave utterance to his famous prayer, "May the devil fly away with the Fine Arts!" He tossed and gored the "dilettante," who ought not to be wasting his days over the vain study and vainer practice of perfection in any department (except portrait-painting) of ideal composi-

\* *Life*, 26.

† See Campbell's Preface to *Tales of the Western Highlands*.

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tion. To be a trifler on the human stage was a crime; and all that we understand by Art was, to the Scotch peasant's temper, as in accord with his education, trifling. He could not perceive ethical value in lines, colours, or dreams of the waking fancy; when Homer sang, or Sophocles, or Dante, they believed in their own visions, otherwise how could they have given them life? This, we perceive, is the Mohammedan theory of *belles lettres*. And it would make short work of any fiction that did not pretend to be fact.

If, however, only the real, in this hard, tangible sense, is the moral, it follows that imagination, the mother of Arts, never was or will be anything but immoral—in Nietzsche's challenging phrase, "beyond Good and Evil." The censor would thus be put out of court, his occupation gone, for he wields his pencil in the interests of "les mœurs," as Blanche Amory, with her cynical smile, mockingly terms them, and Art for Art is none of his concern. The tables are broken up in laughter; amusement, like virtue in the Lutheran system, has now only a secular significance. It is no longer a mystery or miracle play. Calvin flees at sight of the cap and bells which announce, through Voltaire at Ferney, that some excellent fooling is to delight the grave citizens, tired out with a month of Sundays. And, *ecce signum*, in Geneva or Lausanne we have beheld the cathedral, once Catholic, barred and bolted between the few "Sabbath" services, while hard by the shop windows were crammed with yellow French novels, their pages unblotted by censor's ink. Religion having determined that, to be pure and undefiled, it must withdraw from business, leaving six days of the week to the heathen, and Jean Jacques enforcing the lesson that it could not touch, even for purposes of guidance, the play or kindred pleasures—see his *Letter to D'Alembert*, which might be a discourse from John Knox's pulpit—what is time's answer to these self-denying ordinances? The world of amusement falls headlong into certain lower deeps; and youthful genius, in a specimen like Alfred de Musset, longs eagerly at school for the days when it can plunge into the glorious freedom of vice. Vice that sings, dances,

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paints, tells stories in liveliest verse and prose, dresses beautifully, feasts daintily, and brings all good things in its train. That is what the stern realist, calling his lack of taste and poverty-stricken fancy religion, has won for his sacred cause. Let him scan the plate-glass of the Boulevard des Capucins, brilliant with indescribable pictures and novels of experience; let him take home a cartload of unbaptized English romances, full of dead men's bones and dead women's festering hearts, and be proud of his handiwork. For he is the man who has provoked all this foul literature into existence, and whose virtue itself has turned vice, being misapplied.

These extremes, then, have met, and Théophile Gautier is justified of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, as an artist's production, the end of which is beauty, by a purblind intolerance which cannot recognize anything divine in that which is sincerely human. The pure Protestant idea should be deadly to literature; and so, in truth, it has proved; for whatever during the last three hundred years holds a sovereign rank among books is due to another source. When we praise Milton, it is the poet nourished on Greek and Italian poetry, or on medieval romance, that wins our homage. Shakespeare was not inspired by the "new learning" or Malvolio's Puritanism when he wrote for the stage. The whole eighteenth century was pagan in France, opposed bitterly to theologians of every stamp among Germans; while the great English writers—Pope, Johnson and Burke—were exceedingly unlike the typical Roundhead. "Art for Art" is a cry dating from the Renaissance, and expressing it. But with the Renaissance a genuine Evangelical Protestant will never feel at home. There is no transcendently fine literature associated with Huguenots, Lutherans, Presbyterians, or Nonconformists who were faithful to their system. Had Milton been shut out in his early years from Cambridge, we should never have heard of *Comus* or *Paradise Lost*. And thus we are brought to the consideration of what it is that literary art may claim as its own by right of essence, and under penalty of failure if it gives up its prerogative. Suppres-

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sion by brute force, however easy, cannot be deemed an argument. The common hangman, burning volumes he is incapable of reading at a slow fire, leaves the critic not wholly satisfied. Until the larger reason conquers unreason, the battle of the books will range hither and thither, confused, indecisive. Our censor should, in any case, know the true aim of art, the soul of the artist, the relation between symbols and ideals.

Let us touch briefly on these points.

“*Ut pictura poesis*”—the familiar Horatian saw—has this element of truth to commend it, that all we understand by the Greek word poetry and its Latin rendering fiction is, in some effectual sense, imagery. Call every image a lie because it is not the real thing but its reflection in a different medium, and you have summed up the prejudice that condemns art as an imposture, an idle dream, to be banished from serious lives. “No one reads poetry after sixteen,” said a quick-witted Scotch girl in the pause of a tennis-match. Novels being, at their finest, only prose poems, the inference is clear; they are to be counted among childish things to be put aside at adolescence. In Plato’s strictures on the Homeric and other fables which he would exile from his model city, one charge to their disadvantage is that they are simply “imitations,” and the man that imitates comes very near the buffoon; he is a mimic, or even “*scurrā*,” intent on tickling the company’s humour. This quaint objection, forcible enough when applied to acting on the boards, gives us unexpected insight into the peril of idolatry, thus conceived, which involves a doubling of the artist that imagines and the spectator that is held by his magic vision. A fine frenzy, if you please, but frenzy still. How shall we answer? That man alone dreams these idle day-dreams; that to discover a way beyond bare and dull reality was ever his calling; that without the “pure intuition” of the spirit which has been denied him, no such way is open except through symbols endowed with some Promethean spark? We will say this, and add that his Bible, held to be the most divine of books, abounds in

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imagery, teaches by incident, incarnates the laws of Heaven in breathing persons and epic narratives; and when Wisdom itself speaks, offers to the heart of mankind not treatises but parables. Our religion has come to us in the shape of poetry; so long as we believe in Holy Writ, romance will need no other justification.

Such is the necessary form of literature, as distinct from science. It supports and exalts life by contemplation of a world made visible which else had remained unseen. And its form is its essence. Until these living images are somehow created—hence we call them Promethean—literature does not exist. Since it is an art the thing which it aims at—*ratio recte faciendorum*—must be for art's sake. That is as much as Flaubert or Goethe could require; and it can be no less. The intent of teaching, however sincere and praiseworthy, will never excuse to a literary judgement images that carry no illusion of a life within but are dead simulacra. Probably the dreariest of all books—*Biblia abiblia*, said Charles Lamb of their kind—have been religious stories put together by the inept with a view to edification. Their want of art has ruined the goodness in them, which sunk to painful or silly platitudes; they did but insult faith and provoke the scorn of unbelievers. Renan used to remind the French, who do not know the Old Testament, that it was a supreme thing in literature and had incomparable stories from ancient days. But how rare is their successful imitation! The “Sabbath school” has transmuted those jewels of the first water into pebbles without brilliancy or colour. Its art was not for the life but for the lesson—a fatal mistake if you employ symbols at all. The vision is everything to the artist. But if nobly human or graciously divine it has an inward and inseparable meaning which gives it a soul—a meaning with endless facets, a message that cannot be exhausted in any one moral.

Schopenhauer, who entered deeply into the nature of art, has called it a deliverance from the illusions of seeming reality; and such it ought to be, if deserving of its name. But the gift which makes it possible to the artist

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may leave him as an individual commonplace, for during his inspired moments he dwells in a world apart. To say it in the German style, his phenomenal self is often a mediocrity, the *caput mortuum* or mere dregs of that sublime spirit we marvel at in poem, speech, or music. He cannot draw on his genius when he will; it is not to be commanded or manufactured. The laws under which it springs up are unknown. Is the gift essentially moral? Shall we affirm with Ruskin that "no imaginative work can be unvirtuous or unbeautiful"? But on the same page we read that "various abortive and cretinous states of it arise out of the confused influences of vice and luxury."\* We had better, therefore, distinguish between art "according to right reason," as Aristotle does in the *Ethics*,† and art degraded by false ideas which turn its aims awry. Imagination, like the beauty that is its proper object, was meant indeed to make life pure and holy. For the ethical is the absolute purpose, the end of man, his final cause, and to it all his faculties have been ordained. Not, moreover, a negative but a positive purpose; not only "Refrain from evil," but "Follow after good and ensue it." And a purpose contingent on freedom, else it would not express the heart of an immortal, who fashions the universe in his image and likeness. Even when inspired he must be free.

Surely it is plain that in using these high powers an artist, and the audience he keeps in view, may look only to "the Sirens who are goddesses of desire," and care not at all for "the Muses who are goddesses of instruction." Nothing, in short, except a good will is essentially moral; whatever else we own, be it humble or lofty in its range and scope, is liable to be profaned by passion, sold under sin by greed, or tainted by disease. If, again, for the noble artist it is necessary "that the living men round him should be in an ethical state harmonious with his own," think what what will happen to Salvator Rosa, to Teniers or his like, who finds round him only the base and the ignoble. There are such things as morbid fancies, luxurious sorrow, insane desires. "Be on your guard," said an eminent teacher of

\* Ruskin, *Works*, xix, 181.

† vi, 4.

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music lately to his pupils, "when you choose your style; Wagner is bad for youths and poisonous to women." Of George Sand's writings it was Ruskin who told us, "She is often immoral, but always beautiful." He denounced Hugo as an artist in deformity. And Milton lays down the rule which would burn bad books even while he praises freedom. "I deny not," he says, "but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."\*

Here, then, we are brought back to our "incredible civilization," with its craze for novelty, its "wild literary competition," its ugly and foul elements heaped up on every side, its landscapes polluted by advertisements of drugs and whiskies, its roads lined with telegraph poles, ground into dust by motor-cars, and its hurrying, bewildered, slave-driven, credulous people, half-mad with a confused sense of the injustice to God and man that all these things body forth. "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" That is the question we put to artist and censor alike. That the mind which produces, or which battens upon such modern fiction, with its prurient suggestiveness, physical horrors, brooding mania, rebellion against law, is itself unhealthy, may be concluded from the alarm that judges, statesmen, physicians, as well as clergy and eminent men of letters, have expressed at its rapid growth and deadly consequences. If the art in it is often small the vice is great, it is even portentous. What can be done to stay the plague?

One thing cannot be done. Directly to cultivate genius for the market is beyond the resources of statesmanship. Sir Walter Scott's novels beat all others out of the field; but there is no art by which to call up a second Sir Walter.

\* *Areopagitica*, in *Works*, 104 (London, 1875).

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When the Emperor Julian forbade Christians to attend the school of Athens and took Homer and the tragedians out of their hands, it occurred to the well-meaning Apollinaris, not yet a heretic, that he would put the Old Testament into verse, using the metres of Pindar and Euripides. The critics laughed, and this good man's pastiche did not survive Julian's persecution. If art, high or low, is a social cause, it is just as much a social symptom. The weakness of reaction to normal motives in a decadent era shows itself by the quality of its literature, which cannot rise above the tides that sweep over a nation and determine its thought. No genius out of harmony with the people at large will find an echo loud enough to encourage it and draw forth its latent energies. What we are witnessing, sharply told, is the decay of Christian belief, and the inrush of Paganism to fill that void. The supply equals the demand. For it is important to observe that the artist does not, like a philosopher, strike out new ideals; he reflects and glorifies those which are already current. He is a maker, from materials to his hand, of splendid or pathetic forms; and though he may inspire the future he lives upon the present or the immediate past. All great art is contemporary, not archaic.

And from this truth our difficulty springs. Any attempt at Christian revival will at once have stamped upon it by its enemies the broad arrow of reaction; Milton's "living intellect" will turn aside from it as a creed outworn. We might give a hundred instances, but they are needless. One proof will be worth them all. What has become of the Romantics, from Jean Paul Richter and Chateaubriand to Manzoni? Who reads them? Which of our youthful candidates for fame goes back to them? Even Carlyle, even Ruskin, do they not seem to be losing their sonorous accents and fading into ghosts, like Virgil when Dante met him in the dark forest? All these, consciously or unconsciously, had so much of the Christian left in them that they turned with violence on their age, mocking it as falsely enlightened, stupidly tolerant of shams, destructive in the name of science, deforming whatever beautiful things it had inherited under

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pretence of advancing civilization. But they perished—these forlorn half-Christians—while they fought. The world in which we live is not their world. Every day its Pagan colour deepens and spreads; it is the age of a baser Renaissance.

What could a censor hope to do, if he took in hand the thousand and one *English Nights' Entertainments* now crowding to publication? On what principles would he discriminate between the lawful and the lawless novel? He might be illiterate and illiberal, pedantic or headstrong, and would an aggrieved writer be allowed to appeal from his verdict? How could a treaty be made with the United States, so that stories condemned in London should not get the freedom of the Press in New York? What would the firm of Tauchnitz say to this embargo on their merchandise? Should we not hear of editions published at Leipzig, smuggled across the Straits of Dover, and recommended as forbidden fruit to a greedy market? Or suppose the offending author boldly printed and sold his romance in Paternoster Row, would he not become a champion of liberty, backed by all the anarchic and many of the intelligent who will never admit that any Government is infallible? Can we imagine the censorship not breaking down under its enormous task? or journalism meekly submissive to its dictates? or the fate of ministers hanging on the life or death of a disputed story-book? In that way, I think, whatever has to be done will not be attempted. The censor of fiction in England is never likely to flourish any more. He was argued out of court by Milton, and nailed to the pillory with Daniel Defoe.

And again, moral anarchy is a desperate evil, but it has become the order of the day. English manners were satirized in Paris for their hypocrisy, *la pudique Albion* was long a word of reproach. Albion is now minded to make the most of this present world for fear that there should be no other; and Renan's prophecy in *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* of a great rebellion of the flesh when such a vision of Death dawns upon mankind is fulfilled, not in France alone, but universally, wherever unbelief has got the upper

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hand. Anarchic fiction may well be the reading of a society which luxuriates in the wantonness of ill-begotten wealth, limits the family from antisocial motives, considers divorce the natural sequence to marriage, and is not startled on hearing of suicide committed by way of making a pleasant end, or of avoiding judicial and other penalties. To these desires journalism ministers their daily food; it sketches and photographs *La belle divorcée*; pays the convict-swindler to narrate his experiences at Wormwood Scrubs; is not loth to open its columns when a reprieved murderer tells her own story; and repeats nauseous advertisements till warned by the Public Prosecutor. The Press, an affair of syndicates and Hebrews, cannot be relied on to put down the sins upon which it daily thrives; it does not even compound for them—that would be thought blackmail—but turns them to gold by retailing their picturesque incidents to a gaping crowd. Extending their business, the cheap newspapers drive a trade in cheap novels; by sleight of hand certain authors make their appearance on every bookstall in the kingdom; and among these are the lepers who infect our time. At libraries a special list is kept, often with enhanced fees; the demand is incessant for volumes which it would be some risk to exhibit on the counter; but, unless provided, so the purveyor will tell you, he could not compete with his neighbours. Free Trade has its anomalies, and these are of them.

In such a weltering chaos the censor would be swallowed down alive. British juries themselves could not be trusted to vindicate the Home Office, except where the outrage on decency was not less glaring than in French "naturalist" portraiture. And that, we have said, is not the most perilous kind. We are thrown back, therefore, upon a dilemma in which, not for the first time, has been put to a declining nation the riddle of the Sphynx. Either by personal effort and combined private agencies this evil must be conquered, or it will end in sheer putrefaction with the people it has stricken to death. A mind diseased, a soul denied, these are the roots of the poison-tree. There it will have to be attacked. By all means let the Home

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Office keep as firm a grasp as it can upon vile literature, vile photography, sham artistic shows and entertainments, where quite other provocatives than the esthetic sense draw thousands nightly. No doubt, also, laws might be made, if the Commons' House would attend to this crying disgrace, made and enforced, by which the evidence given in divorce and criminal trials should not be scattered broadcast in newspapers read by every one. The journal ought to be a record not of crime, but of its chastisement, and that in stern brief sentences, with the eloquence of Rhadamanthus rather than of the new Old Bailey. The principle, even yet admitted, of the judge clearing the court should be extended to clearing the newspaper, and on more serious grounds. For the audience of a great London or provincial paper is counted by myriads. No injustice would follow any more than it does now; but the filthiest of our stables we might hope to see cleansed, a stream less polluted and more crystalline running along its broad thoroughfares.

This legislation we could greatly help by joining in the Social Purity Crusade—Catholics, of course, on their own principles, with Branch Associations directed by authority—of which the purpose is to awaken in English hearts a feeling of the national danger, and to discover the most effective means towards encouraging in young and old that true manliness which is not yet extinct among us.\* In spite of athletics—or because of the way in which they are practised, commercial and spectacular—the note of these last years is effeminacy. To it corresponds the manishness of “revolting” daughters, of “bridge” matrons, and of Amazons at handgrips with a long-suffering police. There is need of a crusading movement that shall teach young men their duty to themselves, and to the land that bore them, while it reminds women that the first and dearest of their rights is self-respect. If parents did but take a hearty part in the same crusade, for their children's sake, the reading of penny literature, chiefly saleable owing

\* Of this movement, whose headquarters are at Craven House, Kingsway, W.C., the Archbishop of Westminster is a patron.

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to its "woodcuts of murder and burglary," might soon give place to more heroic studies. For lads and lasses will take to the highest things, if made present as living and lovable in their imagination. It is not yet enough understood by teachers that crime and diseased vitality have much in common. Virtue in its nature and tendency is health, vice just as surely is unhealth, according to the supreme law which we constantly may observe if we will. And whatever exceptions are discoverable to this essential order (be they connected with self-sacrifice or self-indulgence) they leave it, in the long-run, beyond controversy. Every pronounced moral disorder leads up to some great disease, its effect and emblem. Let parents know that children's lives are as often ruined by the guilty suggestions of stupid novelettes as by evil friendships. No companion is worse than a bad book.

Whether a formal society or not, this union of parents, teachers and well-wishers to England's future, cannot too soon be inaugurated. No doubt the withering epithets of "Pharisee" and "Philistine" will be hurled at its promoters; but it is because they are neither that they feel dismay in presence of the crimes which have found draughtsmen to illustrate them, and women of talent to deck them with flowers—*les fleurs du mal*, over which the paralytic Baudelaire went into ecstacy. We reject the false principle that art has no concern with morality, nor morality with art. We deny that our judgement of literature from this point of view is utilitarian; for the ethical standard, we say, is absolute and universal. We fully grant that such moral contents and purpose should be intrinsic to poem, romance, picture, symphony, not clapped on to it from without or mechanically devised from within. "The pictures of the Middle Ages," said Ruskin—who is ever to be quoted as the master of artistic morals—"are full of intellectual matter and meaning, schools of philosophy and theology, and solemn exponents of the faiths and fears of earnest religion;" but they were not the worse pictures for all that.\* We believe, and we can prove, that

\* *Works*, xix, 201.

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in proportion as the ethical significance, unconscious, it may be, but real, dies out, the works which it ceases to inspire become sensuous, or trifling, or horrible, fit only for the fire. To cast them into it would be a true act of faith, as they in their shameful boldness or atrocious meanness do but proclaim that faith in God and humanity is dying. We stand, therefore, on the side of art, while decadents and false lovers of it mark its final decrepit stage.

These are the "calamities of authors" which we desire to see amended, their concupiscence, frivolity, pessimism, ugliness and cruel joy in suffering inflicted or beheld. We have to support us the gravest of physicians, who note as a seedplot whence insanity is bred the pressure of such images on the brain, the day-dreaming which Rousseau exemplified in his own unhappy person until, dissolute and suspicious, he ended in the folly of fancied persecution. It is our firm belief, and now should be the cornerstone of school and college-training, that concrete *phantasmata*, if we use medieval language, or *Vorstellungen*, if we prefer German, are the sole effective medium of ideas, whence we put a new value upon the tales of fiction, lending them an importance too long attributed to those Laputan logic-machines called systems of philosophy. Logic in the abstract seldom, we say, leads to action; but vivid images presented with skill and energy are constantly the precursors of revolution. The *Marseillaise* will stir men up to battle, where a treatise on love of country would send them to sleep. Therefore we cannot grant to genial but shortsighted apologists of "penny dreadfuls" and six-penny erotics in prose, that reading will not determine conduct. That is precisely what it does determine when it is imaginative and the mind is young or impressionable. Still in many a fatal moment of a woman's life must it be whispered sadly, *Galeotto fù il libro e chi lo scrisse*—book and author alike were traitors, corrupting the soul. Our criminal class favours a literature which in all countries bears the same stamp. It is one where impulse is enthroned above reason; excitement is its atmosphere, and the Ego its god.

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Against such abuse of reading children ought to be protected, as well as those adult men and women who in understanding have not passed beyond childhood. The newspaper cries aloud for its own purification, by law if necessary, and without delay. We shall probably witness a first cleansing of that open sewer in Germany, where social science is not abandoned to private judgement, but is held to be a duty of the State. If democratic nations take liberty in the bare negative sense which absolves Government from ever meddling with anarchy, they may look forward to their own dissolution. No State will last long which has thrown the foundation of morals into a debating society composed of all its citizens. There must be a social creed, with sanctions binding on the conscience; a religion of honour, purity, courage, self-denial, reverence for that which is venerable, and tenderness for that which deserves pity. You cannot found a Republic on the licence of sex, the aberrations of passion, the freedom of suicide. Luxurious America is rotting before our eyes. England, serious at heart, we will believe, with shining examples of heroism from the past, and guiding voices not yet wholly silenced, is nevertheless becoming to its own children a portent of frivolity. Christian or Pagan, which will it be in another generation? Carlyle judged that all the Churches would have lost their hold on the people in half a century from the time when he wrote *Shooting Niagara—and After*. That was forty-two years ago. The changes we have lived to see point threateningly in the same direction. If literature be a symptom, we are destined to struggle for our faith in the furnace seven times heated of a Pagan democracy. If it be a cause, and it surely is one of the greatest, no efforts can be too speedy or too strenuous to prevent its chief instrument of propaganda, romantic fiction, from poisoning the sources of a better life by its atheism and ethical disease.

WILLIAM BARRY

# DUCHESNE'S ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

L. Duchesne. *Histoire ancienne de l'Église*. Paris: A. Fontemoing.  
Tome I, 1906; tome II, 1907.

P. Batifol. *L'Église naissante et le Catholicisme*. Paris: Lecoffre.  
1909.

IT was once a much easier task to write history than it is now. In fact, one might almost say that what was once a possible task has now become an impossible one. In mediaeval and modern history the cause of this state of things lies in the enormous mass of original records which the historian must now take into account, whereas earlier writers were content to ignore them, even where access was obtainable. In ancient history it is principally the diggers who have caused the difficulty, by laying bare the fragmentary and puzzling vestiges of defunct civilizations, which cannot yet be co-ordinated or dated with any security. It is for other reasons that the early history of the Church has become an almost inextricable tangle. Doubtless here also archaeology has added to the materials, the sands have relinquished the papyri they have preserved so long, the searchers of libraries have revealed unsuspected treasures; the Syriac, the Coptic, the Armenian, the Arabic and even the Ethiopic, have yielded renderings of lost texts. But it is to be noted that the new material is, after all, but a fragment of our total possessions. That which grows unceasingly, and, indeed, appears to increase by geometrical rather than arithmetical progression, is the modern literature of the subject. To some extent this is true of every historical or scientific branch of literature; but it is most emphatically and wearisomely true of the investigations into the origins of Christianity and of the Catholic Church, for these are of more universal and vital interest than any others.

Hence it is that the study of the first century and a half of the Christian religion offers unsurpassed difficulties to the historian who wishes to summarize it in a readable form. The ground is strewn with the débris of former

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theories, and with the failures of past historians. The vast accumulations of commentaries on fragmentary texts and of interpretations of sparse facts are surpassed in dimensions by the imposing and orderly edifices which have been erected by ambitious jerry-builders on the flimsiest of foundations, before the ground was even cleared. It is, happily, not necessary to read all that is written—in Germany especially the quantity is more remarkable than the quality—but it is very necessary to know what to read and what to leave aside. Fortunately, there is no lack of guides; indeed, a great deal of the learning of the present day is occupied in classifying what has been written, in compiling bibliographies, in describing the history of successive unsuccessful views. In Germany it is almost *de rigueur* to preface any new study on any subject by “orientating” the reader—such is the term—by a summary of all that former writers have said, and by subjoining a catalogue of the literature of the question. Thus we get a continual multiplication of histories, partial or comprehensive, not of the origins of the Church, but of what people have been saying about the origins of the Church.

Mgr Duchesne, in composing the first part of his *Histoire ancienne de l'Église*, has had a different aim. He gives neither bibliography nor review of earlier attempts. He does not mention the theories of others, nor does he give us any choice of views, but he simply sets down his own conclusions, in the belief that their moderate conservatism represents the truth so far as we can get at it at present. It is quite obviously impossible that the resultant story should be acceptable to everybody, or even that it should wholly satisfy anybody. No specialist will agree with every detail; nay, the author himself is certainly the further from being cocksure in proportion as he is more learned than most of those who will criticize him. In the face of the discussions and uncertainties of modern criticism a secure and convincing synthesis appears, as I have said, to be next to impossible. Yet there are degrees of failure; and it is questionable whether any man living could have succeeded so well as Mgr Duchesne.

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No one can be a specialist in five centuries. Harnack has an encyclopædic knowledge of the first three. Duchesne is more perfectly at home in the fourth, but there are numerous points in the earlier period where he speaks with great authority. Where liturgiology, hagiography, archaeology or the history of the Roman Church are concerned, he is in his element. He is, perhaps, less at ease, for instance, in Scriptural questions, or in the involved chronology of the first century. On a good many minor points in the second and third centuries we feel that he is merely following the best authorities, or is even simply reproducing Harnack. This is only to say that he is human and not omniscient. What is wonderful is that in so large a proportion of his work he should be able to show so much independent judgement, resting on such a thorough first-hand acquaintance with the sources and the critics.

We are speaking of the first part of his first volume. That volume carries us from the Ascension of our Lord to the end of the third century. It tells us of the beginnings of the Church in Jerusalem, of the expansion of Christianity among the Gentiles, and of the gradual disappearance of the Jewish Christians. We hear of the growth of organization, of the development of dogma, of the famous teachers, great bishops and writers. The heresies take up a large space. Duchesne's extraordinary gift for summarizing helps him to give us a distinct and readable account of the elaborate systems of the Gnostic schools, which attacked the very essence of religion in the second century. The relations of the new religion with the state, with philosophy, with civic life, pass under review. The origins of the New Testament and of Christian literature, the histories of the greater churches, of Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, of Africa, Asia, Cappadocia, Syria; the successions of apologists from Aristides, Quadratus and Justin onwards; the controversialists, Irenæus, Tertullian; the theologians, Origen, Hippolytus; the great bishops, Cyprian, Dionysius; the persecutions and the martyrs; the conflicts with Marcionism, Montanism, Monarchianism; with Novatian and Paul of Samosata, all make up a period of unsurpassed interest.

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As a writer, Duchesne is at his best where materials are most abundant; hence the story of St Cyprian is, perhaps, better told than anything in this volume, and it prepares us for the masterly work which is to astonish us in the next.

The merits and the defects of the first volume are equally on the surface. The style is always easy, idiomatic and delightful. The views are cautious, moderate, balanced. An elaborate mosaic of facts is skilfully arranged into a charming history, which combines the readability of Macaulay with the accuracy and fullness required in a school-book. Individual sentences are often constructed with astonishing ingenuity. They just stop short of saying what they seem to say; they trip lightly over a quagmire, they avoid a difficult leap; they suggest without asserting, they insinuate with delicate irony. Sometimes a phrase illuminates a complicated problem; a slight touch makes us understand what a long German treatise might have succeeded only in obscuring. Duchesne has the French sense of proportion; he can brush aside an obscure point on which volumes have been written, and we see with surprise that it did not matter in the least.

But he has the defects which accompany these great qualities. He never strikes one as quite serious. He has such an inveterate habit of ironically looking round the corner, of peeping slyly, of winking, one might almost say, that when he is really serious we think he must be laughing up his sleeve. At best, he has no enthusiasm, no heroes. He sees what is fine, and tells us so, though not very often; but we do not feel that he himself is moved. The history of such centuries might be an epic; but he has no passion and no tears. He is always the critic, the looker-on.

It is a consequence of this that there are passages which the ordinary Christian will read with something like dismay: he will think that Mgr Duchesne is criticizing St Paul, or that he is putting heresy and truth on the same level, or that he is cynical here or un-Catholic there. A careful weighing of the actual words in each case will probably make it clear that the sentence was really harmless, yet the reader will perhaps leave off with, as it were, a nasty taste

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in his mouth. And then Duchesne's very moderation leads him to minimize. Provided what he has asserted is sufficient to safeguard Catholic orthodoxy, he will not care to go on to what is only probable. He is quite satisfied with the minimum, and he thinks it is safer than a maximum which cannot be so completely defended. It does not follow that he abandons the outposts; but he looks on them as unimportant.

Again, because he is careful never to suggest that there is an alternative view, it follows that he is never on the defensive. Now the Catholic Church is always, like St Paul, needing to defend her position, and Duchesne has often been one of her best defenders. The origin of Catholicism is challenged in Germany; it is said not to be a legitimate development, but a secularizing of the original spiritual Christianity, gradually evolved under the influence of the Roman Church in the course of the second century. The bare facts as related by Duchesne are a reply to this. As he puts them, they are inconsistent with the German view. Nevertheless, we might well have expected some definite attitude of antagonism, and its absence is almost irritating. The impression of coldness is increased by the fact that we have to wait till chapters xxv and xxvi (there are but twenty-seven) for a summing up of various important matters, the materials having appeared in very early chapters—the creed, the canon of Scripture, the development of penance, of the liturgy, of the hierarchy, of the authority of Rome. Even when it comes at last, the result is rather thin. On Christian asceticism, for instance, the practice of virginity, the celibacy of the clergy, the description is as detached as if the author were describing some heathen religion in a dictionary. This is not intentional; it is the result of the author's style and of his determination to admit no apologetics; but the reader should be prepared for it in advance; and he should be prepared also to find that here and there Duchesne minimizes not merely for the sake of safety, but because he is by nature hard to convince.

The same ground is covered by another more recent

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book, *L'Église naissante*, by Mgr Batiffol, but in a totally different fashion. Mgr Batiffol is frankly apologetic in purpose and in method. His whole object is the refutation of the German notion of the way in which Catholicism arose. It is strange, it is even amusing, to find the brilliant theorizer Batiffol, so fertile in hypotheses, so bold in proposing them, now on the safe and sober side over against the cautious and critical Duchesne, whose very anxiety for certainty has led him into guarded statements which may well be understood as somewhat understating the Catholic view!

It is unnecessary to say that Batiffol is always clever; he has appeared to some old-fashioned persons to be too clever by half; and his conclusions have sometimes needed some watering down before they have been generally accepted. But he has shown before now that when he wishes not to write something startling and new but to defend the truths which he believes, he can be moderate, solid and convincing. Learned he always is. He is always a scholar of the best type. His book is one which fills a want. It is not a history of the first three centuries, as Duchesne's is; it is an inquiry into the evidences for Catholicism in those times. He shows how the roots of all Catholic doctrines and observances are traceable in the Apostolic age; how natural and how inevitable is their development and how harmonious and identical in type are the later growth and the original idea; how all has its explanation in the teaching and intention of Christ Himself. Much of this ground has been well worked before, even for centuries past; but the synthesis, as directed against the view now prevalent in Germany and popularized in France by Sabatier, is new, and there is no book which comes precisely into competition with Batiffol. Some of the points are newly worked, or have gained new force in Batiffol's skilful hands; I will instance the proof that the great Alexandrians, Clement and Origen, were not outside the stream of Christian tradition, and that it is wholly false to say that they represent the survival of an early stage of ecclesiastical development when episcopal control was as yet

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unknown. Such a book needs a history to accompany it, to describe the persons and events whose evidence is adduced. Conversely Duchesne's history requires an apologetic appendix to point the moral after the tale has been adorned by his charming narration. It seems to me that the two volumes admirably supplement each other, and together would form a complete manual of early Church history.

Mgr Duchesne's second volume is a masterpiece. If we have been disappointed that the first volume was not an epic it would be hard to complain because the second is as good as any novel. But that is to say very little. The fourth century seems to most students a confused and difficult period. The ordinary reader would hardly guess this from Duchesne's lucid narrative. It appears a plain story enough, crowded, indeed, with figures, but intelligible and easily followed. It is not easy to realize, as one reads it, that the sequence of events has to be made up from fragmentary documents, or guessed at through the contradictions of the historians of a century later. The march of events, the psychology of the characters, the evolution of the dogmatic situation are all luminously clear; yet the author moves so easily, that it will hardly strike the reader that he is throwing new light on each point as he goes on, that every page is a *tour de force*, almost every sentence a triumph of exact statement. It is difficult to write with less than enthusiasm of such sureness of knowledge, of such perfect workmanship. I do not know what fault can be found, unless Duchesne occasionally descends to colloquialisms which are somewhat beneath the dignity of history. But I cannot say that I personally resent a dig in the ribs now and again from a wit so fine and so suggestive. Duchesne has his characteristic sarcasm well under control, and its effect is calculated. St Basil complains of the state of his liver: we should have guessed it, says our author, from some of his letters! Had his stomach been in order, he might have been more patient, he might not have died so young—and how much the Church would have gained! Yet we are not allowed to lose sight of the nobility of character of this great Saint.

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The chief element in the liveliness of Duchesne's pages is his habit, unusual in a scholar, of regarding the personages he describes as real people. He throws himself into the midst of his period; he enters into the motives of his actors, and shows their actions to be consequent and intelligible. Not that he indulges in psychological analysis, or seeks to know more than we can know of hidden motives. He is content to let the actors be depicted by their actions, or rather he paints the actors by the subtle way in which he relates their actions. He does not draw for us saints without a flaw, or villains without a redeeming touch; yet he leaves the heroes heroes and the villains villains. He never succumbs to the temptation of explaining noble deeds by unworthy motives, nor of palliating atrocities for the sake of paradox.

So much encomium will seem to most readers a great exaggeration. But I do not anticipate that those who have toiled at the same subject will think I have said too much.

Since Duchesne wrote, he has modified his opinion on one point. As this point—the question of Pope Liberius—is of general interest, a few words may be added about it.\*

Duchesne, like most historians, is of opinion that the fall of Liberius is made quite certain by the testimony of contemporaries, St Athanasius, St Jerome (who was a boy at

\* The recent literature (in case the reader wishes to be "orientated" after the German fashion) is as follows: Mgr L. Duchesne, *Libère et Fortunatien* (in *Mélanges d'archéol. et d'hist. de l'école de Rome*, vol. xxviii, fasc. i-ii, pp. 31-78); previously to which had appeared Max Schiktanz, *Die Hilariusfragmente*, Breslau, 1905; L. Saltet, *La formation de la légende des papes Libère et Félix*, and *Les lettres du pape Libère* (in *Bulletin de litt. eccl.* 1905 and 1907); J. Turmel, *Le pape Libère* (in *Revue Cath. des Églises*, 1906); A. Wilmart, of Farnborough Abbey, *L'Ad Constantinum liber primus de s. Hilaire* (in *Revue Bénéd.*, April and July, 1907); F. Savio, of the Gregorian University, *La questione di papa Liberio*, Rome, 1907; and articles by the same which appeared in the *Civiltà Catt.* 1907. Since Duchesne's article there have appeared the following: Savio, *Nuovi Studi sulla questione di papa Liberio* (*Civ. Catt.* 1908, pp. 143 and 398); H. Hurter, *Zur Liberiusfrage* (*Zeitschrift für Kath. Theol.*, Mainz, 1908, p. 413-6); Wilmart, *La question du pape Libère* (*Rev. Bén.* July, 1908, p. 360) and review of Schiktanz's work by Wilmart in *Rev. d'hist. eccl.*, Oct. 1908, p. 752.

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the time and, in Duchesne's opinion, certainly was at Rome when Liberius returned from exile), St Hilary, and an early document in the *Collectio Avellana*. To deny the authenticity of these witnesses with Padre Savio is certainly a hopeless position. There are also four incriminating letters among the historical fragments of St Hilary which purport to have been written by Liberius in his exile. The authenticity of these was denied not only by the ingenious Bollandist Stilting, but also by the anti-infallibilist Hefele. Duchesne, when writing his History, was inclined to accept three of them, while agreeing with almost all critics that the fourth is indefensible—the letter beginning *Studens paci*. But the four letters hang together, and M. Saltet and Dom A. Wilmart have lately argued that they must be by a single author; in this case it would seem that all four letters must be spurious. Duchesne thinks not. His new view rests upon an ingenious defence of the letter *Studens paci*, which he regards as a first but unsuccessful attempt of the Pope to satisfy his persecutors by excommunicating Athanasius. The other three letters represent a second attempt, and show great disappointment at the former failure; Liberius is now almost in despair, and has signed a Sirmian formula, evidently that of 351, which omitted the word "consubstantial," but was otherwise orthodox. This took place in 357; but according to Duchesne the Pope did not return to Rome until in the following year he had been summoned to the Court at Sirmium by the Emperor Constantius (as Sozomen relates) and had there signed another formula presented to him by the new Homoiousian party, which, under the leadership of Basil of Ancyra, was just beginning its period of short-lived triumph. This party was practically orthodox; it was encouraged by St Hilary and not reprobated by St Athanasius; it was in fact the party of men like Cyril of Jerusalem and Meletius of Antioch. Thus Liberius fell indeed from the uncompromising attitude which he had hitherto held with such constancy and such pride; but he did not fall very low. He did not reject the Nicene faith or the Nicene formula, but he ceased to insist on the latter as a term of communion,

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seeing that so many of the Easterns believed "consubstantial" to be a dangerously equivocal term, which might be used (as by Marcellus) with a Monarchian meaning. The worst point in Liberius's conduct would be his desertion of St Athanasius, sacrificing a single man, whom he knew to be innocent, for the sake of the peace of the Church. If the four letters are genuine, we must further admit that he communicated with the Easterns, and in particular with Ursacius and Valens, before the secession of the more orthodox among them from the quasi-Arians.

I confess that I have been much disappointed in finding myself quite unable to follow the reasoning of Duchesne's study. He has, indeed, thrown new light on the matter, and especially shown how easily the contrary appreciations of Liberius's conduct might arise, as they did arise, in ancient times, so that little more than thirty years after his death Rufinus declared that he was unable to discover the truth. Nevertheless, the letter *Studens paci*, as interpreted by Duchesne, seems to me too silly for Liberius and his adviser, Fortunatian of Aquileia, to have concocted and published. It makes Liberius, in 357, declare that he separates Athanasius from his communion on the ground that five years earlier he had summoned him to Rome to answer his accusers, and Athanasius had refused to obey. Yet every one knew that for all those five years Liberius had defended Athanasius with magnificent courage, and had for two years past been in exile rather than renounce him. The alleged ground is, therefore, quite ridiculous, as, of course, Duchesne points out. But then we must suppose that Liberius had simply lost his head, if he put forward a plea of this kind, which he could not expect anyone to believe. Dom Wilmart has gone over to Duchesne's new opinion, but I do not see my way to accept such a paradox, in spite of the simplification of difficulties we may gain by it. Yet I cannot here outline, or even suggest, any rival explanation.

I have not quoted from the History. The essay on Liberius is less accessible, and I will give the opening page, as an example of Mgr Duchesne's lightest vein:

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I used to know at Florence an old librarian named Ferrucci. In his young days he had been on the staff at the Vatican, then he had transferred himself to the Laurentian Library, where I used often to meet him. One day he gave me a pamphlet he had written on Boniface VII, pope or antipope of the tenth century, who has left a very shady memory. Amongst other things he may be reproached with having caused two of his predecessors, Benedict VI and John XIV, to pass prematurely to a better life; their lamentable agonies were witnessed by the Castel Sant' Angelo. Ferrucci had tried to rehabilitate him. *Que voulez-vous?* He had read in the chronicles that the father of this terrible Pontiff was called Ferrucius, and something told him that he must be of his family. His filial piety did not hide from him the difficulties in the way of a complete rehabilitation; and he confined himself to pleading extenuating circumstances. "This Pope," he commenced by saying, "I found as black as a crow. I cannot flatter myself that I have transformed him into a dove; but at least it will be admitted that I have made a magpie of him."

He related to me that in his enthusiasm for his apology he had gone to present a copy to Pius IX, who had shown himself somewhat sceptical. "You may say what you please," he had said, "but he was a great blackguard." I repeat that it is Ferrucci who related to me this pontifical utterance; he would himself have preferred a more definite approbation. Pius IX, without being a professional scholar, knew well that if the popes have often been calumniated by bad people, yet there are some of them of whom it is impossible to say nothing but good.

Mais allez donc arrêter le zèle des apologistes!

I must beg pardon for having been unable to translate two sentences. The application of the story to the case of Pope Liberius is obvious. Mgr Duchesne is very hard on "apologists." He seems to forget that he has been, upon occasion, a most efficient member of that maligned fraternity. What of his reply to the Patriarch Anthimus? His paper on the Roman origin of the English Church? But all will agree with him that in a question like that of Pope Liberius, where dogma is anyhow safe—for no one now pretends that the Pope defined anything *ex cathedra*, or was acting freely in his fall—the only good method is that of the most objective and scientific treatment of the sub-

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ject. But Padre Savio is not unnaturally much offended at the suggestion that he ever employed any other method.

It is to be hoped that we shall not have long to wait for an English edition of the History and for the third volume. We shall hear of no less personages than St Augustine and St Chrysostom, and of the involved and bewildering see-saw of events that intervened between the Council of Ephesus and that of Chalcedon. Another gift from Mgr Duchesne is greatly to be desired: a collected edition of his valuable papers scattered in the *Mélanges*, the *Bulletin Critique* and other reviews. Some of them are hard to get at; some may even be overlooked; but they are often masterpieces of learning, of clear exposition, of psychological acumen, of convincing logic. It is a great pity they should be read only by those who have to be at pains to look them up in old numbers of reviews for some special purpose, when they might be at hand for the information, the interest and the training of students in general.

JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

## MODERN TURKEY

A WEATHER prophet on the day of the break-up of the Glacial epoch must have suffered under some of the disadvantages attendant upon one who endeavours to discern the trend of events at this moment taking place between the Balkans and the Yemen. A tangled skein of historical and geographical circumstance, at no moment very easy to discern or appreciate, is at this present time apparently inextricably confused.

If we only conjure up in our minds the ghosts of those men whose dead and stiffened hands have still a firm hold on this region, we gather around us a strange company of spectres—some terrible, some piteous, some contemptible, some awful. The Palace of Yildiz is the palace of Constantius, yet it is the voice of Mohammed the Meccan that rings across the dome of Santa Sofia; the fierce chieftains, Orkhan and Othman, have impressed their language and their tribal name on millions of men, yet their lineal descendant, Abdul Hamid, proudly claims a title bequeathed to his race by the last of the Arabian Abbasides.

The ruins which dot the maps of Asia Minor and Assyria might still be flourishing cities but for Hulagn and Timur; the poisonous swamps of lower Mesopotamia might be densely populated regions but for Khalid the sword of God and Hajjaj the Omayad Emir. The task of the Committee of Union and Progress might be less difficult but for Diocletian.

In order to appreciate the Turkey of to-day it is necessary to study with some attention the Empire of yesterday, wherein a variety of dissonant, ethnological, political and geographical factors combine to produce a situation in part complex, artificial and unstable, in part simple and eternal.

Taking the Ottoman Empire as a pyramid let us first examine the actual configuration of the earth over which it extends. In Europe we find a straggling, incoherent collection of provinces, confused, scattered and broken, clipped in by artificial frontiers, supported by mutual

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jealousies, or restrained by conflicting prejudice; in one place used as a wedge to separate the Montenegrin from the Serb, in another as a dam to hold back the Bulgarian from the Ægean, elsewhere as a bulwark to save the Hellenes from the overwhelming masses of the Slavs. There is no systematic connexion between the political divisions of the Balkans and their physical geography; whether we endeavour to organise Macedonia from the point of view of Trade or War we are confronted by undisciplined and disorderly dispositions, since the courses of the rivers, mountains, and plains have not been consulted by the diplomatists and treaty drafters, whose ingenuity is responsible for this incomprehensible mosaic, while the natural military forces of the various races have never been allowed to reduce the situation into its final and logical terms.

Beyond the Bosphorus and Dardanelles matters are simpler and more consecutive; from the Black Sea to within a reasonable distance of the Persian Gulf a continuous and almost uninterrupted wall-like chain divides the subjects of the Sultan from those of the Tsar and the Persian King of Kings; the vast bulk of Arabian deserts, uninhabited and unexplored, the empty wadies of the Sinai peninsula and the lower reaches of the Syrian desert form a chain of sound and natural barriers to the South.

Within this circle of seas, ranges and deserts there stands a world divided five times by language, nine times by religion, and four times by climate. A glance at Kiepert's map of Asia Minor is sufficient to give even the most superficial observer a keen impression of the diversity of the geography of the Asiatic provinces. Starting on the most Western corner of the vast peninsula which divides the Black Sea from the Mediterranean, we find a temperate and humid zone, which knows a gradual autumn, a bitter winter, a long and fruitful spring, a mild and beneficent summer. Skirting the littoral Southwards we reach the coasts of Smyrna and the Grecian Archipelago, where the prevailing climate and scenery is that

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of the Calabrian peninsula. If we turn Northwards we follow along the Pontine shores a succession of cool rain-swept forest-clad mountains. Between these two coasts is reared a broad table-land, gradually tilting upwards in a steady ascending slope from West to East, split laterally in parallel valleys and diagonally by long ridges of barren hills, punched in the centre by a bleak expanse of sandy desert, bounded on the South by the huge broken range of the Taurus, and on the East by the chain which extends from Ararat to the Black Sea. Along the whole of the central plateau we encounter a climate at once rigorous and trying, where a Siberian winter of seven months' duration develops into a brief spring, a long burning summer, and a short nipping autumn.

To the South of the Taurus lie Syria, Mesopotamia and Irak, the first a land of stony ridges, the second a waste of rolling plains, hemmed in between the waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the third a vast stretch of level arable land which finally degenerates into a desolate and pestilent swamp of reeds. Assuredly no one need complain that the Turkish Empire does not present sufficient diversity of scene and climate: while men are suffocating in Baghdad and Basra, others are perishing of cold on the shores of Lake Van, or basking in the mild airs of the Syrian coast. Such in brief are the geographical dispositions.

Even as the scenery and climate of the twenty-three provinces of Asiatic Turkey vary and change, so do the people who inhabit them.

On the Eastern end of the Anatolian plateau all is nominally Turkish. The nomadic invaders of the thirteenth century have here imposed their creed and tongue on the majority of the inhabitants, and though probably (save in some small tracts in Hodavend) but few have more than a fraction of Turkish blood in their veins, still Turkish ideals and Turkish customs prevail; patience, endurance and sobriety are the common virtues, apathy and unquisitiveness the common faults, a grand and generous physique the common characteristic.

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Between Konia and Brusa the traveller will meet a race of men whom he will feel bound to take into consideration, no matter how little he may like them; men who run 6 ft 2 in. in height, with chest and thews in proportion, whose word is as good as their bond, who will suffer themselves to perform five years' compulsory service with the colours, who will pay without a murmur the most exorbitant taxes, who, if left to themselves, have no other ambition than to cultivate the soil in the most primitive fashion, but who, if told that the faith is in danger, will be prepared to march to Vienna at a moment's notice, who will give up house and home to afford a strange traveller a night's lodging, yet who on occasion will turn out with bludgeons to suppress a Christian rising, by killing and killing until none are left to kill—such people, I suggest, cannot be lightly passed by, and such are the modern Turks of Anatolia. On the Southern coasts these dour, stolid, unconquerable folk merge into the Asiatic Greeks.

These Greeks of Asia and the Moslems who live among them, who speak Turkish but are mainly of Asiatic Greek descent, have nothing in common with the people of the midland plain—men with small, slender bodies, dark skins, regular features, and crisp, curling hair give place to the stout, big-boned, heavy-featured giants of Konia. With outward appearances temperaments change also; in place of the slow, deliberate words of Konia, we meet the sharp, staccato sentence, much gesture, argument and sudden anger; knives are worn and freely used; dignity disappears and gives place to ill-bred curiosity, greedy looks and abusive words.

The European stranger, who can walk unnoticed into the most sacred shrines of Konia, will be followed through the bazaars of Isbarta by ill-omened, jeering crowds; the traveller or merchant, who rides in safety along the high roads of Central Anatolia, would become the prey of scores of brigands, footpads and murderous thieves if he ventured unescorted from the cities of the Southern coast. Yet for all that, these South coast people have no lack of virtues. The rich soil is carefully

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cultivated, the village houses are well built, vineyards and orchards are trained and reared with all the wit and cunning that man can devise; the towns are large and prosperous, and the public and private buildings of Smyrna would be no disgrace, but rather an honour, to many a European town.

The ancient Hellenic qualities remain unimpaired; an ardent civic patriotism, a keen appreciation of the advantages of education, combined with an incredible capacity for traffic and business, do much to make amends for those faults of fickleness, vaingloriousness, heartlessness and cruelty which seem inseparable from the dark skins and curling hair of the Asiatic Greeks.

These qualities and these faults are common to Moslems and Christians alike who inhabit this region. Do not let the observer delude himself into thinking otherwise, because some of the Moslems speak Turkish.

In Syria, again, the population changes with amazing suddenness and we enter the land of the Arabs. Gone is the stolidity of the Anatolian peasant, gone the briskness of the Smyrna Greek; here we find a race utterly different. The Syrian Arab, whether Christian or Moslem, presents a character of peculiar complexity. At once mentally undisciplined and acute, he is a creature of moods and spasms. In a couple of hours the average Syrian will pass through a series of contrary phases which will amaze any student of character who takes the trouble to watch him. Take, for example, an ordinary porter of the bazaar. Say he is squatting against a wall smoking his narghile; he is for the moment deeply contemplative; his eye will wander over the sky and earth with sublime appreciation. "God is great! all things He created! none can withstand His decree!" Some suitable text from the Koran will pass through the man's mind, and his face will grow deep with the thought of the eternal truths and eternal riddles of the universe. He sees before him a ruined gateway above which some long-dead Sultan's name is written, and his thoughts will lead him along a pessimistic channel—dust to dust and ashes to ashes;

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this forgotten one wrote his name in the pride of his heart; his bones are scattered and his dominions are divided, his pride is humbled in oblivion! At that moment a heavily laden donkey brushes over the narghile and interrupts the reverie. "Son of an omened pimp!" cries the man; "may a curse light on the religion of the father of the beard of the baboon who drives blind donkeys!" The donkey driver returns the compliment in kind. The philosophic porter spits in the donkey driver's face. The donkey driver knocks off the porter's turban. In a moment the two are rolling together in the dust, weeping, biting, scratching and tearing like a brace of demented monkeys. The whole bazaar turns out to interrupt the battle. The two men are dragged apart and peace is made. The donkey driver wends his way and the porter rolls up his turban and resumes his place against the wall. A blind man walks down the street craving alms, the porter gives him a piece of bread and an onion. A merchant passes by and offers to engage the man to carry goods to a certain house. Then there commences a bargaining, a hair-splitting and haggling, in which the porter shows himself a financier, a diplomat and an accomplished rhetorician—scorn, entreaty, flattery, firmness, concession, and finally compromise, are made the thread of an argument in which trope, metaphor, figure and poetry are in turn displayed with peculiar grace and dexterity. Finally the bargain is made; the porter takes up his burden and sets out on his little journey. On his way he passes a café where a singer is chanting of the beauties of such a one. The porter remembers a past love affair and takes up the refrain, crooning in a desperately sentimental fashion of broken hearts, wounded gazelles, deserted camping-grounds, and other things which perhaps a Western reader would not quite appreciate; further up the winding street a Pasha's carriage rolls by, and, since the porter does not shuffle aside quickly enough, a long lash flicks round his bare calves with a vicious crack, but beyond an ejaculation the porter makes no complaint. The Pasha's coachman is a son of the Sultan

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and he is predestined to flick the calves of those who stand in the road. Presently a voice over the housetops rings out, "There is no God but the God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God." The merchant's bundle rolls in the dust and the porter is prone upon the earth at the commencement of the midday prayer.

This porter whom I have selected at a venture from my memory is typical of all sedentary Syria from Jerusalem to Aleppo. Rich and poor, Moslem and Christian, young and old, have something of this paradoxical and complex mind, at once deep and narrow, speculative and practical, violent and apathetic.

If, however, we explore outward and Eastward, we find again another race and another character in the shape of the pure Bedouin of the desert. The pure Arab is a very strange being indeed. His mind is complex and cultured; there is no Arab of pure race to whom rhetoric, subtle argument, poetry and histrionism do not appeal; he is able to take a broad view of matters, or to discuss reasonably any subject within the range of his experience, and yet, when dealing with any material object, he seems almost a perverse, dunderheaded clown. Work he loathes and abhors; his argumentative capacity provides him with an excuse; he announces that work is dishonourable and degrading. Consequently he avoids the point that he is incompetent, lazy and incapable, and says that cultivating the ground, pitching a tent in a reasonable way, doctoring a horse, cooking food, building a house, are contemptible employments beneath the dignity of man, and leaves the baffled Western in the ridiculous position of a worthy but rather underbred person who has no finer instincts. However, although the Arab will not work, he has no scruples on the subject of money, before the attractiveness of which dignity, poetry and the rest vanish like thin air. The noblest and the basest Arabs are at one on this subject, to obtain as quickly as possible all the available cash they can lay their hands on being considered by no means degrading. But even here subtle dialectic comes into play; the Arab must always

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have right on his side, for in studied and complex hypocrisy he has nothing to learn from us. If an Arab would rob his guest—I am speaking from personal experience—he will first talk at length on the subject of honour, hospitality and so forth; he will gradually work the matter round as to why you are travelling, throw out suggestions that spies, enemies and intruders cannot claim hospitality, suggest that he himself is poor, question himself as to whether he ought not to detain you as a prisoner, again state that he is in want, and thus shift from blackmail to cajolery, and from gentle requests to threats, until he has extorted a sum of money which, in his curious brain, he might describe as the least he could accept with honour, or the most he could extract without danger to himself.

Another point in the Arab's character is his intense dislike of bloodshed and savagery; the tribes of the Jazirah are continually at war, and, as I have plenty of evidence to the contrary, I think it would be absurd to accuse them of cowardice; but no one who has seen them or talked to them can fail to be struck with their extraordinary lack of vindictiveness, and their wonderfully merciful way of fighting. An Arab never fights to kill; his objects are to capture, to incapacitate, or to frighten into submission. He will, it is true, do a great amount of material damage—burn villages and ruin crops—but he will never take a life unnecessarily or refuse quarter, and never, as far as I know, beat or ill-use a prisoner. On the other hand, a desert Arab will rob and tyrannize over his weaker neighbours in a peculiarly ruthless way, and always do his best to make agriculture impossible. And lastly, the great point in the Arab's mental attitude is pride and aristocratic prejudice; the Arab is proud of his own blood, and of his mare's blood for its own sake. He will show you a broken-down little crock, and inform you, with perfect truth, that she is of the best blood in the Jazirah; he will also show a fine stallion of his own, and tell you he is a "g'dish" or underbred animal; and there is no doubt that it is the bad thoroughbred he admires and

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prefers to the finest-made cross-bred. As regards his sheikh and tribal leader, he discriminates in an equal degree between the clever warrior, astute diplomatist, and good business man of low extraction and the sheikh of high lineage, who may be a miserable epileptical creature, and always to the disadvantage of the low-born man.

In contrast again to the hysterical Syrian and the sun-dried desert wildling, the student of the Ottoman Empire would do well to examine the inhabitants of the highlands of Armenia and Kurdistan, here the population is sharply and cruelly divided by tongue, race, creed and character. Since time was, the land 'twixt Sivas and Mount Ararat has been the scene of massacre, strife and war; fifteen hundred years of alien rule, of passing armies, of bitter winters, plagues and famines, have lashed and flogged and crushed all kindness and sympathy out of its people, and here it is that the traveller of to-day will find the Armenian and the Kurd even as circumstances have made them.

The Kurdish shepherd escaped servitude by fleeing to the mountain tops on the approach of the enemy, but in course of time became a fierce, predatory nomad—hungry, ignorant and brutal, knowing no law save that of force and violence.

On the other hand, the sedentary Armenian of the valleys has learned, through bitter ages of oppression, to yield, to betray, to fawn, to steal by stealth—the Armenian cultivator could not fly with the pastoral Kurd, he had perforce to stay and mind his fields, to compromise with the invader, to bend his back to the lash, to offer his throat to the oppressor's knife.

So, through the continual grinding of the millstones of history, the Northern Kurd became a savage robber, blunt, cruel and illiterate, the Armenian a yielding and submissive slave, at once crafty, pertinacious and treacherous, who has been taught to rely only on the arts of intrigue, conspiracy and secrecy to hold the land he tills—incidentally the illiterate shepherd became a Moslem, the op-

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pressed farmer remained a Christian—were ever two peoples more unhappily wedded by circumstance, were ever two peoples more miserably jammed together by fate? In war the Armenian is the natural prey of the Kurd, in business the Kurd the predestined victim of the Armenian—fortunately all Kurds do not live in Armenia, happily all Armenians are not anchored in Kurdistan.\*

To the South, in the region of Hakkiali and along the Persian border, we encounter a population of sedentary and nomadic Kurds, who, freed from the cramping influences of poverty and anarchy, are a valiant and independent race; apt in civilization and industry, keen merchants, redoubtable warriors and generous hosts, possessing poetry, literature, architecture and traditions of their own—organized in strong cohesive tribes, and led by a martial nobility, they form the seed and nucleus of what may one day become a great and admirable people.

Just as in the South-east there are tokens and omens of a possible regeneration of the Kurd, so in the fastnesses of the South-west, in the neighbourhood of Zeitun, there are not wanting indications of a possible reformation of the Armenian—in this one small district alone have the Armenians been freed from the deadening weight of apprehension and fear—here alone has the Armenian felt that he can retain his belongings rather by valour than by craft—consequently, here alone in Turkey is there to be found an Armenian population which combines personal courage with modesty and self reliance with an orderly and law abiding demeanour.

The last great section of the population to be considered is the mixed race, founded upon Aramean, Kurdish, Arabian, Turkish and aboriginal stocks, which inhabits the left bank of the Tigris from Mosul down to Baghdad. Though the Arab predominates in this region, he has not, as in Syria, mingled with effeminate or conquered peoples, but has come in contact either with warlike and independent tribes, or has absorbed the remnants

\* Geographers use these terms indifferently to express the same district.

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of ancient civilization, consequently, in the peoples of Irak, the traveller is constantly striking against the most unexpected and incomprehensible traits and survivals. In the town of Mosul you may hear of dark and hideous sorceries, foul conjurations and obscene rites, of spells and charms dating back to pagan days; in Mosul, also, a man may learn something of that fierce untameable and fanatic savagery against all that is not of Islam, that undying hatred of all save the Koran, which brought the Barmecides to ruin and sealed the doom of the Empire of the Abbasides. In Mosul there is pestilence, plague, vice and disorder, from day to day and year to year, yet at Bartala, not a day's ride away, there is a rich and prosperous Christian community living in a cleanly village and surrounded by well-cultivated fields. Further south, at Erbil, a tribe of warlike Turks still inhabit a walled city, which they captured in the fourteenth century and have held ever since. At Kerkuk a similar colony of robbers are the terror of the country side; down at Baghdad we find a cosmopolitan sink of filth and fanaticism, composed of Persians, Afghans, Arabs, Kurds, Armenians and Turks, while between these cities there exist villages of sinister devil worshippers, of manly and independent Nestorian Christians, of hospitable and gentle Fellahin, of fierce and predatory Kurds and Lurs; between villages wander nomads of different kinds, now one passes an encampment of noble Arabs of the desert, now one meets a band of daredevil Hamawand, and now one passes a party of thievish and shameless gypsies. Among these strangely fusing and fluxing peoples of town, tent and village, we find men of infinite variety of character. It is in Sulemanieh that this maze of race reaches its climax. There a Dervish of supreme sanctity, who has attained the highest planes of contemplation, will rub shoulders with some Yezidi conjurer and his epileptic medium; a man who has come to shoot an enemy in settlement of a blood feud may be walking hand in hand with some poor Persian pilgrim who has sold his all to reach the shrine of Kerbela; a Chaldean Bishop, resplendent in purple soutane and

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golden cross, passes a naked fakir with a dagger thrust through his cheeks; a stately turbanned Kurdish Agha, who traces his genealogy to a freed man of Khalid the sword of God, is engaged in earnest conversation with a gold spectacled medical student in a loud check suit, exiled, perhaps, from Constantinople for having harboured a copy of *La libre parole*. In this strange crowd you may find philosophers, sharpers, students, murderers, warriors, rulers, pilgrims, saints and debauchees, each one going his own way, each for the moment completely tolerant of the vices and virtues of his fellows.

So far I have endeavoured to give the roughest of sketches of the basic composition, both geographical and human, of the Ottoman Empire. Let us now turn to the common factors, those cosmopolitan strands and hal-yards which lace this strange dissonant fabric together.

How is it that seething Macedonia, slumbering Anatolia, noisy Smyrna, babbling Syria, bloody Armenia, and turbulent Irak are held together for an hour?—have been held together for some three centuries and may still hold together for many years to come?

Something there must be of a cohesive nature which still binds the whole. For in spite of plague, pestilence, famine and war, some way, some how, there is government of a kind in Turkey; posts come and go, taxes are gathered in part, security exists more or less, trade is not completely paralysed. First and foremost we must recognise the essential unity of Islam: in his last testament the prophet said, "Let every Moslem remember that he is the brother of every other Moslem." To this day, in the dominions of the Sultan, at least, this command holds good. The faith of Koran as it is apprehended of the multitude in modern Turkey is simple to a degree, two-thirds of the people repeat certain prayers in a language they do not understand, observe certain fasts, abstain from certain liquors, and carry out certain simple ceremonies in a formal and, perhaps, unintelligent fashion. Superficially this is the beginning and end of Islam, but beneath these simple customs there are certain deep-

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rooted and ineradicable ideas. That Turkey shall be ruled by Moslems is one of them; that all Moslems must stand together in defence of the faith, another; that Christians can never be accepted as equals, another; that loss of Moslem supremacy entails loss of independence, another. These convictions are strongly implanted in the minds of the Mohammedan subjects of Abdul Hamid. There is no town in Turkey where a massacre of Christians is not a possible event, there is not a Moslem village in Turkey which does not look upon itself in some degree as a citadel of the faith, and a fortress of the Church militant; yet observers must not imagine that this stern determination is allied to fanaticism, nor should travellers be deluded by kindness and hospitality into conceiving that it is losing in force or strength.

The sense of unity among Moslems, springs neither from bigotry nor savagery, it arises rather from a feeling of common interest and common fear. No Turkish Moslem ever desired to roast or slay a Christian because he would not abjure his faith; no Moslem ever desired to convert a Christian from spiritual motives. The Christian may be accepted as an honoured guest, a useful servant, a respected minister, a dear friend, or a comrade, but he can never be looked upon as a political equal in the Moslem state—in fact, collectively, Ottoman Moslems look upon Christians with dread, even as individually they welcome them with affection. In fact, the Christian is to the Moslem either an alien or a subject.

The second great cohesive force of the Ottoman Empire lies in three great historical ideas which meet in the person of the Ruler, for centred in the Sultan we find at once the prestige of the Imperial Cæsars, the spiritual power of the Abbaside Khalifate, and the patriarchal influence of the Turkish tribal chief. These traditions which support the house of Othman are of tremendous vital power. As the descendant of Othman, the Sultan obtains an almost unlimited hold over the imaginations of his Turkish speaking subjects; he is to them the father of the tribe, leader of the clan, master of high and low; his

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successes are their successes, his disasters their disasters, for him they must give up all—life, honour, wealth and happiness, for he is the solitary symbol of Turkish power and greatness; in the single passion of devotion to the reigning sovereign the Turkish speaking peoples of the Empire compress all those diverse sentiments and enthusiasms which we express by the words patriotism and pride of race.

By the capture of Constantinople the Osmanlis secured for their rulers not only the finest strategic centre for Imperial administration that terrestial geography affords, but, further, they acquired for their Prince an unparalleled heritage of tradition.

In a sense the conquest of Constantinople was merely a change of dynasty, for after their translation from Brusa to the city of Constantine the Ottoman Sultans not only became imbued with all the faults and vices of their predecessors, but they unconsciously appropriated and adapted to their wants the office, the power and the Imperial glory of the Cæsars. The talisman that Charlemagne and Haroun-al-Raschid had vainly struggled to counterfeit fell to the House of Ottoman unimpaired and untarnished; consequently, whoever chances to be the reigning Sultan impresses the minds of multitudes of his subjects, of all creeds and languages, with a sense of power which begets in them a wholesome respect, which in the day of stress is frequently worth many battalions of soldiers and police.

Lastly, with the Sultan (notwithstanding much learned historical criticism to the contrary) rests the vast moral force of the Khalifate. He is not only Cæsar and Padishah but Commander of the Faithful. Such Moslems within his dominions as have but little knowledge of the Imperial tradition and scant respect for the son of Orkhan still bow their heads in allegiance to the Commander of the Faithful, the vice-regent of God on earth, the successor of Abu Bakr', Omar, Othman, Ali, Abbas, and Mansur—in whose keeping is the banner, the mantle and the sword of the prophet of God, and who may, when the pre-

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destined hour arrives, declare the sacred war, that final *Jehad* which is to precede Armageddon.

Between these two elements of the Cæsar-Padishah-Khalif on the one hand, and the Cosmopolitan Moslem body on the other, arise those two organisations which spring from their marriage, the Army and the Civil Service. The Turkish army is the most important of the two. Without it Turkey would cease to be. It is the one solid Imperial institution, the one representative body reflecting Moslem public opinion, the one guarantee of stability, the solitary external and visible sign of national existence.

Not infrequently the casual traveller in the Turkish dominions will behold a spectacle, the full tragedy of which he cannot appreciate until he is well acquainted with the country. I have beheld it on many occasions, and each time it has filled me with greater and greater sorrow. The last time I saw it was in the neighbourhood of Shabin Kara-Hissar, while lunching on the outskirts of a large village. Quite suddenly we heard the monotonous throbbing of a native drum—a dull, persistent booming and thudding. Presently, as the sound grew nearer, there mingled with the ominous reiteration the rapid, harsh and discordant notes of a shepherd's reed pipe, and there emerged from the village a group of fifty or sixty men, headed by a mounted gendarme and followed by another. As the procession came nearer I saw that it was composed entirely of men between twenty and twenty-five years of age, and I knew that they were a levy of fresh conscripts for the Imperial army. As these men went past one could not fail to notice their superb physique, their magnificent bearing, their expression of resigned acquiescence—splendid young fellows with fair hair, bronzed complexions, deep chests, broad shoulders and sturdy limbs; marching together in step, their eyes fixed upon the two little red and green flags which fluttered before them. When one looked upon this little party, all in the prime of age, health and manhood, one shuddered to think of what was before them. Of that fifty or sixty how many were destined to return, and when?

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The lucky ones might escape with five years, some might return in six or seven, others eight, but a hideously high percentage never! Typhoid, cholera, malaria and gaol-fever would claim their quota, starvation and frost others, bullets the rest!

I saw once paraded a detachment of seventy infantry quartered in the pestilent region of Sassun. They were all that were left standing of one hundred and twenty—seventy hollow-eyed, wasted, yellow-faced, perspiring or shuddering wretches, leaning on their rifles for support. The officer in command said, "Consul Bey, we could not come out further to meet you. We have all got fever, and there is no quinine." "How long have you been quartered here?" "A year, Consul Bey." On another occasion at the Jordan Bridge I saw five thousand peasants pass over the river on their way to the railway and so to Yemen; not above six hundred ever returned! On the mountains of the Persian frontier I saw a battalion two hundred and fifty strong which on parade had stood eight hundred rank and file but six short months before. They had passed a winter in the snow without blankets or overcoats, and but a ration of two biscuits a day. A subaltern told me how they had slept out in the open, and how two or three frozen corpses were dragged out each morning. How the officers and men, maddened by privation, had forced their way into the surrounding villages and driven out the inhabitants in order to obtain shelter. How the troops had crowded twenty and thirty together in outhouses and sheepfolds for warmth. How typhus, the spotted fever, had swept down on them, and how, until the snow melted and the sun shone, the poor wretches had rotted and died in droves. I remember that while the officer was telling me of these horrors his voice was broken with sobs, and the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, which were shrunken and wrinkled like an old man, though, perhaps, he was but twenty-five. Five hundred miles from that ill-fated spot an old woman asked me when the frontier troops would return—her son had departed thither with that ill-fated regiment!

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In the hills of Irak I encountered a division on the march. A couple of miles in its rear we found a wretched soldier raving in delirium. The poor creature was a cripple who should never have been enlisted. A comrade was beside him, urging him to proceed a little further, but the man was past coaxing or driving, and as there were no ambulances he had to be left to die.

Once, encamped beside a ruined barrack there came out to me a grizzled sergeant. "O Bey!" he cried. "There is one within who is sick. Perhaps you have some medicine that will cure him." I followed the old man into a dark hovel strewn with ashes and cow dung; on a heap of rushes and reeds, in the corner, lay a man babbling to himself, tossing from side to side, moaning and laughing. We carried him out into the daylight. He was a splendid physical type—muscular, tall, lithe and exceedingly handsome, with crisp curling hair, aquiline features and pale olive complexion. His eyes were sunken in his head and stared with the unspeculating gaze of madness; his body burned with fever, his dry, hot breath whistled through his parched lips, his seamed and blackened tongue protruded between them. Around his thigh was twisted a mass of rags, filthily clotted. "How long has he been thus?" "O, Bey, he was the servant of an officer. Daily his master beat him and abused him. Since he could bear it no more he ran his bayonet into his thigh. Ten days ago there passed by one who put a medicine on his wound, but he is still very sick." Then began the hideous task of removing the bandages. Beneath them I found the "medicine"—a bran poultice, ten days old!—below that maggots and a gangrened wound. There was only one way. God in His mercy took the soldier at dawn.

On the roads leading from the Black Sea coasts of Trebizon, Sinope and Ineboli one meets little parties of stricken men, prematurely aged by exposure, withered with fever, broken in health and body—they are discharged conscripts returning home. When I saw the backs of the band of recruits swaying down the road to Shabin Kara-Hissar, and heard the wailing of the pipe and

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throbbing of the drum dying away, my mind was overcast with gloom and sorrow as I thought of all that those young men were about to endure. In the village a few women were weeping, and I could have wept with them.

It is well to remember that the Turkish army is strictly Moslem and Imperial. In its ranks are to be found Circassians, Tartars, Kurds, Lazes, Baghadis and Albanians, but it is the Anatolian Turk who leavens the whole with those qualities of patience, endurance, phlegm and doggedness which make the Ottoman soldier so superb a military asset. Unpaid, ragged and neglected as the Ottoman soldier is, his arms are polished and clean, his cartridges to hand, his heart on fire for battle, his one desire to conquer for his faith and his Sultan.

In the sweltering autumn heat of Mesopotamia I have seen Turkish infantrymen marching cheerfully twenty-five and thirty miles a day, though clothed in thick winter uniform; on the icy heights of the Taurus I have seen similar troops plodding through the snow; I have seen the same men slouching over the unending stony ridges of the parched desert fringes of Syria, or guarding lonely culverts along the Macedonian railway. Everywhere, no matter what difference of scene, the men were the same pertinacious and long-suffering creatures, whether they were laying the rails of the Hejaz railway, guarding European commercial travellers, pursuing Bedouin marauders, fighting Kurdish tribesmen, or escorting desert caravans, they presented the same spectacle of men who were striving to do their duty according to their lights. If in the hour of victory these fellows see red and kill with indiscriminate and horrible fury, if on occasion they shock our susceptibilities by displaying unexpected ferocity and cruelty, we must remember what they have to endure and suffer; also must we remember that in times of peace they are as likely as not gentle, simple souls, ever ready to share their rations with a beggar or a widow, and that the one passport of security that a woman can carry through a Turkish camp is a little child.

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Just as the character of the private soldiers exhibits glaring faults against contrasting virtues, so do their officers. The officers of the Imperial army are a strange, heterogeneous collection. Let us take a line battalion of my acquaintance, quartered in the vilayet of Sivas. Sayfullah Bey is the Colonel—a fat, wheezy, asthmatic old gentleman of sixty. He is not a very alluring object as he sits, unshaven and unkempt, on a ricketty sofa in a dingy little whitewashed office, where he spends the greater part of the day dictating telegrams and orders. He is heavily pitted with small-pox (a memento of garrison duty in Medina), his eyes are bleared, his frosted, stubbly chin contrasts strangely with his purple-black moustache and eyebrows, his nose is almost the shape of a pear, his forehead is low and retreating, his hair is clipped like a convict's, he has long since given up wearing a tunic or frock-coat, a yellow fur-trimmed dressing-gown being warmer and more commodious. However, in revenge, he wears, half-unbuttoned, an English horse-gunner Captain's mess waistcoat, and a pair of Austrian blue overalls. His feet, encased in out-at-heels, white cotton stockings, are both visible, the darned sole of the left appearing under the thigh of his right leg, the other dangling an inch or so above the floor. Beside him stands a tottering bureau on which is a bee clock that plays "The British Grenadiers" once an hour, a cup of coffee, a bronze tortoise, the tail of which if it is depressed rings a bell, a heap of crumpled papers and chewed cigarette ends; on the wall hangs a field-glass case, a brass telescope without a lens, and a tin, tailor-made sword; near the door stand a pair of clouted shoes with brass spurs screwed into the heels.

Sayfullah does not often appear on parade; he prefers to sit in his office where it is cool in summer and warm in winter. The local Armenian doctor, who knows some French, will tell you that Sayfullah is neurasthenic, diabetic, dyspeptic and alcoholic—all of which is perfectly true; the sergeant of the guard in the room below will inform you that Sayfullah makes his money by

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selling cartridges and rifles to the local tribesmen and revolutionaries—and the sergeant is not a liar; the men of the battalion will tell you that he embezzles their rations and peculates their winter clothing in collusion with the regimental tailor; the local Christians will tell you of cruel blackmail and brutal treatment; the local Moslems of disgraceful contracts, bribery and corruption. There is no doubt that Sayfullah is a thorough-paced scoundrel. He owes his promotion to the fact that one of the eunuchs of the Imperial Harem in Abdul Aziz's time was a friend of a certain scavenger at Constantinople. When the scavenger was promoted to the management of a large tract of crown land Sayfullah, his brother, got a commission in the army. Ever since Sayfullah has kept in with the right people, shared his plunder with them, and pulled the proper strings. Sayfullah has cut short not a few promising careers, and blasted not a few reputations. Since he is too dirty and stupid to push on to higher commands, he prefers to remain a Colonel. When Sayfullah dies of drink or apoplexy, it is only a matter of time as to which shall carry him off first, no one will be very sorry, unless it be Mrs Sayfullah, who lives at Constantinople and keeps her spouse informed as to the general trend of events, least of all Arif Bey, the second in command.

Arif does not in the least resemble his senior officer. Although a Major, he is but twenty-six years of age—smart, brisk and alert. He is an Albanian, tall and dark, with a smooth, glossy moustache, beetling brows, laughing blue eyes, and a firm mouth and chin. His fez is always carefully blocked and worn just the least thing on one side (he had seen a certain cold-eyed English Major in the Egyptian army wear a fez after this fashion, and ever since Arif has been an avowed Anglophile). Arif also wears his tunic carefully buttoned; there is just the suspicion of some artificial support under this tunic. He also possesses well-cut riding breeches, made by the agent of Mr P——l of London, a pair of patent leather jack-boots and the tiniest little steel spurs com-

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plete his uniform. Arif is generally on horseback, and it must be admitted that he is a superb rider. His men love him, since he takes them out on shooting expeditions and gives them tobacco and cigarettes, though the sergeant of the guard, who is a pious Moslem, has some scruple about feeding "Floss" and "Spot," two mongrel pointers Arif bought from a departing British Military Vice-Consul.

Arif is the son of a popular general who, after a brief period of glory in the ministry of war, was suddenly ordered to retire to Aleppo. The Pasha forestalled the command by decamping to a South American State, and from thence bargained across the cable with his Imperial master as to whether he should accept a post on a Revolutionary Committee in Paris, or be accredited Minister and Plenipotentiary of the Sultan to the Republic in which he had taken refuge, that diplomatic post being then vacant. When it was made clear that the shrewd old soldier refused to return to Constantinople on promise of forgiveness and promotion, and that, moreover, he had a respectable balance of assets in British Consols, Imperial policy, after some demur, yielded to the exile's request.

Arif, who at that time was on the general staff, was degraded, spent six months in gaol at Sinope, was suddenly released and posted to his present regiment as the result of his father's bargain. Arif is, in fact, a double hostage. If his father plays false Arif will disappear; if Arif's weekly letters cease to arrive in a certain South American State the Paris Committee will be richer by an active, able and wealthy member. Meanwhile Arif can do as he likes. Sayfullah spies upon him and reports against him continually, but nothing comes of it and Sayfullah cannot understand why. Arif as a soldier is full of theory and book-learning; he makes the most wonderful etched maps of districts and watersheds he has never visited, and holds forth at length to the Anatolian peasants under his command on the superiority of Von Moltke over Massena as a strategist, but he has no practical experience of any kind, and never gives his men any

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field work, but keeps them rigorously to marching past and complicated parade-ground drill, which invariably reduces the battalion to an anarchic tangle, into the midst of which Arif rides, whip in hand, cursing and flogging all who lie in his path, while the men grin and smile under the blows of their Lion-Officer as they call him. In his spare time Arif writes sonnets in the French style.

Another officer in the regiment is Mustapha Agha, the senior Captain, a grumpy old ranker in a battered tarbush, a tattered old threadbare coat which looks suspiciously as if it had done many years' previous duty on an English postman's back, crumpled trousers, several times patched at the knee, and German boots looted out of the Government store. Mustapha has shaggy eyebrows, a face bronzed and scarred with exposure, long yellow teeth, a bristly white moustache, and keeps his beard down with clippers. The two people he hates most in the world are Sayfullah and Arif—Sayfullah he detests as a villain and a devourer of good men, Arif he despises as a bumptious young jackass.

Mustapha does not know how long he has been in the army. He was enlisted in Abdul Mejid's time, and he has been in it ever since. He has seen not a little fighting, and says he knows more about war than the young staff-officers who have learnt ten words of French and three bottles of brandy. He cannot read a map and can just write his name, but nevertheless is not a person to be despised. He has fought Serbs in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Arabs in Yemen, Druses in the Hauran, Russians at Kars and Kurds in Hakkari; he got a splinter from a shell in his leg at Kars, consequently the great memory of his life is the period of eight glorious months he spent as a prisoner of war in Russia, with food, comfort, and, above all, tea and sugar in abundance. If ever real work has to be done Mustapha is appointed to the task. He will go out with ten men and browbeat into submission some mutinous Kurd Agha who commands a thousand rifles; he will cajole angry villagers into paying their taxes, bring in a party of a hundred recruits single-handed,

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ferret out a deserter from the most inaccessible mountain retreats, face any danger from earthquake to a mutiny with a growl and a grumble, fight anything that stands in his way, never hesitate to obey an order to the letter, yet never fail to criticise it in caustic terms.

He has unbounded contempt for the civil authorities, the police and the powers that be in general, but, since he is illiterate, penniless and old, spies do not bother to report him and intriguers steer clear of him, while Sayfullah is obliged to keep him since there must be in the battalion at least one man who can do his work. Mustapha in his campaigns has learned two lessons—one is to look after his troops, the other is to look after himself. Somehow, by what means is not quite clear, Mustapha gets his pay regularly, and generally manages to obtain blankets and clothing for his men; on the march he keeps his soldiers in hand, and in battle has an eye for country that Arif can neither appreciate nor understand.

The rest of the regimental officers are divided into two camps, the officers who have passed through the schools who take Arif as the almost unreachable ideal, the rankers who follow Mustapha as their guide, philosopher and friend. On one point only are both parties agreed, and that is in detestation and abhorrence of Sayfullah, the scavenger's brother—"may that hell-kite soon become carrion!" being the common hope of one and all.

Such, then, is the Imperial Army. I think it is hardly necessary to give figures. Turkish Army figures on paper are very large and fine, but, like Arif's maps, they have not much correspondence with actual numbers; suffice to say that there are enough Mausers to go round and a good deal of ammunition. The majority of the men are so accustomed to misery and hardships in peace that the trials of a campaign would come to most as a pleasant respite, while in the bazaars of most towns there are miles of lamp wick which can be transformed into belts, bandoliers and girths at very short notice. In fact, when the pinch comes, in spite of Sayfullah and men of his kidney, the Turkish Army generally turns up in unex-

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pectedly large numbers and muddles through in an exasperatingly unconventional fashion.

The other great Imperial organisation is the Civil Service, since it is the ambition of nearly every Moslem who has a little money or land to get his son into the Government, and since large schools have been built at Constantinople for the purposes of instilling a smattering of mathematics, literature, history, geography, etc., at a very cheap rate, there is continually being pumped out of the capital a stream of half-educated civil officials, with dislocated intelligences, vague ambitions and restless temperaments; annually a fresh and larger draft of these unhappy creatures is engulfed in the public administration, annually a greater and greater number of hungry men is trying to squeeze a livelihood out of a decreasing revenue.

There is a Turkish fable which is very Turkish in spirit and humour, and is intended to describe the Ottoman Civil Service as it is. It runs as follows: "Now, if you meet a great caravan of camels, you will see that at the head march the older and stronger beasts—hairy, ponderous, slow and self-possessed—they sway from side to side with pride and serenity, they plump their huge spongy feet in the dust without hesitation or fear; behind them come the lesser ones—some ragged, bald and mangy, others galled and maimed, others brisk and healthy—and they sway from side to side and bite and bubble and roar and tear at each other's ropes, jibbing and pulling in all directions, and behind these come the little camel calves, frisking and running to and fro, little pale woolly camels with tender feet and small humps.

"Now all these camels have bells on their necks, the little ones the tinkling bells, the next ones ringing bells, and the leaders great bronze cups with booming wooden clappers. As the little camels dart about the tinkling bells ring out the words, 'Neredè, Meredè! Neredè, Meredè!' ('How can we get at it? How can we get at it?') The ringing bells of the snarling, tugging camels say, 'Shuradan, Buradan! Shuradan, Buradan!' ('Hither

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and thither, here and there!') But the deep-voiced, swinging gongs of the stately leaders say very slowly, 'Ol-dum! Ol-dum! Ol-dum!' ('We've got what we want! ' 'We've got what we want! ') Now the leaders are the Valis and Pashas of the camels, the middle beasts are their deputies and subordinates, and the little ones are the young Mekteblis fresh from school."

The "Mektebli," that is, the young Moslem who has been through one of the Constantinople Government colleges, and who looks to find a living in the crowded ranks of the Civil Service, no matter what his race or clan may be, grinds down to a pretty uniform type once he has been through the educational mill. A little French, a little literature, a little history, a little mathematics, a good deal of bad brandy, a vast number of confused ideas about political economy, and an inordinate opinion of his own powers, are the treasures which he acquires during his course of learning. Everything that does not wear a seedy frock-coat, does not drink brandy, and works with its hands, is distasteful to him. Once he leaves Constantinople, he has neither cafés, newspapers, nor friends to amuse him. If he is assigned a post in the country, he must drink in secret lest he scandalise his fellow Moslems. His life becomes one long groan of boredom, weariness and regret. If he be lucky, and his parents have been able to bribe the right people, he becomes a Kaimakam (deputy-governor) of a small district; he keeps by him a bottle of spirits, a French novel by Guy de Maupassant, and a set of "liberal" ideas. What ideas! Half-forgotten quotations rather. His idea of reform is the regular payment of Kaimakams, the provision of a free Press for Kaimakams to read, the building of railways for Kaimakams to travel by, and the final restoration of all Kaimakams to Constantinople, where they would be given places as highly paid deputies in a Parliament of Kaimakams, which could collect and control the expenditure. And, alas! the dominions of the Sultan are overrun with such poor wretches. They swarm in the custom houses, in the law courts, in the war department, in the

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serais, in the telegraph stations, in the very villages—hungry, idle, penniless, spied upon and spying, blackmailing and blackmailed.

The whole Empire has been broken up into little fragments in order to provide berths for these men. In every canton there is a Mudir with his clerks, aides and adjoints; to every three or so cantons there is a Kaimakam with a still larger number of assistants; to nearly every half-a-dozen Kaimakams there is a Mutesaref, or deputy commissioner, with a Government office and gigantic staff; to every three Mutesarefs a Governor General, with a perfect army of clerks, auditors, judge advocate general, inspectors of crown lands, inspectors of Church lands, inspectors of bridges (unbuilt), engineers of roads, inspectors of hygiene, chiefs of police, ministers of Justice, sacred and profane, Cadis, Muftis, Katibs, and so on, all followed by strings of favourites, parasites and relatives. To add to the confusion, this vast organisation is for purposes of policy ever kept on the move.

In three years the whole collection has been reshuffled; high and low, great and small, with very few exceptions, have been transferred, shelved, disgraced, or promoted. The Governor General of Baghdad has been sent to Konia; the telegraph clerk who deciphered messages in a stable in Kurdistan, has been moved to Scutari in Albania; the late chief of police of Trebizond is shedding tears of boredom in Hodeidah.

In the desolate and stricken plain of Mush in Armenia I met a Mutesaref whose last happy day was spent shooting with Admiral Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford on the coast of the Adriatic; at Kerkuk in Irak another who had interviewed Mr Goschen at Constantinople, since which time he had been posted in succession in Trebizond, on the slopes of Mount Ararat, the plains of Armenia and the shores of the Persian Gulf.

We have now taken into consideration the two great cohesive forces of the Empire, the Sultan and the Moslem body. We have seen that the Moslem body produces the Army and the Civil Service, and that the Sultan rules and

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retains his Empire by means of those two engines. What, then, is the connecting-link between the Sultan and his civil and military forces of government?

Until a few short months ago it was what has been generally known as the Palace—the servants, the eunuchs, the women, the coffee-makers, cooks, quacks and grooms who nested in the walls of Yildiz and at once kept their Imperial master a trembling prisoner in his house on the one hand, while dominating the whole conduct of public affairs on the other. The servants of the Palace formed a violent, contemptible, incompetent, greedy, irresponsible coterie, who, by means of a legion of spies, terrorised the whole of the Army and the Civil Service from top to bottom—the Sublime Porte, the supreme Courts of Justice, the ministries and departments were mere masks used to conceal its machinations, and the Sultan a pawn in its hands. For some twenty-five years these sordid knaves and sponging bullies were the obscure tyrants who, by means of the electric telegraph, controlled every detail of administration, took tithe of every promotion, shares in every concession, pickings from every till, bread from every peasant's mouth, coats from every soldier's back. This Palace clique is no new institution. Diocletian knew of it, Constantius used it, Theodora worked it, Abdul Hamid revived it. It was in the plenitude of its power last April; to-day it is apparently scattered and broken.

For its own purposes the Palace clique did its work too well. It taught its victims secrecy, diplomacy and silence; it exiled every competent man, it degraded every patriot, it paralysed the bureaucracy, it imprisoned the Sultan, it embezzled the public funds, and, lastly, it starved the army. Had it been composed of any but the dullest and vilest of men it would still be in its place, but fortunately it did not contain a single person of eminence, genius or strength of character. Recruited from the lowest dregs of the population, its members never consented to admit into their ranks a man of capacity or learning. They not only kept rigorously to villains, but to stupid villains at

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that, and, since the Palace clique had no ambition save to rob, it never perceived that it was working its own destruction in as complete and methodical a manner as could be desired. Year by year the provincial towns were filled with exiles and spies, year by year more and more power was taken from the hands of the bureaucracy, year by year men grew more and more accustomed to the dominion of an unofficial and irresponsible body, year by year the civil and military administration grew more and more dissatisfied and disgusted with itself.

By the spy system the Palace taught the young Turkish party how to control and link up the disaffected into an organisation. By constantly exiling the liberal-minded, the Palace provided the young Turks with missionaries and propagandists in every provincial town, every regiment, and every Government department; by starving the army beyond the limits of even Turkish endurance the Palace forged a weapon for its own undoing.

The end came quickly. A young Major took to the Macedonian hills with his men; the Grand Vizier resigned; the Palace clique suddenly changed from an all-powerful force into a contemptible group of panic-stricken slaves and women; the nimblest decamped with their booty, the remainder were laid by the heels, too worthless even to kill. Such was the revolution. What has really happened is that the irresponsible clique of the Palace has been replaced by an irresponsible revolutionary committee.

Incidentally, the constitution has been revived, but merely because it is the intention of the revolutionary committee to form or control a majority in the new Parliament.

What will be the result? I have endeavoured to indicate the nature of the administrative materials at the disposal of the new rulers of the Empire, the overgrown and overcrowded Civil Service, with its traditions of corruption and espionage; the hungry and patient army, with its quota of theoretic and inexperienced officers, its dissatisfied and contemptuous veterans—with these

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materials the problems of ruling will be exceedingly difficult to solve. And of problems there are, unfortunately, an abundance. The deeply ingrained and universal conviction of the Moslem that the Christian is not his political equal has to be dealt with and dispelled; the Kurdish-Armenian grievance is as yet unopened; the national aspirations of the Asiatic Greeks, rapidly increasing in numbers and wealth, must be taken into consideration; the tangle of races and creeds in Macedonia is still to be unravelled; the Balkan States have to be appeased; the Concert has to be kept in a good humour; debts have to be met with a declining revenue and an exasperated taxpaying peasantry; most serious of all, a widening breach between the Arabic and Turkish-speaking peoples is daily growing more and more noticeable. This is the debit side of the political balance-sheet of the Committee of Union and Progress; as against these appalling liabilities they have the prestige of the Sultan, the unity of the Moslems, the discipline and stolidity of the Anatolians, the gigantic natural resources of the country, and the apparently innate capacity of educated Ottomans to govern, for good or for ill, yet somehow to govern.

If the Committee can secure for the Empire fifteen years of quiet economic development they will settle their financial troubles, but before they can achieve this they will have to cut down the Civil Service with no sparing hand, they will be forced to abandon many liberal ideas, and they will be obliged to shock European susceptibilities by acting unconstitutionally on occasion, even to the extent of removing certain baubles which expediency has obliged them to set up.

MARK SYKES.

## MR RUNCIMAN'S BILL

MR RUNCIMAN'S Bill is dead: and any sad strains of a *Requiem*—chanted only by its parents and their nearest relatives—have been drowned by the strenuous *Te Deum* of all real friends of religious toleration. It has been a dramatic and very significant episode. The Catholic schools of England have narrowly escaped from a great peril, and this not thanks to the Government which, apparently, would have executed us without compunction, but because the Anglican Episcopate insisted on the inadequacy of the proposed terms for contracting-out schools; and adequate terms the Government would not, and, indeed (as we shall shortly point out), could not give. The Government has for a fourth time failed in effecting a settlement which should deal fairly with the denominationalists, and at the same time secure the acquiescence of the Nonconformist leaders. We have had eleven days spent in the atmosphere of religious war—throughout history the hottest atmosphere, born of the keenest and most strenuous of all forms of contest. The pages of Hansard have been enriched by two great speeches, from Mr Balfour and Mr Dillon, permanent legacies to the friends of toleration and the foes of religious privilege, speeches to be handed down in the history of the times. It has been refreshing in these days of automatic voting, of mechanical majorities, to find that a great speech may still turn the fortunes of the day. Before Mr Balfour's speech of November 26 our fate seemed assured. After it hope revived. It gave heart to agitation. The Bill gradually became moribund as active criticism unansweredly pointed out its unjust and unworkable character. Such criticism also reacted on the Anglican bishops; and in the end their qualified adhesion at the meeting of the Church Council gave the *coup de grace* to the Bill to which they had helped to give birth.

But we cannot allow the fact that the Bill is dead to prevent the REVIEW, which has now for seventy-two years championed Catholic interests in this country, from

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placing on record its participation in the general chorus of indignant disapproval of the proposals of the Government, and of its procedure in our regard, or from pointing the moral of the brief life and death of the Bill. The DUBLIN REVIEW was founded only seven years after the Emancipation Act, one of its founders being O'Connell himself—the protagonist of the Act of 1829. Catholics were, however, still under heavy disabilities—the backwater of the old penal code of William of Orange. It has been the pleasant task of the REVIEW to express the joy of our co-religionists at each step of the gradual disappearance—in consequence of the championship of religious liberty by the Liberal party (though actual legislation came largely from the Tories)—of these disabilities from the Statute Book and from our national institutions. We have welcomed the equality with our fellow citizens which has gradually been won for us in the Universities, the Army, the Navy, the Workhouses, the Prisons. In November we were confronted with a sudden reversal of this policy, with the introduction by the party which was so long our champion and friend, of a new penal law—not in intention, but in results. And this difference between intention and results was due in the first place to the procedure of the Government in attempting to rush through a measure of which it had not had time itself adequately to ascertain or understand the consequences, let alone to make others understand them. Its procedure in bringing in the Bill was, indeed, almost incredible. The problem is one admittedly of the highest difficulty. It affects the consciences of every family in the nation. It concerns the very existence of many of those schools on which Catholics have for years spent generously, and in which 300,000 children are educated. So difficult had the Government already found the problem to solve that it had already three times simply abandoned the attempt, once after long discussion and negotiation, twice without attempting either.

The main difficulty has consisted in the strong religious prejudices of a powerful section of the community. The

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reply and the only effective reply to sheer prejudice is strict, equal-handed justice to all—to those who demand denominational education, and to those who prefer undenominational. This alone is a position unassailable before the bar of reason. Concurrent endowment is a principle at once simple and clearly just. That a Government which depends on Nonconformists for a majority cannot pass a measure based on this principle is possible enough. If so, it was useless for them to return to the question at all. No permanent solution—no solution which does not leave intolerable grievances to be redressed—is possible on other lines. Absolutely and mathematically fair treatment to all religious denominations, with full time to make clear that they are fairly treated—time to answer objections, to amend matters of detail which have been at first insufficiently thought out—this is the only road to a permanent settlement. This is the true antidote to the hot haste of *a priori* prejudice which has so long barred the road. And above all this is the traditional method of the Liberal party to whose assertion of the principle of religious equality we have mainly owed in the past our relief from disabilities.

Instead of this we have had what it is difficult to call anything else in effect, though of course not in intention—than an attempt at parliamentary sharp practice. The Bill was to be smuggled into the Statute Book before there was time to understand it or to agitate against it. On the plea that Parliament must be prorogued before Christmas, and the Bill, therefore, got through the Commons before that time, it was sprung upon the House at a date which made even the general understanding and forecasting of its working out all but impossible, and *a fortiori* gave no time for absolutely indispensable negotiations. Every one knew that there was in reality no such necessity—that an adjournment without prorogation was possible; or that as an alternative the Bill could be introduced in the next session. The excuse for the unnecessary and unprecedented hurry was at first understood to be that it was an agreed Bill—the representatives of the Anglican

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Episcopate and the Nonconformists having consented to its main provisions. Even had this been so the contracting parties on the side of the Church schools were by no means adequately representative of opinion within the Established Church, or necessarily competent for the extremely difficult work of forecasting the actual working of the proposed provisions. Moreover, the Catholics had not been effectively consulted at all. But it was not so. The supposition that it was an agreed Bill proved to be as little accurate as the excuse that Parliament must pass the Bill in December. There was no adequate understanding even with the representatives of the Anglican Episcopate, for the terms of agreement were not concluded. All that can be said is that negotiations had been begun, and in a friendly spirit. The Archbishop had made his concessions conditionally on receiving a *quid pro quo*. The concessions were included in the Bill—an essential part of the *quid pro quo* was not forthcoming. Thus, what was introduced with the immense solemnity attaching to a permanent settlement of a profound and long-standing difficulty, agreed upon by the representatives of the various interests concerned, had none of this title to exceptional authority, none of the *a priori* claim on all men of good will who desire religious peace, which should dispense with the necessity of careful consideration in the Commons and make contentious treatment ungenerous and unworthy. The work of sifting and making the scheme workable had not after all been performed by the Government and the religious leaders. It was still to be done by the House of Commons. And yet the Bill was introduced into Parliament at so late a date and with such rapid and drastic use of the guillotine, that the House of Commons itself had hardly time to understand it and none to debate it. The various sections of religionists in the country at large had, moreover, no time to give the evidence required to ascertain its practical working, or to express their views on it. The Liberal party, the hereditary foe of privilege, the champion of religious equality, the traditional representative of free

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discussion, introduces a Bill which is for Catholics a penal law, for the national Church of England a measure bringing at least a position of inferiority, for Dissenters on the other hand the establishment of religious privilege, and seeks to pass it by establishing a Cabinet Dictatorship and suspending the *minimum* of debate needed even for its apprehension.

Now that the danger is past we can afford to look at incidental benefits which the week of peril has brought. We have already referred to the two great speeches of the debates—and we may add to our list of legacies of permanent value to a cause which has yet to be won Mr Redmond's impassioned protest, Mr Hope's lucid statements, packed with facts and figures, and Mr Wyndham's most valuable exposition of the injustice of the root principles involved in the proposed legislation. But, moreover, the discussions have brought out most forcibly what we have said above—that the only satisfactory solution of the problem is absolute equality of treatment. Mr Dillon in his speech—which produced on his hearers (we are told) an even profounder impression than on his readers—pointed the moral by asking what would be the verdict of public opinion if Ireland won Home Rule and proceeded to pass an education law which placed the schools of the Catholic majority in an overwhelmingly superior position to those of the Protestant minority—and made it necessary that the latter should at a great loss contract out of the national system. Yet (as he also said) the present proposal is far more unjust, for the Protestant minority in Ireland is rich, the Catholic minority in England is poor. No solution can be permanent—can disarm bitterness or agitation—which is based on Clause 1 of Mr Runciman's Bill, which secures privilege for the Nonconformists. So Mr Wyndham contended with unanswerable argument. We may add that of this all-important clause many subsections could not even be discussed in the House at all under the conditions of haste imposed by Mr Asquith's procedure.

If we recall for a moment the unconcealed motives

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of the Government in their desperate attempt, the injustice of the principle underlying the Bill becomes even clearer. The only reason apparent for withholding a measure of absolutely equal treatment is that the Nonconformists object to paying rates towards denominational schools. But of course with equal justice Catholics and Anglicans can and do dislike paying rates towards Cowper-Temple schools. The objection of one party is as valid as that of the other. The real difference is merely that Nonconformist hostility is, from a political point of view, the more serious to the Government. On the ground of equity the only distinction that can be made between the Nonconformist and the Catholic objection—and which is made tacitly or expressly by a great many—is that Cowper-Templeism ought to suffice for the religious needs of the normal healthy citizen; that at most occasional denominational religious instruction should suffice; and that the demand for denominational schools is a "fad." To claim from the Government equality in the national system for a "fad," under the phrase "conscientious conviction," is to demand a scheme adapted to all eccentrics. "We frame a Bill," the Government appears to say, "which should satisfy the religious requirements of reasonable men. If Roman Catholics are unreasonable and stand aside we cannot help that." But has there been any such advance of modern enlightenment in our country in the direction of undenominationalism as this argument supposes? Emphatically the reverse. The very fact that so many more Anglicans desire denominational schools in 1908 than in 1870, witnesses rather to an opposite movement of thought among those who really care for the influence of religion in primary education. Experience shows more and more that denominational influences are those which give religion its edge and definiteness, and its power over the young. I venture to say that among those thinkers who most value religion this opinion has steadily gained ground in the last forty years. More and more earnest Anglicans have come to appreciate the

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fact that religious indifference is the natural result of undenominationalism. The vote of December 3 at the Church Council—not at all exclusively a High Church vote—illustrated the growth in the Church of England of the view which Catholics have always necessarily held. On the other hand, a large proportion of the advocates of Cowper-Templeism are indifferent to religious education, or even hostile to the prospect of religion being a strong power in the schools. If, as Mr Balfour in his admirable speech contended, Nonconformists have accepted the Bill, not because they regard it as final, but only as a stepping-stone to Cowper-Templeism pure and simple, there are many also who like Cowper-Templeism just because it is a stepping-stone to religious indifference. And many recognise without dissatisfaction the possibilities in the practical administration of the Cowper-Temple system of a religious haze which easily develops into total religious negation. So far from being a “fad” of the eccentrics, or the plea for a system belonging to the dark ages, the demand of the denominationalists for definite teaching for the young and an atmosphere which should strengthen its hold on them, is reinforced by the logic of facts, and is in harmony with all systematised experience of human nature, especially of child-nature. It is the definite dogmatic teaching taught by earnest religious believers which comes to stay and influences character. Vague exhortations rarely have the same power, and are rarely accompanied by an equal force of personal conviction in the teachers.

If the above contention is true, or even if it has a good deal to say for itself, to penalise the denominationalists becomes obviously and flagrantly unjust. Any such admitted superiority as the State could justly act on of the Nonconformists’ “We won’t pay rates towards popish education” over the Catholics’ “We won’t pay rates towards Nonconformist education” vanishes. Absolute neutrality of the State towards both views is the only road to a permanent settlement which can hold its own before the tribunal of reason.

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The difficulties of any approach to justice, if this principle of neutrality is not conceded—and it was not in Mr Runciman's Bill—are very great. For contracting-out was contemplated in it as the exception for eccentrics: yet, if the terms offered to schools which do contract out had been made at all adequate to the needs of Catholic schools, a large number also of Anglican schools would rather contract out than come into the system of compromise. And this was just because the view which denominationalism embodies is not that of a dwindling number of eccentrics, but of a growing number of earnest religious persons who see Anglican schools decaying from a religious indifference which only strong denominational influences can counteract. Elementary justice toward the contracting-out schools demanded State aid, adequate not only to the present cost of education but bearing a fixed ratio to it, and consequently rising so as to meet its rapidly growing cost. It would have, moreover, to meet in the same proportion the future cost of building. This must have meant a very heavy demand on the Exchequer if many applied for it, inflicting, moreover, as Mr Balfour pointed out, inevitable injustice on many taxpayers, and standing outside the general scheme of the Bill; for the whole Bill was based on the supposition that contracting-out was to be the exception and not the rule. Thus, as we have said, to make the terms of contracting-out at all just was ultimately impossible as offering an irresistible temptation to the Anglicans to destroy the fundamental idea of the Bill.

We can only hope that the lessons of the past will be borne in mind by any Government which deals in future with the question. Our aim in the foregoing observations has been to emphasise principles which cannot be ignored with impunity. We have wished to point out once again the inevitable injustice of any measure which does not give us equal treatment, and of withholding that treatment in deference to a fanatical prejudice on the part of the Nonconformists. It is impossible not to see that while the Government proposed inadequate terms for con-

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tracting-out schools with the object of preventing any considerable number of Anglican schools from contracting out at all, they counted on Catholic zeal to ensure our submitting to a heavy financial burden. Such a conscience tax can hardly be defended on principles of justice.

We have wished also to protest—as Mr Balfour and Mr Redmond alike protested—against an infringement of the rights of the House of Commons which strikes at the whole genius of our parliamentary system. The use of the guillotine as a substitute, not for obstructive waste of time but, for necessary discussion, is absolutely novel, and comes strangely indeed from a Government which regards the exercise by the House of Lords of its immemorial right of veto as an infringement of the functions of the Lower House too intolerable to be borne with.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.

DOM CHAPMAN is to be congratulated on his appearance in the Clarendon Press and on the certainly suggestive volume, *Notes on the Early History of the Vulgate Gospels* (pp. xi, 299. Oxford. 7s. 6d.), which he has produced for the delectation of experts. When he had written the last page of the last chapter, he became aware, from a paragraph in *The Times*, that Pius X had commanded a new edition of the Vulgate to be prepared by the Benedictine Order. Thus, it may be said, Dom Chapman's *Notes* have come at a moment when they were wanted, and the line of investigation to which they point should be fruitful in results. Like other good things in critical discovery, these lights upon the *Codex Amiatinus* (*Codex A*, now in the Laurentian Library at Florence), and in general on the Northumbrian text of the Vulgate Gospels, are due to a happy accident. Of late years the name, long obscure, of Priscillian, the Spanish heretic, has risen to the surface, especially in connexion with the *Comma Johanneum* and its authorship. He is one of the enigmas of history; a bishop and a belated Sabellian who confounded the Persons in the Trinity, but who veiled his doctrines under a language almost as impenetrable as that of Hegel, he was condemned and cruelly executed in 385. Technically speaking, he was in theology a Monarchian, i.e., a peculiar sort of Unitarian; and, oddly enough, a comparison might be drawn, not unreasonably, between his identification of the Person of the Logos with the Eternal Father and a very recent system in which the same confusion was preached by Laurence Oliphant, who probably derived the idea from Swedenborg.

However, it is not on such points that Dom Chapman enlarges, though they may serve to acquaint the general reader with Priscillian's features in the long line of heresi-

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archs. The fresh discovery, from which this volume sprang, takes us to Ireland, to the Latin Gospels carried thither by St Patrick, and to their Prologues. These Prologues were widespread, and, whatever be their origin, had a great vogue, above all in the Bibles of Alcuin and their derivatives. By scholars no less eminent than Corssen they were attributed to the earliest period of the Latin New Testament; while their dark and turbid speech seemed to make it impossible that they should have been composed in the lifetime of St Jerome, the golden age of the Western Fathers. But Dom Chapman has put another complexion upon all this. Analysing the Prologues, sentence by sentence, he detects in them a mixture of what we have roughly called the old Unitarian teaching about the Logos with an Apollinarian reduction of "the Man Christ Jesus" to mere earthly flesh. There is only one name with which this remarkable heresy fits in, and that is Priscillian. But how did his uncorrected prefaces to the Gospels make their way into Ireland? From the great monastery of Lerins, so our author contends, with which St Patrick was, perhaps for many years, associated. On another tack, but from the same place, with revisions, they came through Eugipius of Lucullanum at Naples and Cassiodorus, to Jarrow. And Eugipius turns out to be a most important link in tracing the story of the *Codex Amiatinus*, itself estimated by critics as the least unlike of any MS. now existing to St Jerome's original. Its archetype was in the possession of Eugipius, and derived from the Saint's Gospels, if not actually a copy presented by him to some lady of the Anician gens. At any rate, *Codex A*, of about the year 700, appears to be traceable to the Cassiodorian family of MSS.

For, besides other tokens and the character of the text, a note hitherto most puzzling in the Gospels of Echternach, dated 558, may very well have been due to Cassiodorus himself; and in it the writer declares that he had emended the Gospel text, "according to a codex from the library of Eugipius, which they say belonged to St Jerome." The evidence of Echternach, a ninth-century

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MS., in an Anglo-Irish hand, leads us back to St Willibrord and Northumbria, from thence to Naples and Squillace, the home of that great Scripture-student and collector, Cassiodorus Senator. If, as is entirely probable, *Codex A* was written for Ceolfrid, under the direction of Venerable Bede, we have now the main lines of its descent and history before us—a notable addition to De' Rossi's discovery of its Northumbrian parentage. But Dom Chapman abounds in learning also on the use of the Naples liturgy at Jarrow; on the *Codex Fuldensis* and Eugipius, the Capuan Mass-Books in Northumbria, the Irish Text of the Vulgate Gospels, the so-called "Gospels of St Augustine," and the Vulgate as quoted by St Gregory the Great. He is everywhere alert, stimulating and instructive, with a touch of pleasant humour, and just enough audacity to stiffen his hypotheses into plausible suggestions. Of his book, as a whole, English Catholics ought to be proud; it claims a distinguished place in the libraries of our seminaries, as well as on the shelves of Biblical scholars who will recognize its uncommon merits.

W. B.

**I**N Francis Thompson—whose *Selected Poems* have just been issued (Burns & Oates. 5s. net)—are united intellect, imagination, passion, art and fancy, and all so signally great in quality and measure, that we are not called upon to give him the partial admiration that we pay to this impetuous, or this delicate, or this thoughtful, or this merely musical poet; excusing one for his indigence of thought because of his opulence of imagery, absolving another for a ready-made vocabulary because he has an argument, or taking a grace of visual fancy in a third as an alternative to the imagination of the "inward eye." It was a commonplace of poetic as of personal praise in the seventeenth century to collect the excellences of several of the great by name, and to attribute them collectively to the one then to be honoured—a summary method which must have found the reader as cold as it left the writer. We shall not follow that ill example, and assign to Francis Thompson the sublimity of Milton, the dignity of Wordsworth, and the

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natural magic of Tennyson. He has sublimity, but it is his own; and distinctively his own is his dignity of diction, especially his own his ardour for nature; sight and insight are characters of his bodily and of his spiritual eye; and we know his tone among many voices singing the same note.

It is to the abundance of his gifts and to the elaboration of his art that is due his one splendid fault—profusion. Out of his excess a company of poets might be equipped; nor is there any other against whom such a royal impeachment can be so justly brought. An economy of images would have spared us a weariness that is far from *ennui*—it is so much more nearly the distress of exhaustion. In calling this his one fault, we have not forgotten the accusation of curious words, of deliberate research, that was more common during his life-time than it has been since his death. Francis Thompson's choice of a vocabulary will surely be acknowledged, no long time henceforward, to have been a good gift to our literature. When he began to write, the fashion of Teutonic English had declined. Students were no longer told, as an assured commonplace, that Saxon words were best (the very word Saxon, however, being discarded for the dictatorial word "English," or, as a concession, "Old English"); but no reaction had set in towards the other university of our national speech—towards the Latin and the Romance synonym; and this reaction tarried because students and teachers both thought of Latin-English as the coldly violent tongue, the majestic but unappealing style, the politeness and the pride, of the eighteenth century. Englishmen admired Gibbon, and rightly, but they were not prepared to re-adopt his antithesis, and to set their emotions in the equipoise of his phrases. Hardly conscious, perhaps, of the vibration of feeling in Dr Johnson's sonorous note, they were shy of him also. The new school had gone too far, no doubt, in the other direction, but to return to Latinisms would be, they thought, to forfeit much that the impassioned poets of the earlier nineteenth century had gained for the language at a great price. The emotions seemed to be kept at arms' length by Latin-English, and the poet who had taken them

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at last to his heart was loth to let them go. It was useless to show him Shakespeare and the Bible, richly set with words conspicuously Latin; the pedant once in fashion set himself to counting, and easily proved that the Authorized Version contained a very great number of Saxon words to every one of Latin or Romance derivation.

Now, Francis Thompson, leaning decidedly towards the Latin and the Romance, took away the fear of the eighteenth century, and restored to that side of our language all warmth, all intimacy, all closeness, and all emotion. That—if he had done no more—had been a great thing to do. The student now can choose—not between a thrilling monosyllable and a frigid polysyllable, but between the short word and the long, both vibrating, both aglow.

But he did this and much more. It was customary with criticism to ask whether a new poet had added a new image to poetry. Such a question, asked of Francis Thompson, would have an overwhelming answer. The opening of "The Hound of Heaven" is a torrent of images, all new and all wonderful. The opening of the poem "To my God-child" has a magnificent image (also as new as heart can desire)—the likeness of the earth swinging out of winter to a ship swinging into "azure roads." "Love in Dian's Lap" has, among a company of noble images, this of a woman's speech:

Deep in my heart subsides the infrequent word,  
And there dies slowly throbbing like a wounded bird.

"The Anthem of Earth" has this out of many:

Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge  
To the steep and trifid God.

And "Sister Songs," this, out of many more, addressed to a child:

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul;  
As hoarded in the vine  
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine.

Those who ask that a poet should contribute one new image must stand abashed before such plenty as this.

## An Immortal Soul

Moreover, Francis Thompson did more than restore the nobler—if the slenderer—part of the vocabulary of English poetry; he restored to religious poetry, or, rather, he joined another supreme poet of the time, Coventry Patmore, in restoring to religious poetry all—and more than all—the dignity, the beauty, and the greatness that had lapsed between the end of the seventeenth century and the end of the nineteenth. He is orthodox from within, and all through. Catholic theology, if (*par impossible*) it had disappeared without official documents, might be reconstructed from his poetry.

A Biographical Note and portrait are prefixed to this volume of Thompson's *Selected Poems*.                   A. M.

MR MALLOCK'S new book, *An Immortal Soul* (George Bell and Sons. 6s.), is, of course, as is all that he writes, extraordinarily thoughtful, brilliant and well-informed. It concerns that profound problem, known to psychologists as the phenomenon of "Alternating Personalities"; in fact, the whole book, novel though it professes to be, is little else than an exhaustive disquisition on this point, based, the author tells us, on undoubtedly scientific facts. The book, too, is a study of various types of strongly contrasted characters, and is full of those searching little sentences we expect from him, which set us chuckling aloud. "Mr Barton's manner was at that theological temperature which just divides zeal for God from the beginnings of courtesy to man." And again: "I thought" [says Lord Cotswold] "that, for a clergyman, he was listening to me with unusual patience." But it is, for all that, undoubtedly a book not to be given to the Young Person—not, we hasten to say, because of the faintest impropriety—but because it presents a set of psychological arguments against the unity and responsibility of the soul with extreme brilliance, and does not really present the other side with equal adequacy, in spite of an obvious attempt to do so. The fact is that "Mr Barton" is an Anglican cleric, and, therefore, it is impossible for Mr Mallock to do more for him than to put into

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his mouth, without real conviction, the regular theological answers, though these are given fairly enough; while, on the other side, Mr Mallock's own very vivid and shrewd personality has full play, both in his narrative and in his characters. It is of no use for the author to try to be perfectly fair—to give Mr Barton a tenor voice, a mystical soul and an imperious presence; the fact remains that Mr Barton is a sentimental donkey, and, as such, repels sympathy: his talks on Confirmation are alone sufficient "almost to persuade one not to be a Christian."

As regards the theme of the book, that is too vast and too intricate to be dealt with here. Mr Mallock himself suggests one or two lines on which the difficulty may be met, but washes his hands of them with brisk detachment. He flings the problem down and leaves it there; but it must be remembered first that the science of psychology is yet in its infancy; secondly, that the question of even simple insanity, as regards its bearing on moral responsibility, is still infinitely mysterious, and not at all decisive; thirdly, that, granted that normal life is easily understood to be a probation for the soul, there is no particular difficulty in believing that the underlying self may experience, in unusual circumstances, an unusual series of apparently detached probations. After all, "Alternating Personalities" are very uncommon phenomena; and no respectable scientist for an instant allows the presence of a "freak" to invalidate his belief in general laws of which he is convinced on other grounds.

B.

**A**T last, in *Christian Science before the Bar of Reason* (Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. Edited by Rev. A. S. Quinlan. Christian Press Association Publishing Co., New York. pp. 212), we have the book that is needed to put into the hands of anxious disciples of Mrs Eddy. In a recent article in this REVIEW it was suggested that we required a patient, painstaking book on this subject, not without humour, and now our need is satisfied. Fr Lambert is perfectly fair, perfectly courteous, and quite ruthless: he takes the dicta of one Mr McCrackan, sentence by sen-

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tence, dissects them, contrasts them, exposes them; again and again he complains of that well-known method of "Christian Scientists," of using the established phrases of Theism and Christianity in a novel sense; he shews the real confusion of thought underlying their definitions, and the almost numberless contradictions of their philosophy. Of course, the book will not touch persons whose reason has been superseded by sentiment, since these can always take up an impregnable position in a supposed "spirituality"; but for those who are not hypnotized by a whirl of vague words, the book will be invaluable. It is reprinted from the New York *Newman's Journal*, of which Fr Lambert is editor, and reproduces Mr McCrachan's own retorts to the original articles.

B.

THE translation of these two volumes (*The History of the Popes, from the close of the Middle Ages*. From the German of Dr Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Ralph Francis Kerr, of the London Oratory. Vols VII and VIII. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 12s. net per volume) is a legacy from the unwearying pen of the late Lady Amabel Kerr, edited by her son. The aim of the translator was to keep as closely as possible to the German, and its readable English dress speaks well for the easy style of the original. Both volumes have a full index of names and table of contents; an index of matter to a work indispensable to the student of papal history would have enhanced its usefulness for purposes of reference. The two volumes contain the story of Leo X's pontificate—one of the most momentous in Church history. If ever the Church needed a Captain of heroic mould at the helm of Peter's bark it was in the early decades of the sixteenth century; and Leo was no "heroic sailor-soul," but a weak, vacillating, pleasure-loving creature. Nero's fiddling accompaniment to a burning Rome was a harmless pastime compared with Leo's irresponsible frivolity whilst the spiritual Rome was ablaze. The whole of Northern Europe was in a state of volcanic eruption, threatening entire destruction of the Church there; Turks were battering at the gates of

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Christendom, and war was raging between Christian States, yet none of these grave matters must interfere with the Pope's banquets, plays of a kind to shock a Ferrara ambassador, sham fights and dances. In the daytime he attended a bull fight at which several men were killed, and on the evening of the same day lightheartedly sat at the play. Pastor's summing-up of this disastrous pontificate sounds a terrible indictment: "Under Alexander VI," he says, "there was certainly a greater depravity of morals, but it is hard to say whether the subtle worldliness of Leo X was not an evil more difficult to encounter and of greater danger to the Church." The darkness of this background can be happily relieved by a few rays of light.

Leo, as Cardinal and Pope, was of spotless morals and sincerely if not deeply pious. He heard Mass daily, always went to confession before saying his own Mass, and was rigidly punctual in the recitation of the Divine Office. Taking delight in the magnificent ceremonial of the Church, as we might gather from his natural character alone, his part in them was borne with dignity and reverence. Against the statement of Roscoe-Henke and Ranke it is proved that he confessed and was anointed before death, and if he did not receive Communion it was through physical weakness. The Holy Name was the last word upon his lips. It had also been his happy privilege to be concerned, more or less, in the Canonization of Saints Filippo Benizi, Francis of Paula, Laurence Justinian, the seven Franciscan Friars of Septa, John Capistran, and Antoninus, Archbishop of his beloved Florence. Clerics saying office will be often prayerfully reminded of him by his indulgence *Sacrosanctæ*. When he ascended the papal throne he set before his mind four important objects to be the work of his reign—the reform of the Church, the independence of the temporal power, peace among Christian princes and a Crusade against the Turks—all most excellent aims; but Leo, full of good intentions, lacked the decision and vigour of his predecessor, Julius II, to give them due effect. Continuing the Conciliar work of Julius, a very stringent Bull, in the ninth session of the

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Lateran Council, attacked a whole host of abuses in the Church and Curia, but, "searching as the bull appeared to be, yet it did not go far enough. In many instances it stopped short with half measures; what was still worse, most of its prescriptions remained on paper and were never put into practice." "The example set by the Roman Curia stood in the way of reform." "Leo himself, in particular cases, repeatedly disregarded the enactments of the Council." The independence and enlargement of the Papal States was the hinge on which turned Leo's political action. Pastor asserts that the accusation of nepotism urged against the Pope by Ranke, Gregorovius and Baumgarten as the principle of all his diplomacy, cannot be maintained, though he allows he was influenced, in a secondary degree, by family considerations. France from the North and Spain in the South were the two powers which threatened the independence of the Holy See and the freedom of the Peninsula, therefore the efforts of the Pope were directed towards counteracting the predominating influence of either. It taxed all his diplomatic skill, which was considerable, to fight two such clever monarchs as Charles V and Francis I, sometimes at war with each other to obtain Italian overlordship, and sometimes at peace to gain the same object; thus, in 1517, by secret clauses of a treaty, Northern and Central Italy, in the event of victory, were to be divided between them. Leo, in spite of his desire for the union and peace of Christian princes, must often have been delighted to see these two rivals at loggerheads; and he played off one against the other. He fought them with their own weapons of duplicity, "steering by two compasses" becoming a second nature to him. "Quite unabashed, he acted on the principle that, for the sake of being ready for every event, the conclusion of a treaty with one party need offer no obstacle to the conclusion of another in an opposite sense with his opponent." Roscoe thinks that if he had only lived a few years longer, he might have become strong enough to clear Italian soil altogether of the foreigner.

Allied to his duplicity in politics, intelligible in a

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secular prince but not admirable in a Pope, was a certain want of conscientiousness in the observance of the seventh commandment when rare books were in question. A copy of the first six books of the *Annals of Tacitus* had come into his possession, a manuscript which had "belonged originally to the monastery of Corvey, whence it was abstracted. In his passion for promoting classical studies, Leo had so few scruples with regard to the method of procuring his spoils, that, in one of the letters entrusted to Heitmers, he speaks quite openly of the abstraction of the manuscript, which had passed through many hands, and had, at length, come into his possession, and adds, for the Abbot's consolation: 'We have sent a copy of the revised and printed books, in a beautiful binding, to the Abbot and his monks, that they might place it in their library as a substitute for the one taken from it. But, in order that they may understand that this purloining has done them far more good than harm, we have granted them for their church a plenary indulgence.'" Surely a smile of grim humour must have played about the lips of the writer as he penned this letter, and let us hope, too, that a saving sense of humour helped the Father Abbot to bear his loss with equanimity.

Like his predecessors, Leo set to work very earnestly to organize an anti-Turkish Crusade; and here it may be observed that, if Christian princes had listened to the voice of Pope after Pope and acted on their exhortations, no Eastern question would have been troubling Europe to-day. They listened, indeed, to Leo in this instance, made promises and did nothing. On Henry VIII, soon to be created "Defender of the Faith," "the account of the Turkish peril made as much impression as if the occurrences were taking place in the Indies." When Hungary was severely pressed by the Turks, the Holy Father applied to the King of France for at least a subsidy of money. A most friendly letter came in reply, but no money. Nay, the European sovereigns did worse than nothing. Instead of banding together and opposing a united front to the enemy, they fought each other, and at times were in league with the

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common foe. Venice was the greatest offender of this kind; whilst pretending to favour the Crusades she forbade public processions ordered for its success, was in secret treaty with the Porte, and even basely communicating the plans and operations of the Christian Powers. Then there was the financial difficulty, Leo himself being hampered by the Urbano war and his own extravagance. It was said of him that he had eaten up three pontificates—"the treasury of Julius II, the revenues of his own pontificate and those of his successor." His Concordat with Francis I was another of his well-meant works imperfectly concluded. By this settlement "Leo purchased peace with Francis and preserved this most important member of Christendom within the unity of the Church," but with heavy sacrifices. By the Concordat, "the supreme authority of the Papacy was again recognized in France, and this country, which had taken up a schismatic position, was linked anew to the Holy See. This momentous result was certainly bought at such a costly price that, perhaps, it may be spoken of as a pyrrhic victory." The Concordat was "very soon abused as an engine of oppression and far-reaching injury to the Church." Nor was this Pope more successful with the Roman University, in which he took a special pride and interest. He strove hard to prop up the failing institution. With a liberal gift of funds and a staff of illustrious professors all promised a fair and prosperous career, but it ended in failure, partly through the calamitous state of the finances and partly through "the often irresponsible way in which Leo X distributed his too open-handed patronage and support."

Leo's name has been identified with a brilliant intellectual epoch; but here, too, Pastor will discount his fame. By attending to schemes of lesser importance he rather hindered than advanced that great movement started by his predecessors, and his predilection being for the decorative arts as conducing to the pleasures of life, he lacked the taste and understanding of Julius II for the imaginative and greater arts. Nevertheless, even with the drawback of a wholesale undiscriminating patronage of

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worthless as well as worthier men, he was undoubtedly a stimulating force, not only in Italy but throughout Europe, for all that was intellectual, and his persistent patronage of Raphael must be laid to his credit. The halo that still surrounds his name is the reflection of the glory cast about it by a swarm of flatterers who regarded him only in the light of a secular prince, the munificent patron of art and literature. Whilst weighing his character in the scales, Pastor never forgets that Leo is a Pope, and therefore he demands different weights. That he should have been popular in his lifetime is not surprising when we recognize the graces of his natural character. Although of an unprepossessing appearance, his melodious voice, a pleasing flow of eloquence, a great charm of manner springing from real kindliness of heart and a dislike of saying "No," especially to a request for money, made intercourse with him delightful. Such is the picture painted of this celebrated man by the author of the two volumes before us, a picture drawn largely from materials in the secret archives of the Vatican, so wisely thrown open by the late Pope. The result, we feel sure, will redound, in the long run, to the good of the Church as the lover and teacher of truth.

P. H.

**T**HE problem of the Man in the Iron Mask appears to possess an interest as undying as that of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and it seems fated to evoke the same rather lawless logic. In his recent contribution to the subject (*The Man of the Mask*. By Arthur Stapylton Barnes. Smith & Elder. 10s. 6d. net), Monsignor Barnes sets forth, in attractive style, an interesting and unhackneyed, though not absolutely original, theory. He sees in the mysterious prisoner none other than James la Cloche—or De la Cloche—the eldest illegitimate son of Charles II, whose career cannot be clearly traced beyond 1668, in which year he visited the English court under the name of Henri de Rohan. In November, De la Cloche, or James Stuart, as he was often and more fitly named, left London on a secret mission from the King to the General

## The Man of the Mask

of the Jesuits in Rome. Thenceforward all definite record of him ceases; he can be traced neither at the Court, where, in blood if not in law, he might have held so high a place, nor yet in the Society of Jesus, which he had entered as a novice, preferring the divine quest and vision to earthly ambition. A claimant to his name and privileges did, indeed, come forward in Naples, but his story, though plausible, does not carry conviction. More consonant with what is known of James Stuart's character is the conjecture favoured by Lord Acton and Mr Pollock, which shows us a dubious glimpse of him amid the panic madness of the "Popish Plot" agitation.

The fact remains that clear knowledge of James Stuart ceases in 1668. Monsignor Barnes presents a very ingenious theory connecting him with the masked prisoner of Sainte Marguerite, but, unfortunately, his chain is of assumption linked to assumption, with scarcely a fact to strengthen it. Putting aside the question as to whether the captive brought from Dunkirk to Pignerol in 1669 was ever the Man in the Mask at all, there is still the need of proving that this captive was James Stuart. But Monsignor Barnes has an imagination which makes little of difficulties. He assumes, what, indeed, is not unlikely, that the mission of the young Jesuit was connected with James of York's open avowal of Catholicism. He points out that in January, 1669, when there was just time for an answer to be received from Rome, an important meeting was held at the Duke of York's lodgings, at which the King himself consulted certain trusted counsellors as to the means of bringing back England to the Catholic faith. After which he finds it simple to conclude that the messenger to whom Charles alludes in a letter to "Madame," dated January 20, must needs be James Stuart, though the wording of the letter would seem, to the ordinary mind, incapable of such an interpretation. He proceeds to identify his hero with the Abbé Pregnani, whose rather ignominious appearance as an astrologer gave food for mirth to the sceptic court. Pregnani vanishes from sight after his failure in England, and Monsignor Barnes infers that, as the repository of dangerous State secrets, he

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was suppressed by Louis XIV, who was unaware that he was dealing with his ally's eldest and favourite son.

Monsignor Barnes is much in earnest with his theory; he has evidently no intention of special pleading, and he has brought a considerable amount of close study to bear on his subject. His method, however, is not one to carry conviction; he is far too prone to accept just so much of a statement as serves his purpose, and discard the rest as a "fairy tale." He is above the constraint of dates, being apt to decide for himself that an anecdote of 1679 ought to refer to 1672, and his translation of his French authorities and his cyphers appears sometimes slightly arbitrary. Neither can his more general historical opinions be accepted without reserve; his assertion, for instance, that Charles' motives for the secret Treaty of Dover were more religious than political remains merely an assertion; while his portrait of the King as a well-intentioned but timid individual is distinctly novel.

On the whole, in spite of the clever dove-tailing of possibilities, the book, thoughtful and well written though it is, fails to satisfy the critic that the final solution of the problem has been reached. The "iron mask," which was only velvet, still baffles scrutiny as in its wearer's day.

D. M.

**T**HREE is no careless inattention to any facts—moral, political, social, or legal—in *Diana Mallory* by Mrs Humphry Ward (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.); none of the almost impertinent indifference to common-sense or accuracy that even our first-class novelists betray quite often. Here, too, is a well-built plot, good development and excellent situations, also much beautiful writing in description of Nature. The work has been well done for us and constantly compels admiration, but yet we ask ourselves why it does not compel warmer feelings, why there is a certain weariness and irritation while reading it, and so faint an impression of the whole left on the mind. Coleridge said that Shakespeare left the characters of his dramas to be inferred, he did not tell them. Mrs

## Diana Mallory

Humphry Ward is always telling us the characters she describes, because she thinks about them more than she feels with them. In fiction it is impossible to give such pure presentation as is possible in the drama; in fiction the characters must of necessity be told to a certain extent. Yet the more, under necessary limitations, they speak and act without explanation the more they live to us, and move us with their sorrows and their joys. But it is not only that we are told too much, but in Mrs Humphry Ward's work we are too often told the wrong things. "There is nothing," wrote Mr Chesterton, "so fiercely realistic as sentiment and emotion. Thought and the intellect are content to accept abstractions and summaries and generalizations. But sentiment must have reality." It is the summaries and generalizations that even in George Eliot at times suddenly distract us from emotion to reflection, from the real to the abstract.

A comment or an illustration, need not be an abstraction or generalization. On page 284 there is a very fine picture of Oliver Marsham's struggle between love and selfishness. He has written a disgraceful letter opening with the sentence, "I asked you to be my wife and I stand by my word," in which he has told Diana Mallory that their marriage will be his worldly ruin. Then he becomes utterly ashamed. He looks again at one sentence, "I don't regret it for myself," and he mutters, "Damned humbug." He sees the nobler way open to him, and his heart struggles to be true to itself.

He groaned as he thought of Diana. . . . Had she slept? Had the tears stopped? Let him tear up the beastly thing and begin again!

No. His head fell forward on his arm. Some dull weight of character—of disillusion—interposed. He could do no better. He shut, stamped, and posted what he had written.

"He could do no better." There is a whole history of moral failure in the past in that one comment which affects us with the force and simplicity of real tragedy. But take another moment when Diana is suffering and we are suffering with her. It is intended that we should reach the high-water mark of feeling, but at the very moment of

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emotion our tears are dried up by the effort of thought, whether we are antagonistic or sympathetic to the scientific theory that is dragged into what should be simple description.

The only thought which seemed to soothe the torture of imagination was the thought stamped on her brain tissue by the long inheritance of centuries—the thought of Christ on Calvary. "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The words repeated themselves again and again. She did not pray in words. But her agony crept to the foot of what has become through the action and interaction of two thousand years, the typical and representative agony of the world, and clinging there made wild appeal like the generations before her, to a God in whose hands lie the creatures of His will.

Thus we are made to examine Diana's brain tissues instead of sharing her heartache. And the result is that for the moment Diana becomes an abstraction instead of an individual. She becomes a specimen labelled: "Girl. Hereditary Christian descent. Condition of brain tissues result of action and interaction of 2,000 years."

But in fairly large tracts of the book both Diana and Oliver (more fortunate than the other characters) escape this too great analysis, and then Diana has a quite convincing charm and Oliver presents to us the living enigma of a character not to be trusted, united to a personality that should belong to a nobler type. The will has, in fact, failed both mind and heart as life went on.

Might not that easy trap to the ordinary novelist, a story told in the first person, be a fresh opportunity for Mrs Ward to show us the full strength of her great powers, whilst the method would save her from the plague of "abstractions, summaries and generalizations"? S.

**T**HE power of taking a philosophical view of life as a whole, of looking at men and women as they stand to the storied past and the complex present, is a rare gift: but the gift of true wit and humour is almost as rare. It is a rare gift to be able to make us weep, but one still more rare to make us laugh truly and intelligently. It is difficult

## Mamma

to exaggerate the good done in this sad world by the real laughter provoked by such a story as Miss Broughton's *Mamma* (Macmillan. 6s.). It is the freshest, lightest satire, mordant but not bitter or unkind. "Mamma" diffuses her atmosphere throughout, an atmosphere so courteous, so tactful, so seemly and charming, that, although we know that she was a monster of selfishness, we don't feel really angry. Mamma wanted everybody to be quite happy and comfortable; it made life so much pleasanter for everybody to feel pleasant. And she succeeded so well that in spite of her "gently resolute invalidhood" and her utter self-absorption she did brighten the lives of her married children far better than many a moiling and toiling, tactless mother might have done. She was the idol of the family; to worship her was a religion not without its superstitions and its tradition. It was an understood thing on the part of the three married daughters, who had homes of their own, that no fate could be happier than to live with Mamma. To sleep in Mamma's room, to write Mamma's business letters, to push Mamma's heavy bath-chair, to entertain Mamma's tiresome guests, and to leave Mamma alone with the amusing visitors, to read Mamma to sleep, to be memory and eyesight and doormat to Mamma, had been the happy lot of her youngest daughter for fourteen years when the story opens. There had been a moment, indeed four days, when life had been different. Yes, Lucia

had once known some one of the name of Carruthers, though for fourteen years his name had never been mentioned to her by her family. Yet he had not done anything very disgraceful. He had only asked her to marry him, when, of course, he ought to have known that she could not possibly leave Mamma. He was the only man in Lucia's thirty-one years' experience who had never seemed to see Mamma when she, Lucia, was present. He had asked her so strenuously that he had actually made it seem possible to her, and there had been a ring and several kisses, and a few plans.

The whole area covered by these conditions had been only four days, and then the three married sisters had rushed in and rushed up. Sarah, who was in Spain, had taken a special train the moment

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she heard of it, and they had sat and stood round her, and demonstrated to her the monstrosity of leaving Mamma quite alone in her state of health. Of course, had Lucia been thirty-one, as she was now, instead of heedless selfish seventeen, she would have seen the criminality of the proposal as clearly as did the other three. Mamma had not said much, but she had just drooped and flagged. And Jane had been deputed to interview the young man; and he had been violent, and not gentlemanlike in the things he had said about Mamma, which Jane would not repeat even to Anne and Sarah; and the ring had been returned, and the kisses had not been returned, and the whole thing had blown over, and there never had been anything like it at all again; and Sarah had given Lucia twenty pounds on her next birthday to buy herself a fur stole; and Mamma had bloomed gently out again; and everybody, with perhaps one exception, was pleased.

We feel deeply for Lucia, but with all comfortable assurance of her future happiness. For there is in the book the light comedy touch which means a happy ending without, however, any actual burlesque unless in the case of Freddy and his lady friends. Such wine needs no bush, but it is open to wonder whether many of those who will delight in the book and its breezy atmosphere ("breezy," by the way, was Mamma's happy description of the "bounder" artist Hatton) will stop to reflect on what a very remarkable talent it displays.

It is an essential part of such a talent to hide the skill that has been used in overcoming the difficulties of the task. But the old French saying, "Il faut beaucoup d'art pour retourner à la Nature," is very true of *Mamma*. S.

**I**N a long historical work there is always a danger of the facts and authorities becoming too much for the vividness and life-like character of the whole. Mr Belloc's *The Eye-witness* (Eveleigh Nash. 5s. net) claims to be merely a series of descriptions of isolated scenes, and thus avoids this danger. Very vivid scenes they generally are, brought before the mind's eye by a carefulness in detail which yet does not overweight them. There is a tantalizing quality in nearly all, for they break off—sometimes, perhaps, almost

## The Eye-witness

too abruptly—when the attention is most awakened and the interest most keen.

There is an admirable description, in an early paper, of an old pagan left almost alone in his refusal to be carried away by the new inrushing tide of the Faith, just pictured to us in the Christian as abject and despised:

But the old man [it concludes] in the darkness of his little room, through the open arch of which came the slight noise of the sea against the wall below, lay sleepless many hours, his head upon his hand, remembering all his great learning told him of the past and of this greatness of the past, and accepting, as men accept death, the end of all that had lent humanity to his world. Then, as drowsiness came upon him, he murmured to himself the high verse which for now so many hundred years had comforted the Roman soul and given it dignity in the face of dissolution.

In the account of Roncevalles, the picture of the peaceful and lovely country, the army within sight of safety after many perils, and then the awful catastrophe, is fine and convincing. The sequel of the battle is thus described:

Long before the dawn the inhuman noise of that forest ebbed into silence and was done. The Basques slept by fires undisturbed, and every man of the great Gaulish host, their enemy, was dead. Then for days and days the gold and the steel, the weapons and the horses, the worked timber and the ivory and the lovely gems—all the arts of Christendom—laboriously found [their] way up tiny mountain paths into the secret places of the Pyrenees.

A few of the essays—as the “Saxon School” and the “Night after Hastings”—fail in effectiveness and are below the general level of the book. And sometimes, too, the author forgets that he is an eye-witness seeing things as they passed at the time, and not an historian looking back on them years afterwards. After a striking description of the escape of James II down the Thames at night, comes, with a shock of surprise to the reader:

It was in this way that the unity of English Kingship, founded upon one theory of right and succession for six hundred years, was dissolved, and that the last attempt to found a strong executive in England to curb the rich and to sustain all against the few was washed away.

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But such lapses from the position Mr Belloc has taken up are rare. What is quite unavoidable in such a series of "living pictures" is that assertion must take the place of any kind of argument—any weighing of pros and cons. But when this is understood it will not diminish the enjoyment with which one reads the book, even if disagreeing with one or two of the author's views.

M. W.

MRS MAXWELL SCOTT'S *Madame Elizabeth de France* (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net) is the simple and unadorned record of events so tragic and moving in themselves that they need no more than the mere telling to stir our compassion and horror. We see in this memoir the whole drama of the French Revolution, up to her death in 1792, through the eyes of the young sister of Louis XVI. From the first she was devoted to her brother, and the picture of her happy domestic life with him and Marie Antoinette and their children seems to us almost too good to be true, seen in the light of their subsequent terrible fate. We see Madame Elizabeth at Montreuil, the home the King gave her for her own, caring for the poor, tending the sick with her own hands, full of kindness and graceful attention to her dependants. She was at this time twenty-one years of age. She was just thirty when she died the death of a Saint by the guillotine in 1792.

Madame Elizabeth seems to have been more alive to the state of things in Paris than the strangely blind King and Queen. Her letters to her beloved Madame de Bombelles at this time show how great were her forebodings and misgivings. One comment she makes is interesting, showing the sacredness of the Royal persons in their own eyes. She "regretted the Queen's willingness to show herself in public and the fact that she drove to Paris without any ceremony. Even the walks on the terrace at Versailles in summer, when Marie Antoinette allowed herself to be surrounded by the crowd, were subjects of anxiety to her. She feared that 'If Sovereigns descended often to the people, the people would approach near enough to see

## Madame Elizabeth de France

that the Queen was only a pretty woman, and that they would merely conclude the King was the first among officials.””

Madame Elizabeth was always steadfast, wise and saintly, and one cannot doubt for a moment that her influence it was that enabled the King and Queen to suffer indignities and death with such grandeur.

Mrs Maxwell Scott never embroiders, but the quiet charm of her language conveys a clear and full impression. She never attempts to describe the events outside the immediate family circle. We see it all through their eyes. It is truly a limited horizon, even during the prosperity, but within the prison walls of the Temple such acts of heroic resignation, of humility and forgiveness were achieved, that we surely may believe the pride and selfishness of many generations were expiated by the five Royal victims of the people.

The writer of this sketch has dug deep in the rich mine of contemporary memoirs. It is from the Abbé Edgeworth's own account of the King's last hours that she draws her own narrative. From M. de Beauchesne's *Louis XVII* she takes this interesting fact. “Sanson [the chief executioner] never recovered from the King's execution. He came down from the scaffold more dead than alive and each time in future that he had to perform his awful functions he suffered greatly. He retired into private life in 1795. As soon as the churches were opened for public worship, he had Mass said for the King on each anniversary of the fatal day, and after his death his son, Henri Sanson, who had succeeded to his father's office, also succeeded to his work of reparation and yearly assisted at Mass with all his family on 21st January.””

The King's separation and death is the first break in the family circle. Till then, however great the sufferings and indignities, they were at least shared with each other. But after the King's death came the terrible separation of Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth, “his second mother,” from the Dauphin; their discovery, worse than any other trial, of the cruelty of his treatment at the

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hands of Simon; then the arrest and execution of Marie Antoinette, of which Madame Elizabeth remained ignorant till she herself was on her way to her own death. The King and Queen were both assisted by the Sacraments; Madame Elizabeth was deprived even of this last consolation.

Mrs Maxwell Scott quotes M. de Beauchesne as her authority for Madame Elizabeth's having at her last trial answered to her judge's question of "What is your name?" "I am called Elizabeth Marie de France, sister of Louis XVI, aunt of Louis XVII, your King." We know that Louis XVI felt acutely the indignity of speaking of the Queen as "my wife" to his persecutors, but had submitted in this as in all things for her sake and the children's. Now when both are murdered and the little King is kept in poverty and degradation, and she herself is on her way to the scaffold to appease the hatred of the people, we feel the worthiness of Madame Elizabeth's proud assertion of her kinship with Kings.

C.B.

HARNACK'S contribution to the Synoptic problem *Die Sprüche Jesu* has now appeared in English, uniform with *Luke the Physician (The Sayings of Jesus, the second source of St Matthew and St Luke)*. By Adolf Harnack, transl. by Rev. J. R. Wilkinson. Williams & Norgate, 1908. pp. 316. 6s.). It is natural that Harnack, who has worked his way back to the study of the first century from that of the Patristic period, should bitterly complain of the *a priori* and unscholarly ways of New Testament critics in his own country. His words are notable, for he has by no means wholly freed himself from the failings of those whom he describes, though he deserves great credit for the comparative sanity of his methods.

The situation here is the same as in the case of a dozen other important problems of the criticism of the Gospels: men soar away into sublime discussions concerning the meaning of "the kingdom of God," the "Son of man," "Messiahship," etc., and occupy themselves with investigation into the "history of religion," and with problems of genuineness, in the light of "higher" criticism

## The Sayings of Jesus

(as if the critic were inspired with absolute knowledge of historical matters from some secret source); while the "lower" problems, whose treatment involves real scavenger's labour in which one is almost choked with dust, are passed by on the other side (p. xii).

A long note on the page which follows contains an indictment yet more scathing, because more detailed. It is attached to these words of the text: "Hence the wretched plight in which the criticism of the Gospels finds itself in these days, and indeed has always found itself":

This wretched state of affairs is apparent above all in the case of those who are compelled to take their knowledge of the criticism of the New Testament at second-hand, or have condemned themselves to this unassuming intellectual position. They are like reeds swaying with the blasts of the most extreme and mutually exclusive hypotheses, and find everything in this connection which is offered them "very worthy of consideration." To-day they are ready to believe that there was no such person as Jesus, while yesterday they regarded Him as a neurotic visionary, shown to be such with convincing force by His own words, if only these are rightly interpreted, which words, by the way, have been excellently transmitted by tradition. To-morrow He has become for them an Essene, as may be proved likewise from His own words; and yet the day before yesterday none of these words were His own; and perhaps on the very same day it was accounted correct to regard Him as belonging to some Greek sect of esoteric Gnostics—a sect which still remains to be discovered, and which, with its symbols and sacraments, represented a religion of a chaotic and retrograde character, nay, exercised a beneficial influence upon the development of culture. Or rather, He was an anarchist monk like Tolstoi; or still better, a genuine Buddhist, who had, however, come under the influence of ideas originating in ancient Babylon, Persia, Egypt, and Greece; or, better still, He was the eponymous hero of the mildly revolutionary and moderately radical fourth estate in the capital of the Roman world. It is evident, forsooth, that He *may possibly* have been all of these things, and may be assumed to have been one of them. If, therefore, one only keeps hold of all these reins, naturally with a loose hand, one is shielded from the reproach of not being up to date, and this is more important by far than the knowledge of the facts themselves, which, indeed, do not so much concern us, seeing that in this twentieth century we must, of course,

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wean ourselves from a contemptible dependence upon history in matters of religion.

Such sarcasm is more effective in the mouth of one who, like Harnack, is a leader of Liberalism in religion, than it could be in that of the most learned Catholic scholar. It is obviously well deserved; and Dr Harnack himself in the present study has confined himself to the "scavenger's task" of examining text, style, vocabulary, etc., of the document with which he is concerned, and to which he gives the now recognized name of Q—it is the name for the common source of St Matthew and St Luke where they are not following St Mark. The analysis is very valuable, though some of the deductions are over sanguine. We cannot tell how much more was in this common source than we possess in the quotations of it by the two evangelists; nor can we tell what Matthew or Luke have singly borrowed from it where they relate independent incidents and discourses. Consequently, it is not easy to give any judgement on the nature and end of the original Q, though it does seem to have been rather a collection of discourses than a biography. Harnack places it earlier than the siege of Jerusalem and than St Mark. He does not venture to speak certainly as to our right to identify its Aramaic original with the original Hebrew Gospel of St Matthew, of which Papias's Presbyter spoke. An appendix on the original form of Matt. xi, 27, Luke x, 22: "No man knoweth the Son but the Father," etc., argues from evidence so inadequate and so inaccurately stated that the ingenious result is quite valueless. But the book as a whole is one of the most methodical and informing of recent discussions of the Synoptic problem, and the statistics accumulated in it are most precious. The extracts just cited will show that the English version retains a certain German flavour in its style.

C.

A LITTLE book on *The Greek Fathers*, by Dr Adrian Fortescue (C.T.S., 1908. 255 pp. 2s. 6d. net), is interesting in matter and manner, and sometimes shows a personal knowledge of the East which is at once enlivens-

## The Greek Fathers

ing and unusual. It contains the lives of the seven Saints who are reverenced by us Westerns as Doctors of the Church. The fact that Dr Fortescue has written a history of the Orthodox Church implies that his reading has been wide, and his literary capacity is shown by an excellent translation of a hymn of St John Damascene. In the present unassuming work, at the end of each biography, a careful list is given of the Saint's works, with the titles in full in Greek, accompanied by a bibliography. We are thus led to expect something better than the pleasant inaccuracy of a mere popular manual. A close examination is very disappointing. The book abounds in inaccuracies of a most disconcerting and unaccountable kind, which, unfortunately, lay it open to severe criticism, as will be seen from the selected examples which follow. Most of the names are spelt according to the Greek. But we find, regularly and repeatedly, Eusebeios, Makrine, Annesos, Dianeios, Olympios, though the Greek forms are Εὐσέβιος, Μακρίνη, Ἀννησοί, Διάνιος, Ὁλυμπός. "Eusebeios" is especially astonishing, as there is no commoner name in the Patristic period, and it necessarily occurs very often in the book. "Propyleia" may possibly be the printer's fault, but Prohairesios, Heteromusios and ἑτερομούσιος (for ἑτερούσιος) seem to be intentional. It is quite correct to write Markellos, Maximos, Paulinos, though it looks extremely odd. But it is an exaggeration in the opposite direction to employ the modern incorrect spelling Anomeans and Manicheans, for Anomoeans and Manichaeans. The Latin name Ariminum occurs more than once as Ariminium. We are told that St Basil "uses, of course, the language of his time. The dual and optative mood had disappeared long ago. It would have been absurd affectation to revive them in the fourth century." Yet it suffices to run the finger down the pages of the Fathers of that century, in order to assure oneself that this confident statement is untrue as regards the optative. It is a fact that in the New Testament it is already uncommon, but it was especially affected by Atticising writers for centuries, and it is still used by Photius in the ninth century. Again, the dates given for

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St Athanasius on pp. 8, 10, 16 and 38-9 are quite inconsistent with one another. Some of the historical statements need correction. Nestorius was deposed in the first session of the Council of Ephesus, and not on the following day. Pope Liberius was not deposed by the Arian Council of Milan. St Athanasius did not appeal to Pope Julius—it was the Eusebians who did this, and then regretted their action, disregarding the Pope's summons to Rome, which the Saint obeyed. Of wider assertions two instances will suffice. We are assured that only three saints ever sat on the Patriarchal throne of Constantinople. But the Roman Martyrology contains as many as thirteen, and the Bollandist Cuperus upholds the right of nineteen more to the title of Saint. "If a monk wanted to receive a Sacrament (it was not a very common occurrence) he came out of his solitude and went to the nearest priest." Does not St Basil (with regard to whose monastic life these words occur) himself tell us in one of his best-known letters: "All the monks in deserts, where there is no priest, reserve the Sacrament at home, and communicate themselves"? Basil's own community must have had both Mass and Communion four times a week, like the rest of the people of Cappadocia. One does not like to see it thus suggested that the Fathers of Monachism did not found their system of sanctification on the Sacraments of the Church. It is not inconsistent with this criticism of Dr Fortescue's strange carelessness to add that he has put together much interesting matter, and has written some charming descriptions. JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

**I**N these days of an Indian epidemic of bombs and assassination any but the most methodical of readers will instinctively turn, in *The Real India*, by J. D. Rees, C.I.E., M.P. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net) to the chapters where the author discusses "Unrest." What are the causes of the disaffection prevailing amongst considerable numbers of the population, and what are its remedies? These are questions which every book on contemporary India must attempt to answer. Mr Rees attributes the movement mainly to the

## The Real India

European education given in the Government schools and universities, an education which destroys the old faiths and traditional principles of India, and puts nothing in their place. Few who know anything of India will be inclined to differ from him. It is now many years since Baron von Hübner, the Austrian diplomatist, was impressed by this growing evil. But the education problem is part of the fundamental difficulty, becoming every year more critical, of combining Eastern and Western ideals and methods in the Western Government of Eastern nations. Though the English position in India is justified by the past, by the deep divisions amongst the many peoples under one rule, and by their desire to profit by the material civilization of Europe, still it cannot but be abnormal that a population of 300,000,000 should be governed by some 1,500 officials of an entirely alien race. Mr Rees is, perhaps, inclined to overlook this difficulty. Long residence in a country and active participation in its government no doubt accustom a man to a situation which cannot help seeming strange to the much-derided "cool weather tourist." There are many faults in the present educational system. The schemes of study are much too ambitious and the standard of actual attainment much too low. The examination system seems almost at its worst in India. Efforts are at present being made to remedy some of these defects, but we shall never be able to shut on the "Indian" the doors of European knowledge. Mr Rees thinks we could and should have done so from the first; he would have had us govern India far more definitely and completely on Oriental lines, and in some very interesting chapters he shows us the happiness which can be found in the Hindu family unspoilt by the interference of the West, and in the native States which he knows so well. Yet once we undertook the overlordship of India a mingling of East and West was unavoidable. No Government can be content with simply "keeping the parish constable walking," great as the task of imposing habits of peace must be in a country like India. A Government, especially a foreign Government, must have other credentials. At first these lay in the

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memory of past anarchy, but as the years go on the past is forgotten, even in India. It is only in the more recently annexed provinces, in Oudh for instance, that the old mis-government is remembered. We cannot be always asking our Indian fellow subjects to look backwards; we should not be of the West unless we looked forward. Our administration is mainly Oriental in that it is from above, and the peace of the country depends on its stability. It was through the educational system that we seemed to suggest possible developments, to open a window on to the future. It is hard to see how we could have done otherwise, though no doubt India has suffered from the exuberant mid-Victorian confidence in "Education." If there is any truth in an article which has recently appeared in *The Quarterly*, the future Government of India will require the greatest tact, patience and wisdom, and this not only in those who are directly responsible for it, but from the people at home. Mr Rees' book would perhaps be more entirely convincing if it were a little less "official" in tone, but it forms a valuable antidote to much mischievous literature, and it will help to create that well-informed, and, let us hope, that wise public opinion on Indian subjects which has never been more necessary than at the present moment.

F. F. U.

"**I** TRY to look at everything honestly," said Kelmarsh, and Miss Johnstone answered, "I believe you do." And no one who has read *The Spirit of Revolt* by Philip Gibbs (Methuen. 6s.) can doubt that he has the same claim on our faith that his hero had upon his friends. And it is a vast range of characters and of subjects that he does look at honestly in this book, not perhaps probing any of one or the other to the bottom, but taking his questions frankly, his portraits with actuality. There is Kelmarsh the young labour member with a mind nourished on Voltaire and Rousseau; there is Daniel Dunstan, M.P., with few theories and many facts, who is his leader in the House; there is a rather morbid suffragette, a living little actress, a very touching comedy actor; there is an old Catholic family which

## The Great Miss Driver

supplies another heroine as a pendant to the actress, there is a good lodging-house keeper with several well-drawn lodgers and a delightful slavey. All these men and women are alive and act naturally, while the number of questions touched on in the book are not insisted upon to the detriment of the story. There is sturdy realism only occasionally misapplied, as in certain passages, notably on p. 93, when vulgar details threaten to make poor little Susy seem commoner than she really was. On the whole, probably what the book lacks is atmosphere, but we did not feel the absence of background in the author's general view of life while we were thrilled by the story. It came as a cold reflection on looking back when Kelmarsh and Susy were well through their troubles.

S.

IT is now entirely unfashionable to be shocked, and it needs some strength of mind to avow it, whereas some sixty years ago it often needed strength of mind to avow that you were not shocked when people in general were suffering from that sensation. That the public has not experienced that sensation in reading the story of *The Great Miss Driver* by Anthony Hope (Methuen. 6s.) proves how entirely such a feeling, with regard to the personages in fiction at least, has passed away. That Miss Driver's county forgave her moral lapse was obviously due to the influence of the immense fortune old Nick Driver had accumulated. That her secretary, who tells her story, was merciful to her seems accounted for by the fact that he was in love with her. But ought we to forgive her? There seems to us so little to tempt us to forgive. In spite of all the skill and experience shown in her portrait, painted by a hand that has laboured more earnestly (but much more heavily than usual) in spite of the clever suggestion of Queen Elizabeth as a prototype for Miss Driver, there is no charm or power in her to beguile us against our judgement into a merciful view of her story.

Probably this is partly because the scale of the book is wrong. Before now Anthony Hope has so completely fascinated us by books in which the scale was diminished

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while the principal rôles remained the same. Still, Ruritania supplied enough of kingship to call out qualities that would have been sufficient to revolutionize empires, and the hero of *The King's Mirror* had all the weight of real sovereignty to make his head lie uneasy on his pillow.

But in the great Miss Driver the ambitions, the achievements, the loss of power and its return are all connected with small social successes in a dull county, and a self-seeking popularity in a manufacturing town. The setting reacts on the character, and the mean selfishness, the want of common morality, the love of managing, which brought great results in the history of Queen Bess, are simply tiresome when told of Miss Driver.

Without wishing to set down aught in malice, it seems to us that Jenny Driver loved herself not wisely but too well, that her fall was without the excuse of a great temptation and her repentance wholly inadequate. S.

ONE of the chief difficulties in the way of engaging in social work is to know where to start. To meet this difficulty, Mrs Crawford has written a book, rather fancifully entitled *Ideals of Charity* (Sands. 2s. 6d.) It is a practical handbook for social beginners, but addressed exclusively to women. This gives it a pleasant air of familiarity—the male reader is sometimes conscious of being alone in a gathering of ladies—and the author can say what is in her mind.

"True, as regards the building of churches and schools," she writes on page 2, "and almsgiving in its narrower interpretation, Catholics have little to reproach themselves with. It is in the wider sphere of educational and social activity, in all that is conveniently summed up in the phrase 'social service,' that we Catholic women have as yet failed to fill the place that should be ours by right."

But Mrs Crawford has too much in hand to waste time scolding the laggards. She assumes an army of willing workers, and proceeds to describe every kind of social work for women, with just the proper combination of practical detail with theory and sentiment to make her book not

## From Montaigne to Molière

only useful, but immensely entertaining and suggestive. She displays, as would be expected, intimate knowledge of the character of the poor, and many will be saved from failure and disappointment by following her advice.

"We do not intrude ourselves," she writes of district visiting, "uninvited, at inconvenient hours, on our well-to-do friends, and it is difficult to see why our poorer neighbours should be treated in their own houses with less courtesy."

Elsewhere she says, in reference to the Catholic Needle-work Guild, "Some people imagine anything will *do* for the poor, but it won't do. A badly cut garment will drag and split at the seams the first time its wearer does any hard work. I myself have seen the most impossibly-shaped articles of clothing sent in to the 'poor stall' of a bazaar that no normal human being could get into."

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the discussion of some of the many problems of poverty, but Mrs Crawford's object is rather to excite intelligent interest—and in this she admirably succeeds—than to propound her own theories.

The only serious defect—but one that can easily be remedied in future editions—is the absence of a sufficient index and of any table of the societies and institutions to which the author refers. Thus a list of convents at which retreats for working girls are given, would add greatly to the value of the excellent chapter on the subject. The addition, too, of a small bibliography would be very helpful.

V.

THE gradual preparation for the Classical Age of French Literature is the large subject of Mr Arthur Tilley's *From Montaigne to Molière* (Murray. 5s.) It is the history of the growth of authoritative literary criticism, of the perfecting of style, of the love of art rather than of life. It is the triumph of the "preference for a language which makes a sparing use of images, which is abstract rather than concrete, and which, in fine, is the expression of thought rather than of vision."

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That love of order, lucidity, logical expression, personal dignity and good taste were racial qualities is very evident as Mr Tilley traces with much human interest the history of French literature from the last days of the *Pléiade* to the last days of the *Précieuses*. The influence of Malherbe in the first case and of Boileau and Molière in the last had behind them the easily won sympathy of their countrymen. The first chapter of *From Montaigne to Molière* describes the victory of order and the growth of political unity under Henry IV, and it is followed by a brilliant and sympathetic sketch of the Catholic revival of the seventeenth century—an age that “not satisfied with recording the lives of past saints produced new ones.” Next comes The Hôtel Rambouillet, and the Organisation of Society, leading up to the foundation of the French Academy. Corneille settling down into literary bondage is the chief subject of Chapter VII, which is quite singularly interesting, although his final submission to the Unities may well sadden the hearts of Shakespeare’s countrymen.

Mr Tilley in his enthusiasm for the great French classics does not mourn over imagination in bonds as heartily as might be expected from his clear estimate of what “stuff” was lost in the victory of “fashioning”:

The victory was not achieved without loss. In the Classical Age we miss some qualities which were not to return for many a long year. Imagination and emotion were, of course, not wholly absent, for literature cannot exist without them; but reason held them in severe check. Especially do we miss that primary function of the imagination which consists in seeing images, in calling up at will the outward appearance of things. In a word, literature becomes abstract instead of concrete. This is especially noticeable in the language. It is more logical, but less picturesque. It appeals to the intellect directly instead of through the imagination. “En nostre langage,” says Montaigne, “je trouve assez d'estoffe, mais un peu faute de façon.” The “fashioning” was now perfect, but there was some loss of “stuff.” But whatever the loss, the victory was complete. At last French writers had surprised the secret, not only of classical literature, but of all abiding literature and all

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abiding art; that it is founded upon two principles, truth to Nature, and truth to the ideal of the individual artist.

But can there be truth to Nature and truth to the ideal of the individual artist when imagination and emotion are merely "not wholly absent" and when literature has "become abstract instead of concrete"?

## PUBLICATIONS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 1908

THE output of the Catholic Truth Society during the year that has just closed has been at least as great as that of any previous year, in spite of increasing demands upon its finances.

Among the most recent of the year's publications are the first instalments of a new and important series on *The History of Religions*. There was urgent need for a series which should be at once popular in price and thoroughly abreast of modern scholarship, and, judging from the numbers which have appeared, the latter qualification is as well attained as the former—each number costs a penny. The scheme as at present outlined is to comprise four shilling volumes, each containing eight numbers: the seven already in circulation deal with the religions of Ancient Syria, of Early and Imperial Rome, of the Hebrew Bible and Modern Judaism, of Mithraism, of the Early Church, and of the Thirty-nine Articles. They are written by men who have made a careful study of original sources, and each subject is dealt with as fully as is consistent with brevity.

The Society has from the first endeavoured to keep in touch with questions of the day. During the year it has issued pamphlets relating to Socialism, Labour Questions, Education, and Science, and these—with others previously issued on the same subjects—have been brought together in a series of shilling volumes. In *Catholicism and Socialism* we have essays by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., the late Mr C. S. Devas, Dr Alexander Mooney, and Mr Arthur J. O'Connor; *The Catholic Church and Science* contains papers by Dr Windle (President of Queen's College, Cork), Father Gerard, S.J., the Rev. P. M. Northcote and others; the Archbishop of Westminster, the Bishop of Clifton, Canon Glancey, Dr Windle, Father Joseph Rickaby and Mr W. S. Lilly contribute to the volume on *Catholics and Education*; *The Catholic Church and Labour* is made up of essays by Cardinal Manning, Abbot Gasquet, Abbot Snow, Canon William Barry, and Miss Emily Hickey; while Abbot Gasquet, Lady Edmund Talbot, Mr B. W. Devas, the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., the Rev. C. Plater, S.J., Canon William Barry, Father John Norris, and Mr Leslie A. Toke, present various aspects of *Social Work for Catholic Layfolk*. The names of the contributors will be sufficient guarantee that these important subjects are adequately and sympathetically

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treated, and the five volumes are a valuable addition to the Society's publications. Additions have also been made to the volumes of *Collected Publications* and to the similar series of *Catholic Biographies*.

Always bearing in mind that one of the primary objects of the Society is the publication of cheap and good literature, we note a very large number of penny pamphlets—stories, biographies, and the like—which space will not allow us to enumerate. Among them, however, we have the Bishop of Newport's Lenten Pastoral on *Faith*; a practical and amusing essay on *The Use of the Pen*, by Mr John Hannon; an essay on the authorship and meaning of *The Magnificat*, by the Rev. George Hitchcock; a paper on *The New Marriage Laws*, by the Rev. T. Slater, S.J.; a historical study of *Galileo*, by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.; a long-needed examination of *Pastor Chiniquy* and his works, by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J.; a practical answer to the question *Of What Use are Nuns?* *Rome and Constantinople*, by the Rev. A. Fortescue; and *Working Men as Evangelists*—an account of the work of retreats for men—by the Rev. C. Plater, S.J.

The series of threepenny books (sixpence in cloth) has been increased by Père Lebreton's *The Encyclical and Modern Theology*, translated by Father Goodier, S.J., and Father Joseph Rickaby's lectures on *The Modernist*; Mrs Philip Gibbs has translated from the French of Gabriel d'Azambuja *What Christianity has done for Women*. The Society also issued, in connexion with the Eucharistic Congress, Dr Fortescue's excellent and useful translation of *The Divine Liturgy of St John Chrysostom*.

The larger volumes of the year's issue are—with the exception of Dr Fortescue's *Greek Fathers*, noticed elsewhere—mainly intended for younger readers. Perhaps the most attractive of these is the volume on *Christopher Columbus*, which, prepared by the late Lady Amabel Kerr, has been edited by Father Thurston, who has embodied in his notes information which has accrued since the book was written. This is illustrated with twelve quaint plates reproduced from fifteenth and sixteenth century engravings, which cannot fail to amuse the youthful—and even the less youthful—reader. This is a half-crown volume, and at the same price is issued Father Bearne's collection of twelve stories under the title *Cloud Denvil, Artist*. This will be read with equal interest by young and old; it contains some of Father Bearne's best work, and deals incidentally with certain present-day problems. *The Making of Molly* is a pretty story for girls by Miss Geneviève Irons; and a new writer, Miss Evelyn Mary Buckenham, tells in an interesting way *The Story of Robin*.

It remains to be said that the output of new publications by no means fully represents the year's work. A large number of those previously published have been re-issued in response to steady demand; among these the *Simple Prayer Book*, which has now reached 1,150,000, and the *Four Gospels*, of which an aggregate number of 130,000 has been printed.

# LOLLARDY AND THE REFORMATION

Lollardy and the Reformation in England: an Historical Survey.  
By James Gairdner, C.B., Hon. LL.D.Edin. London. 1908.

IT is not, perhaps, too much to say that one of the greatest of the many great achievements of the last century was the introduction of a new spirit into history. Of course no one whose judgement is worth considering will undervalue the historians of Hellas and of Rome, those great spirits—prophets of high thoughts and heroic deeds—who are still among the chief ministers of what Milton has called “that complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war.” It is impossible to overrate our obligations to Thucydides and Xenophon, to Livy and Tacitus. The note of virility is on their pages in a pre-eminent degree. They teach us, not didactically but by example, that “man is man and master of this fate,” inspiring “high thoughts, and amiable words, and courtliness, and the desire of fame, and love of truth, and all that makes a man.” They can never be displaced from their intellectual thrones. “Great is the Divine in them and grows not old.”

But we live in a new age, and the method which sufficed for these great masters of the antique world does not suffice for us. We call it a scientific age, and the adjective is not ill-chosen if by science we understand casual knowledge, the logical apprehension of facts as underlain by principles. The scientific method starts, not from *a priori* speculation, but from concrete facts: it advances to the idea of a law as the explanation of a mass of phenomena ascertained by observation and verified by experiences: it finds in the comparison of these phenomena, and in the deduction of their effects, the guarantee of reality. Now, this method has been applied in the department of history, as elsewhere, with very fruitful results. Perhaps we may regard as its precursor Gibbon, who always strove after “genuine information,” as he calls it, “the lack of which,” he truly observed, “wit and philo-

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sophy indifferently supply." Its real founder was, of course, Niebuhr, who used with such wonderful results that judicious scepticism of which, by the way, Thucydides has left us pregnant examples. Niebuhr is unquestionably the father of the modern historical method. That is the world's debt to him. It was Thomas Arnold—this is not the least part of England's debt to that memorable man—who introduced Niebuhr's method into our country. We may note, in passing, that Arnold was largely under the influence of Gibbon, whom he is said to have read through twice before he left Winchester.

There are few portions of the world's annals in which the new method has been employed more fruitfully than the era of the Protestant Reformation, and among the English scholars who have laboured unremittingly in this field Dr Gairdner is eminently seen. He and Abbot Gasquet are probably the only men living who have personally investigated the original documents connected with the change of religion in this country. His recently published work is the fitting complement, and, we may say, the ripe fruit of the studies of so many years. In it he gives us an historical survey of Lollardy and the Reformation, bringing before us, by a series of vivid pictures, the ecclesiastical history of England from the days of Wycliffe to the consummation of the great Revolution which severed this country from Catholic unity. His own modest account of his object is as follows : "To illustrate from sources more familiar, I think, to me than to most people, a number of influences not confined, by any means, to a period of fifty years, but culminating, from various causes, in a great political and religious crisis in the sixteenth century."

Let us proceed to see how Dr Gairdner has executed his task. But first we should note that he has purposely called his work an historical survey, not a history: and that while following historical order, in the main, he has "found it necessary, at times, to glance backwards and forwards, and even to repeat himself, to some extent." But no intelligent reader will complain of this. Not all repetitions are vain: certainly Dr Gairdner's are not. They enable us the better

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to grasp the significance of the movements with which he deals: and that is an ample vindication of them. His two volumes are divided into Four Books. The first, which is entitled, *The Lollards*, is singularly interesting, giving, as it does, a full and precise account of the rise of those sectaries and of the efforts made to repress them. The Second deals with the Royal Supremacy, exhibiting what, in the author's judgement, were the motive powers really effective in changing the basis of Church authority, and ends with a masterly Chapter on Sir Thomas More's writings. The Third is devoted to the fall of the Monasteries, a subject on which Dr Gairdner has singular claims to speak, both from the fullness of knowledge and the absence of bias. The Fourth, less happily named, perhaps, than the other three, is entitled *The Reign of the English Bible*. The whole is crowned by a copious and carefully prepared Index.

On the first page of his work Dr Gairdner strikes, if I may so speak, the key note of it. He quotes the late Bishop Creighton's account of the Reformation as "a great national revolution which found expression in the resolute assertion, on the part of England, of its national independence," and also the statement of that learned prelate that "there never was a time in England when the papal authority was not resented," and that "the final act of the repudiation of that authority followed quite naturally as the result of a long series of similar acts which had taken place from the earliest times." From these pronouncements of Bishop Creighton Dr Gairdner emphatically dissents. He knows of no evidence which warrants them. He thinks it clear that "Rome exercised her spiritual power by the willing obedience of Englishmen in general, that they regarded it as a really wholesome power, even for the control it exercised over secular tyranny." He tells us that "it was only after an able and despotic King had proved himself stronger than the spiritual power of Rome, that the people of England were divorced from their Roman allegiance." He finds "abundant evidence that they were divorced from it at first against their will."\* I must refer my readers to Dr Gairdner's own

\* Vol. I, p. 3.

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pages for a full exposition of his views on this subject. Here I can only remark that my own poor researches lead me entirely to agree with him. It is absurd—if I may be pardoned the word—to regard the Protestant Reformation in England as the result of a struggle for national independence. In the first place the nation had nothing to do with it. It was a struggle by the King to throw off the papal authority, which limited his own, and provided safeguards against its abuse. The issue was that the King not only threw off the authority of the Pope but himself seized upon it: and the result was not national independence but monarchical absolutism. No doubt Pope and King had often been at variance through long ages of English history. The contests between William Rufus and St Anselm, between Henry II and St Thomas of Canterbury, between Henry IV and St Gregory VII are familiar to us all. But these were efforts of tyrants to break the bonds asunder and to cast away the cords which limited and qualified their power. The abolition of the Roman jurisdiction by Parliament, to please Henry VIII, and the arrogation to himself by the monarch of papal authority, were very different matters. Professor Brewer well remarks “opposition to papal authority was familiar to men: but a spiritual supremacy, an ecclesiastical headship, as it separated Henry VIII from all his predecessors by an immeasurable interval, so was it without precedent and at variance with all tradition.”\*

To Catholics, perhaps, the chief value of Dr Gairdner’s work will be in the light shed by it on the question whether the Anglican Reformation was the expression and outcome of any *religious* movement. Not so many decades ago the question would have seemed idle to the vast majority of educated Englishmen. Any religious movement! they would have answered; why was not the Reformation what Johnson has defined it, “the change of religion from the corruptions of Popery to the primitive state”? a change initiated by Wycliffe, advanced by the teachings and sufferings of his Lollard disciples, and consummated by “the

\* *Letters and State Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII*, Vol. I, p. cvii. (Preface).

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glorious Reformers" who found and embraced their opportunity under Henry VIII—"the majestic lord that broke the bonds of Rome." This was the tradition which dominated the English mind for three centuries—the tradition, as Cardinal Newman has observed, in a well-known Lecture, of the Court, of the Law, of Society, of Literature, of the Anglican Establishment and of the dissident sects. Of course, Catholics knew all the time that this tradition was a lie; but crushed and helpless, fast bound in misery and iron, they dared not to lift their voices in protest against it. At last the true tale of that miserable time found a spokesman in Cobbett, whose exposition, vigorous and coarse, of the facts, was not without effect upon "the sensible and just Englishmen" to whom he addressed himself. It was reserved, however, for a Protestant writer of a very different calibre to give a far more effectual blow to the anti-Catholic legend. Remembering the state of public opinion at the period when Macaulay wrote his famous essay on *Hallam's Constitutional History*, it is not easy to overrate his courage in declaring to his astonished readers that the Reformation in England "sprang from brute passion and was nourished by selfish policy," that the "bluff" monarch who wrought it was "a shameless tyrant," that honesty was the last quality attributable to the singular "Martyr" who "rose into favour by serving Henry in the scandalous affair of the divorce," who was always ready to prostitute his spiritual authority to the amorous or bloodthirsty passions of his master, "who changed his religious creed backwards and forwards as the King changed his," and "who died solely because he could not help it," and "could not succeed in purchasing by another apostasy the power of burning better and braver men than himself"; that of the accomplices of Cranmer, "Ridley was, perhaps, the only one of them who had any important share in bringing about the Reformation who did not consider it a mere political job." Time has justified this vehement indictment.\* One article after an-

\* I should observe that Dr Gairdner takes a more favourable view of Latimer than that which I have been led to form: "He was a man who

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other of the great Protestant tradition has gone, as the actual facts, long buried under a mass of misconception and fable, have been brought to light. And I suppose the only writers of repute—what a repute!—who have in recent years maintained it, are the late J. A. Froude and Charles Kingsley.\*

Are we to take it, then, that there was no religious element in the Anglican Reformation? that Wycliffe was not in some sense its initiator? that the Lollards were not its prophets? What was the real relation of Lollardy to it? Let us see what answer Dr Gairdner helps us to give to this inquiry. Wycliffe's activity began during the Avignon period, some years before the Schism, and he died six years after it broke out. It was an age of great unrest; "there was nowhere any security, peace and order in Church or State." In these "storms of sad confusion," Wycliffe looked out for some ground on which his "soul's anchor steadfast might remain"; and he found it, as he thought, in his doctrine of Grace. This doctrine, as set forth by him, Dr Gairdner writes,

implied that there was no real dominion, no real authority, and no real ownership of property without the grace of God. A man in mortal sin had no right to anything at all, but a man in a state of grace really possessed all things. Nay more, among Christians there ought to be a community of goods. As to the clergy having property of their own, it was a gross abuse. They ought to live on alms freely given. . . . The laity had serious responsibilities no less

had his weaknesses and his prejudices, but the man was entirely honest" (Vol. II, p. 88). I am not prepared to say that he was not honest; he may have been; but he certainly was a brutal and blasphemous brawler.

\* These names recall to my mind the following verses, with the authorship of which I am unacquainted :

" While Froude informs the Scottish youth  
That parsons do not care for truth.  
The Rev. Mr Kingsley cries  
All history is a pack of lies.

" What cause for judgements so malign?  
A little thought will solve the mystery.  
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,  
While Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

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than the clergy, and the laity should be instructed in religion out of the Bible itself, translated into their own English speech. The Bible was the source of all law, divine and human, and kings ought to study it in order to govern rightly. The great duty of the priesthood was preaching and expounding the Word, a really more important duty, in his eyes, than even administering the sacraments. But the clergy were not the Church, the true Church, in Wycliffe's opinion, was the whole community of those persons, whether clergymen or laymen, who were ultimately to be saved, and these men were predestined. The Pope himself, if not predestined, was not a member of the Church, and the Pope himself could not be sure of his own salvation. When the Schism broke out, threatening Christendom with bloodshed, Wycliffe called both Popes monsters, neither of whom knew that he was a member of the Church at all.\* A Pope was only to be obeyed when his commands were in harmony with Scripture. Every layman was bound to believe that he had Christ himself for priest, rector, bishop, and pope as well. Finally, a king was the highest of all earthly authorities, and had a perfect right to take away the temporal endowments of the Church when he thought fit. . . . Wycliffe's chief bequest to posterity was his English Bible, and the great idea that the laity, too, might quench their spiritual thirst directly from that well of Life. In the realm of mere theology he was less an innovator than we are apt to suppose. He believed in purgatory, and it was only in his later years that he called in question the doctrine of transubstantiation. He had very little thought of justification by faith.†

This teaching doubtless exhibits some distinctively Protestant features; but it is a curious amalgam of wild notions which no one, probably, at the present day would care to accept. Certain, however, it is that Wycliffe drew after him a considerable number of followers, some of whom carried one or another of his doctrines to lengths which he by no means contemplated. Among them was John Ball, upon whose exploits it is not necessary here to dwell. Ten years after the death of Wycliffe, some of his disciples, who had received the name of Lollards—the word is probably derived from *lollen*, and being interpreted means mumblers—preached views which were felt by the authorities in Church and State to be revolutionary, and a danger not only to

\* See *Trialogi Supp.* (ed. Lechler), 425.

† Vol. I, p. 11.

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Christian teaching, but to the existing social order. It was in the year 1401 that the Act, *De Heretico Comburendo* was passed. "I think," Dr Gairdner remarks, "it clearly owed its origin to an alarming recrudescence of Lollardy." There can be no question whatever that this Statute—Dr Gairdner gives a somewhat full account of its operations—fulfilled the design of its authors, and stayed the plague against which it was directed. The most considerable of the Lollards was Sir John Oldcastle, often called Lord Cobham, to whom Dr Gairdner devotes some thirty pages. The judgement passed upon him was that "as a traitor to God, and a notorious heretic, and also as a traitor to the King and his realm, he should be taken to the Tower of London, and from there drawn through the city to the new gallows in the parish of St Giles, outside the bar of the Old Temple, and there hanged and burnt," which sentence was duly executed. His last words were said to have been that he should rise from the dead after three days. Upon which prediction Dr Gairdner observes, "If he really entertained such a belief as that he would rise from the dead in three days, we must presume that mental aberration had much to do with his whole conduct. And this is not an uncharitable supposition, for the vagaries of fanaticism are inscrutable. Nor must we blame the age, rough and indiscriminating as it was in cases of the kind, for lack of mercy towards him. For he had been shown much indulgence; but wrong-headed ideas made him continually more perverse, and the power which he undoubtedly exercised over a large part of the population made him more and more dangerous as long as he was not held in check. With his death the high political game of Lollardy was at an end."<sup>\*</sup>

It was in 1417 that Oldcastle suffered. And in the course of a few years Lollardy, to use Dr Gairdner's words, "practically became a mere matter of private opinion with all erratic thinkers who valued either their lives or their respectability." What, then, was its connexion with, its influence upon, the religious revolution wrought by Henry VIII?

\* Vol. I, p. 97.

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Now it is perfectly certain that Henry VIII's rebellion against the Holy See was not founded on any religious motive. His quarrel with the Papacy was purely personal. In the early part of his reign he exhibited a devotion to Rome which Sir Thomas More deemed excessive.\* It was not until, when entering upon middle life, he fell under the domination of an overmastering passion, that his attitude to the Sovereign Pontiff began to change. And here I may be permitted to cite certain words of my own, written some years ago, about the affair of the divorce, as I see no reason to alter them, and do not know how to better them:

It was in 1524 or 1525, probably, that the affair of the divorce began to be mooted. There seems no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition which represents the King's scruples concerning his marriage, as originally suggested to him by Wolsey.† Nor do I doubt that, whether real or not to the Minister, they soon assumed reality in Henry's mind. They sprang up after sixteen years of cohabitation with the Queen, when her physical charms had faded, when, indeed, her person was an object of disgust rather than of attraction to him, is true. Equally true is it that they were reinforced by the violent passion which he had conceived for a

\* "Wherein," said More—i.e., in the *King's Book against Luther*—"when I found the Pope's authority highly advanced, and with strong arguments mightily defended, I said unto his Grace, 'I must put your Highness in remembrance of one thing, and that is this: The Pope, as your Grace knoweth, is a prince as you are, and in league with all other Christian princes; it may hereafter so fall out that your Grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow breach of amity and war between you both. I think it best, therefore, that that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched.' 'Nay,' quoth his Grace, 'that shall it not: we are so much bounden unto the See of Rome that we cannot do too much honour unto it.' Then did I further put him in remembrance of the Statute of Premunire, whereby a good part of the Pope's pastoral care here was pared away. To that answered his Highness, 'Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth the authority to the uttermost, for we received from that See our crown imperial,' which," adds More, with his irrepressible humour, "I never heard of before till his Grace told it me with his own mouth" (*Roper's Life*. p. 66).

† See an article entitled "Wolsey and the Divorce of Henry VIII," in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1877.

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young beauty, still in her teens. A violent over-mastering passion it undoubtedly was—the sort of passion which not unfrequently attacks a man in *l'âge critique*—as is sufficiently shown by his curious love-letters to Anne Boleyn, and by a vast amount of other evidence. And Anne, a most accomplished coquette, knew well how to inflame it to the utmost. Her sister's example was sufficient to warn her that its gratification would probably be followed by satiety. And her knowledge of Henry's scruples concerning the validity of his marriage with Katharine, led her to aspire to a crown, and to insist upon marriage as her price. But I cannot agree with Rudhart that in this passion we have the one true reason which moved the King to seek a divorce from his virtuous spouse; that the other reasons which he alleged, his doubt about the lawfulness of his marriage with his brother's widow, his desire of legitimate male issue for the establishment of the throne, were mere pretexts. Henry VIII was not a man of pretexts. The truth is admirably indicated in the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Duke of Suffolk: the King's "conscience had crept too near another lady." Henry VIII desired to appear to the world a highly conscientious monarch; and he began by exhibiting himself to himself in that capacity. He followed his conscience—to quote Archbishop Whately's *bon mot*—as a man follows the horse he drives.

Henry VIII can hardly be regarded as abnormally dissolute for a King. There can be no doubt of his amourettes with several of the Queen's maids of honour—among them Elizabeth Blount, the mother of the Duke of Richmond. It is certain that Mary Boleyn, Anne's sister, was for some time his mistress. And there is, to say the least, good ground for suspecting him of an intrigue with Lady Boleyn, their mother, whence the rumour widely current and widely believed, at one time, that Anne was Henry's own child. But, in such matters, the judicious historian will not try sovereigns by too severe a standard. No doubt the moralist will maintain, and rightly, that the great laws and principles of sexual ethics apply equally to princes and to peasants. But it is observed by Lord Byron, in a well-known verse, "All are not moralists." And the historian, if a moralist, as I for my part hold he is bound to be, should be also a man of the world. Henry VIII was no model of conjugal fidelity. There are few monarchs for whom that distinction can be claimed. What distinguishes Henry from the rest of kings is his determination to conciliate the indulgence of his lust with the sanctity of marriage, and his success in his self-decep-

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tion.\* His desire to justify himself was the cause of the most flagitious actions of his life. He is the supreme example of what I may perhaps call, without offence—the phrase has become current coin—the Nonconformist conscience. Charles Lamb epigrammatically observed, “The Stuarts had mistresses; the Tudors kept wives.” The dictum is as true as it is witty. Nor is it any paradox to say of Henry VIII, that he would have been a better man if he had been a worse.”†

I need not follow here the details of the six years’ struggle between Henry and the Holy See about this question of the divorce. But I may observe that every fresh document connected with it which comes to light, tells against the King and in the favour of the Pontiff. I am no great admirer of Clement VII; but it is impossible to deny that history exhibits him as a just judge, too patient and forbearing towards a tyrannical suitor. “Clement’s fault,” writes Dr Gairdner, “was in conceding favours which ought not to have been conceded, and the King repaid him with threats if he would not concede even more. Henry, indeed, knew perfectly well that to execute those threats would be to endanger the peace and quiet of his own kingdom, but enraged by a mad passion he would not be withheld from doing so.”‡ Bishop Stubbs has well characterized Henry VIII’s dominant characteristics as “self-will and self-worship.” Opposition served only to irritate him, because he took himself as a sort of vice-deity: he applied to himself literally the maxim of our law that “the King can do no wrong,” and regarded his will as the unerring rule of the subject’s duty. To comply with it was virtue; to refuse compliance, vice. Take, for example, the case of Cranmer. Certain it is, if any fact of

\* It is observable that during the sweating sickness in 1528, when in the dread of death he betook himself vigorously to practices of piety, he blends devotion with desire in his love-letters to Anne Boleyn. He represents himself to her as “praying God, and it be His good pleasure, to send us together again”; and then, after affectionate aspirations too warm for quotation here, he concludes, “No more to you this time, mine own darling, but that a while I would we were together of an evening.”

† Renaissance Types. p. 337.

‡ Vol. I, p. 509.

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history is certain, that Cranmer was the most supple and the most servile of Henry's sycophants. But this was accounted to him for righteousness by the King, and earned for him the epithet of "honest." The adjective meant for Henry absolutely compliant with the royal volition.

It was on July 11, 1533, that Clement VII annulled the proceedings of Cranmer in the King's matrimonial cause, and on March 25, 1534, the Pontiff gave definite sentence against the King, affirming the validity of his marriage with Katharine, and requiring him, under pain of the greater excommunication, to reinstate her in her former rank and to put away Anne. The King's answer to this sentence was the Act of Supremacy, which transferred to the King the authority over the Church in England hitherto exercised by the Pope. It severed this country from the Apostolic See and from Catholic unity.

But it did no more than this. As Dr Gairdner correctly observes, "Henry constantly maintained that though Papal authority was gone, the Faith remained in his kingdom inviolate."<sup>\*</sup> He terrorized the clergy, he destroyed the religious houses and seized upon their property. But he regarded himself as being no less orthodox than the Pope himself. "The Vicar of Christ recognized by other nations was at Rome; but Henry had displaced him, so far as his own dominions went, and had taken upon himself the full responsibilities of the position."<sup>†</sup> He was the infallible judge of doctrine within his realm and he upheld it, standing upon the ancient ways, as he had received it, against heretics who impugned it. As Supreme Head of the Church he heard the appeal of the unfortunate John Nicholson (or Lambert) who denied transubstantiation, and, failing to convert that heretic after a discussion of five hours, ordered Cromwell to read the sentence, in virtue of which the wretched man was burnt alive. In the same capacity "he most graciously vouchsafed, in his own princely person, to descend and come into his High Court of Parliament" [as we read in the preamble to the Act abolishing

\* Vol. II, p. 421.    † Vol. II, p. 425.

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diversity of opinions (31 Henry VIII C. 14)], "and there, like a prince of most high prudence, and no less learning," gave an exposition of his theological views, which resulted in the enactment of that Statute commonly called the Statute of the Six Articles. It was in 1539—eight years before Henry's death—that this Act was passed, and it remained in force for the rest of his reign. It asserted transubstantiation, the sufficiency of communion under one kind, the obligation of clerical celibacy, the validity, "by the law of God," of vows of chastity, the excellence of private masses, the necessity of the sacrament of penance. The penalty for denial of the first article was the stake; of the rest imprisonment and forfeiture as for felony. Soon after the passing of this Statute of the Six Articles, Henry, "of his bountiful clemency, appointed a commission of bishops and doctors to declare the articles of faith, and such other expedient points, as with his Grace's advice and consent should be thought needful"; and in the next session of Parliament it was enacted that all declarations, definitions and ordinances which should be set forth by them, with His Majesty's advice, and confirmed by his letters patent, should be in all and every point, limitation and circumstance, by all His Majesty's subjects, and all persons resident in his dominions, fully believed, obeyed and observed, under the penalties therein to be comprised (32 Henry VIII, c. 26). "By this enactment," observes Dr Lingard, "the religious belief of every Englishman was laid at the King's feet. He named the commissioners; he regulated their proceedings by his advice; he reviewed their decisions; and, if he confirmed them by letters patent under the Great Seal, they became, from that moment, the doctrines of the English Church, which every man was bound to believe, under such penalties as might be assigned. And what were these penalties? A little later it was enacted \* that if any man should teach or maintain any matter contrary to the godly instructions and determinations which had been, or should be, thus set forth by His Majesty, he should, in case he were a layman, for the first

\* By the 34 and 35 Henry VIII, c. 1.

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offence, recant and be imprisoned for twenty days; for the second, abjure the realm; and for the third, suffer the forfeiture of his goods, and imprisonment for life; but if he were a clergyman, he should, for the first offence, be permitted to recant; on his refusal, or second offence, should abjure and bear a faggot; and on his refusal again, or third offence, should be adjudged a heretic and suffer the pain of death by burning, with the forfeiture to the King of all his goods and chattels."\* We not infrequently find writers—some of whom certainly ought to know better—using the phrase "Papal Absolutism." It is an altogether foolish and misleading phrase. In his government of the Church the Supreme Pontiff is fettered on all sides: by the Divine Law, from no jot or tittle of which can he dispense; by the opinions of his theologians, whom he is bound to consult when occasion arises; by the prescriptions of the canonists; by the formal Acts of his predecessors which he may not ignore; by the longevel traditions of his office; by the advice of the Sacred College which may be regarded as his Privy Council. From all these checks Henry VIII, in the exercise of his ecclesiastical Supremacy, was altogether free. "What Squire Harry wills must be an article of faith for Englishmen, for life and for death," Luther said, in his coarse way, and it was true. It was for not accepting this monstrous intrusion of Cæsar into the spiritual sphere, that Fisher and More, and so many other holy and humble men of heart were ruthlessly butchered. Surely Dr Gairdner is right when he says "Never was a new principle introduced in more revolting form than that Royal Supremacy which has governed the Church of England ever since Henry VIII's days."†

But the arrogation of this Supremacy, when he separated himself and his kingdom from Rome, was the only vital change in religion wrought by Henry. "He made no pretence to alter the faith of the country."‡ But while, however, he is not open to the charge of introducing or of upholding heresy, it is certain that, for his own purposes,

\* DUBLIN REVIEW (First Series) Vol. III, p. 350. † Vol. I, p. 506.

‡ Vol. I, p. 306.

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he made use of it: that he "was glad to avail himself of the aid of heretics of any kind in the special business of overthrowing the Pope's authority."<sup>\*</sup> It was evident to him that though he might disavow their doctrines, they would be very valuable allies for that end. "Real heretics," Dr Gairdner tells us on another page, were few before the year 1530, "when it had become known that heretics were not really objectionable to the Court, because when the King was prosecuting his great object of a divorce from Katharine of Aragon, and was preparing for a breach with Rome, if he could not get it otherwise, he felt that it was not bad policy to give as much trouble to the clergy as possible."<sup>†</sup> "In 1536—the year of Anne Boleyn's fall—there was much ventilation of novel doctrines, . . . a few of these were of Lutheran origin. But German theology as a whole was not popular in England. . . . Lutheranism had got some hold at the Universities, but not among the people. Luther confessed a debt to Wycliffe, but Wycliffe's countrymen were slow, even at this time, to accept their own wares back."<sup>‡</sup> It appears to be certain that up to the death of Henry VIII, the new religion "was not popular in England, and had only received factitious support from Anne Boleyn and Cromwell, and such of the bishops as had owed their advancement to Anne Boleyn."<sup>§</sup> "Severe as the Act of the Six Articles was, it was by no means unpopular at its enactment."<sup>||</sup>

The death of Henry VIII was the opportunity of the Protestantizing party at Court, and they proceeded to make the most of it without delay. Their real, though as yet unavowed, head was Cranmer, who was most deeply committed to the rebellion against the Holy See. Whether his own religious convictions were deeply seated or tenaciously held, is, to say the least, doubtful: Sanders describes him as favouring first Lutheranism, then Zwinglianism, and, lastly, Calvinism. But certain it is that he had the convictions of his interests, and that these were inseparably

\* Vol. I, p. 306.    † Vol. II, p. 277.    ‡ Vol. II, p. 313.

§ Vol. II, p. 222. There were eight such bishops—more than a third of the whole episcopal bench.    || Vol. II, p. 194.

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bound up with the revolt against Rome. Under Henry VIII he was obliged to profess and to enforce the Catholic doctrines held by his master. The law of the Six Articles hung like the sword of Damocles over his impious neck. Nay, his marriage had to be dissembled out of fear of that Statute, and Dr Gairdner accepts as resting on conclusive evidence, the story that he carried about his wife in a chest in order to the furtive enjoyment of connubial felicity.\* But when the bloody hand of the tyrant could no longer strike, the need for dissembling was gone. Thanks to the arts by which he had known how to ingratiate himself with Henry, his power during the last years of that monarch's reign was great. Dr Gairdner speaks of him as "a spiritual despot supported by the despotism of the King."† The death of Henry rendered him more despotic and virtually independent. The new "Supreme Head on earth of the Church of England"—such was the Parliamentary title given to the Sovereign—was a young boy, incapable of exercising personally the spiritual prerogatives which it denoted. They fell, naturally, into the hands of Cranmer. He used them, without hesitation, to effect changes for which his late master would have sent him to the stake. The law of the Six Articles was repealed. For the Missal was substituted a Communion Service,‡ framed chiefly on a Lutheran model, and purged of the sacrificial idea. In like manner,

\* It rests on the authority of Sanders, Harpsfield and Parsons, and I agree with Dr Gairdner in crediting it. But I remember Abbot Gasquet remarking to me that he regarded it as a bit of contemporary scandal.

† Vol. II, p. 476.

‡ See *Edward VI and the Book of Common Prayer*, by Abbot Gasquet and Edward Bishop. In his *Short History of the Catholic Church in England*, Abbot Gasquet writes: "The Communion Service in the First Book of Common Prayer (1549), whatever else it is, is certainly not the Mass in English. . . . All idea of oblation and sacrifice had been carefully cut out of the new service, and the Canon was mutilated beyond recognition. . . . Both in substance and in spirit it was conceived in a Lutheran sense" (p. 90). Of the Communion Service in Edward VI's second Prayer Book (1552) he observes: "It is undoubtedly Calvinistic in its conception and doctrine. Even the slight outward similarity to the Mass which the Communion Service of the First Prayer Book had preserved, was now obliterated" (p. 95).

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the conception of a sacrificing priesthood disappeared from the new Ordinal. Throughout the land, altars were desecrated and cast down. The Mass was denied and blasphemed. And the bishops and clergy who would not consent to these sacrileges were deprived and imprisoned. Articles of Religion—forty-two in number—were drawn up,\* in which Lutheran tenets were embodied. The doctrine of the *ecclesia docens* disappeared, and what has been called Solibiblicism was substituted for it. The view of the old Lollards was that the meaning of Holy Scripture could not be hidden except to those who were lost. They founded themselves on a mistranslation of a well-known text by which an indicative is turned into an imperative: “Search the Scriptures.” It was probably from Lollardy that Luther derived this doctrine, the practical effect of which was to strip the Church of all authority to teach, and to make the individual judgement the rule of faith and conduct. Such, too, was Tindall’s notion: the wayfaring man, though a fool, as he held, might rightly form for himself a view of “the Gospel” directly from Holy Writ. This is the notion which dominated the minds of the doctors of the so-called Reformation, in all countries, and which found succinct expression in Chillingworth’s dictum: “The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants.” Assuredly, Dr Gairdner is not wrong in calling it a superstition. It is a superstition with which Cranmer’s Book of Common Prayer—for what is sometimes called “the incomparable Liturgy” of the Church of England is mainly his work—may be said to be saturated. But—for that is our present point—all these theological novelties were not part of the religious Revolution effected by Henry VIII, nor was that Revolution brought about by desire of them. As Dr Gairdner expresses it, “theological change followed in the wake of political and social changes.”† The Anglican Reformation was not a development or an outcome of Lollardy,‡ which had pretty well died out at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII: though the Lollard view of

\* Reduced to thirty-nine, and slightly recast, they still form the Anglican Confession of Faith.      † Vol. I, p. 507.      ‡ Vol. I, p. 287.

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the Bible—revived by what was called the New Learning—was eventually grafted on it: the view of Holy Writ as “an infallible and all-sufficient guide in faith and morals, capable also of infallible interpretation by private judgement;” \* the view summed up in the well-known verses:

Hic liber est in quo quærit sua dogmata quisque:  
Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.†

It may be remarked, in passing, that this new theology did not bring in the liberty of conscience of which we boast so much. Each fresh sect of Protestants claimed as much authority in matters of faith as the Holy See had possessed. Men used their private judgement to anathematize the private judgements of others. As Hallam puts it, “the pretensions of Catholic infallibility were replaced by a not less uncompromising and intolerant dogmatism, availing itself, like the other, of the secular power.”‡

So much must suffice as to the value of the evidence afforded by Dr Gairdner’s new work to show that the adoption in England of the Protestant views, called “the New Learning,”§ was not the cause but the consequence of the Anglican Schism: that the change of religion in this country was not the outcome of popular dissatisfaction with the doctrines of the Catholic Church, nor the result of the teachings of Wycliffe and his Lollard disciples,||

\* Vol. I, p. 328.

† These verses have been translated freely, but not amiss:

One day, at least, in every week,  
The sects of every kind,  
Their doctrines here are sure to seek,  
And just as sure to find.

‡ *Literary History*. Vol. I, p. 384. 5th Ed.

§ “The name Lollardy was by this time (1539) almost disused, and the expression ‘the New Learning’ had generally taken its place, as putting a better face on the same kind of heresy” (Vol. I, p. 199).

|| Nor, as Dr Gairdner observes, “was it from any protest against real abuses that the Reformation *here* took its origin” (Vol. I, p. 289). He does not deny—who can?—that there were gross evils and corruptions in the Church. “But for these,” he thinks, “the Church system would not have succumbed to lust and tyranny.” “The Reformation, however,” he adds, “if we date it from the withdrawal of obedience to Rome, was really in

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though those teachings "mingled with and domineered over the Reformation."\* This, of course, is only one item of the debt which students of history owe to Dr Gairdner's volumes. I wish it were possible for me to follow him here in his admirable chapters on "Martyrs for Rome," on "The Visitation and Suppression of the Monasteries," on "The Story of the English Bible." But that would take me too far. Indeed, I have already reached the limits which I proposed to myself when I began to write. There are, however, certain general considerations upon which I should like to say a few words before I lay down my pen.

I remarked at the commencement of this article on the new spirit introduced into history in the last century—the scientific spirit we may call it—and upon the fruitful results due to it. "Let us have the patience to get at the facts," Biot pleaded, in deprecation of hasty judgements, when that spirit was beginning to make itself felt. Well, that is precisely what scholars like Dr Gairdner have been doing all their lives. Of course, to know the facts is not enough. "Sir," said Dr Parr, on one occasion, "you have read much, you have thought very little, and you know nothing." A head merely full of facts is a learned lumber room. De Quincey has finely observed, "Two strong angels stand by the side of history: the angel of research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, even as of old the draperies of asbestos were cleansed, and must quicken them into regenerated life." Now, Dr Gairdner is

the main an immoral movement, stimulated by abuses to which Rome itself had been a great deal too indulgent" (Vol. I, p. 380). Nay more—and we may say worse—"Church law itself had become an instrument of wrong in the hands of worldly men. Offices were secured by great people before they fell vacant, and the functions committed to others who discharged them, well or ill, as might be. All true pastoral care and correction of souls was ruined by appeals and inhibitions of the Court of Arches. The Court of Rome itself was corrupt to a most painful degree, and Papal concessions and indulgences were procured through the instrumentality of Roman courtesans" (Vol. I, p. 249).

\* Vol. I, p. 200.

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not only the possessor of a vast amount of curious and exact learning, which enables him to bring together what purport to be facts, from a vast assemblage of documents hitherto unknown or imperfectly known: he is also a critic skilled in distinguishing between the assertions he finds there, in separating the false from the true, the less from the more credible, in weighing and rightly appreciating evidence. More than that, he is endowed with the sagacity which discerns the real bearing, the right interpretation of the facts, with the imagination which blends them into a continuous narrative, with the culture which makes that narrative something more than a mere recital, which renders it a living picture of human action in bygone times. We may say that there are two kinds of observation: the observation of facts and principles and of cause and effect. Dr Gairdner makes full proof of both kinds. And we must credit him not only with originality of research, but with originality of presentation.

But more. For really sound historical work, what I may call a gift of perspective is absolutely necessary. The historian must bear in mind the maxim "autres temps, autres mœurs": he must not lose sight either of the vast diversity of human nature or of the vast diversity of its conditions. Let me illustrate what I am writing from another department. We take up an Aryan Sacred Book, and we are tempted to pass sentence on its phraseology as fantastic and whimsical. The reason is that this phraseology is quite remote from the way of thinking about religious matters prevalent in the Western World, which way of thinking is essentially Semitic. In the age of Voltaire what was called reason reigned supreme, and the past was judged by the principles of the *philosophes*. It was a very unreasonable reason, and was fatal to any true view of history. My lamented friend Lord Acton was largely under the sway of a similar error. With all his vast learning—he was quite the most learned man I have ever known—he seemed to be unable to survey other ages in their own spiritual and moral atmosphere. Moses in some unknown century of the pre-Christian era, hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord,

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or St Pius V in the sixteenth century of our era taking thought for the removal of Queen Elizabeth,\* were judged by him from the point of view of nineteenth century Liberalism as professed by Mr Gladstone. Such judgements are surely untenable. Lord Acton was richly endowed—if I may borrow the words from the German—with *Verstand*, but in much less ample measure with *Vernunft*.

That cannot be said of Dr Gairdner. No doubt it is painful to him, as to all of us, in these milder days, to read of the stern measure meted out to heretics in a very different age; but he recognizes the difference, and allows equitably for it. Consider the following passages:

Of course, in the present age we all value freedom of opinion, and do not deny the right even of an illiterate man who thinks himself wiser than great schoolmen and divines, either of his own or past ages, to read, or get read to him, what book he pleases, and to admire what sentiments he thinks admirable, however noxious they may be held by the best judges or even by the community at large. That a system of perfect liberty is the best system in such matters far be it from me to dispute. And yet I have known, even in my own day, the great majority of Englishmen, including many men who were sensible enough in other matters, convulsed with indignation about a thing which surely might have been considered sentimental rather than practical. Nay, so far did this feeling carry men in the middle of the nineteenth century, that they actually got an Act of Parliament passed to take the virus out of ecclesiastical titles which had been bestowed by the Pope and not by the Sovereign of the realm. Things sentimental have undoubtedly a serious side; but if, even in days of freedom, we can be shaken out of our philosophy of letting tares and wheat grow together in men's minds till the harvest, can we wonder that five hundred years ago, when religion was much more of a system, and the question was between maintaining that system and permitting the encroachments of anarchy in religion and in temporal matters also, people resorted to remedies which we now consider extreme and ill-justified? We must not condemn our ancestors too strongly without understanding

\* “Cogitabat illam de medio tollere” the Bollandists tell us. It is noticeable that the same expression is used in the Breviary concerning the assassins of St Thomas of Canterbury, who, as we read in the Second Nocturn of the Saint's Office, hoped to please the King “si Thomam e medio tollerent.”

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their ideas first. But above all, we should not speak of their judicial processes in matters relating to poisonous opinions as if their judges were truculent and thirsted for the blood of misguided men, who were only guilty of taking different views from their own.\* Exceedingly lengthy records show, even by the tedious repetitions, the care taken by the Church authorities, while anxious to stop the propagation of error, to give every possible opportunity to an accused person of purging himself of imputations esteemed dangerous alike to ecclesiastical and to social order.†

The judicial calm and philosophic breadth of view which breathe through these passages are, in all respects, admirable. And we must say the same of Dr Gairdner's treatment of the action of the ecclesiastical authorities in respect of vernacular translations of the Sacred Scriptures. He writes:

The question between the Church and the followers of Wycliffe became simply a question between submission to authority and the interpretation of the Scriptures, not merely as a rule of faith, but of conduct also, by the individual judgement. And if the latter principle were to prevail, not only would the Church have no authority at all, but civil government itself would be left at the mercy of private systems of ethics.‡ The feeling was that Scripture was a thing too sacred to be handled by any but a sacred order of men trained to use it properly; and familiar as we have become with a vernacular Bible, if we could only transfer ourselves backwards some centuries, to a period when "the sacred text had always been studied in Latin, and when laymen who could read had been accustomed to quite other literature, we might not feel upon reflection that the vulgarization of Holy Writ was a thing altogether free from objection."§ The clergy, in short, as they were charged with the care of men's souls, were bound, according to the prevailing view of their duty, to see that what men read was entirely wholesome. We may well feel in this twentieth century, as we have done for some centuries past, that the law of perfect liberty is best, and the attempt which Rome still keeps up to control such matters by the *Index* deserves as little sympathy as it commands. But if we would understand the history of past times we must enter into the spirit of past times. We must conceive of the clergy as a self-governing body having a divine commission to

\* Vol. I, p. 92.

† Vol. I, p. 135.

‡ Vol. I, p. 117.

§ Vol. I, p. 101.

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guide, direct, and even to control the laity in all that concerned the welfare of their souls, expounding Scripture to them according to their several needs, while inculcating the principles of the faith and commanding obedience to Church ordinances as the necessary means of grace. To allow the use of the Scripture to get out of their control, when it was easy to keep it under their supervision, would have been on their part a manifest dereliction of duty.\*

One more extract I must make to show how admirably Dr Gairdner carries out that doctrine of impartiality which is, perhaps, more often preached than practised by historians:

It has been far too generally assumed by Protestants that heretics before the Reformation were the children of light, confuting the errors of Romanism and preparing the way for a new and brighter age by their superior wisdom and independence of judgement. The complaint of their adversaries was just the contrary—that they took slavish views of the literal sense of Scripture, and that, when arguments failed them, they were quite ready to call in secular aid to justify themselves in maintaining their own positions. I think, moreover, that the candid student of pre-Reformation history will hardly be of opinion that Lollardy was productive of skilled dialecticians capable of overthrowing in logical combat the positions which had been established by the great divines and schoolmen of past ages. Wycliffe himself, indeed, was a genuine schoolman, and ought never to be reckoned as a heretic, whatever may be thought of his conclusions, for there is no appearance that he had advanced any of his opinions—not even his difficulty about transubstantiation—without deference to the possible judgement of a united Church pronounced when all his arguments had been heard. He was a highly-trained divine, fully entitled to hold his own until his reasonings had been confuted. But this could not be said of many who caught his fire and maintained his most dangerous opinions, without being entitled to speak as divines or capable of vindicating them by argument.†

\* Vol. I, p. 105. I quote Dr Gairdner as I find him; but, of course, I must not be understood as adopting his criticism of the Roman *Index*: his point of view is not mine. I may take this opportunity of remarking that a very learned and ably-written article on the *Index*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1902, and which, as I understand, has in some quarters been attributed to me, is not mine, and that I never saw a line of it before it was published.

† Vol. I, pp. 66, 67.

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Excellent too, as it seems to me, is the tone in which Dr Gairdner speaks of superstitions, that have afforded so copious a theme for Protestant controversialists. I would particularly instance his account of the celebrated "Rood of Grace" in Bexley Abbey, "a crucifix of which the eyes and nether lip had been made to move by machinery," which he describes, no doubt correctly, as "a curious toy," "a very harmless piece of mechanism." I must refer my readers who desire to see the passage to his own pages, for it is too long for quotation. His conclusion is, "that there was any real deception is by no means evident. . . . What ideas the ignorant vulgar may have entertained about it may, perhaps, be a question; but the veriest numbskull could hardly have taken a puppet for anything but a puppet, or supposed that its motions were controlled by anything except mechanism."\* In a similar tone he pleasantly remarks, "Men went to Repton, in Derbyshire, to visit St Guthlac and his bell, which they put on people's heads to alleviate headache. Very likely the journey thither had that effect, and the bell did no particular harm."† For myself, I confess that denunciations of superstition seem to me, for the most part, inept and foolish. The saying of Joubert, "La superstition est la seule religion dont soient capables les âmes basses," is, unquestionably, true. Those "âmes basses" are always with us—nay, are they not always the great majority?—and superstition will be always with us. The Salvationists, who make day horrible as they march through the streets howling out their blood and fire Gospel, appear to me just as superstitious as the crowds who flocked to buy Tetzel's indulgences: and they are certainly less picturesque. For what is superstition? Theophrastus, as I remember, defines it as cowardice towards the heavenly powers: *δειλία πρὸς τὸ δαιμόνιον*; Cicero, somewhat to the same effect, but perhaps more happily, as *vanus Deorum timor*—vain or empty dread of the gods. The Germans have a charming word, "Aberglaube," superfluous or excessive belief. Well, perhaps it is better to believe too

\* Vol. II, p. 124.

† Vol. II, 114.

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much than too little. Cardinal Newman has observed: "Again and again our Lord insists upon the necessity of faith; but where does He insist upon the danger of superstition, an infirmity which, taking human nature as it is, is the sure companion of faith when vivid and earnest? Taking human nature as it is, we may, surely, concede a little superstition, as not the worst of evils, if it be the price of making sure of faith."<sup>\*</sup>

But these considerations are by the way. In concluding this account of Dr Gairdner's volumes I should remark that while, as a rule, singularly accurate in dealing with an immense mass of detail, † he occasionally commits himself to statements which will hardly stand. Thus, he tells us (Vol. I, p. 329) that "Mary restored the Pope's authority by virtue of that Royal Supremacy which she detested." These words puzzled me so much that I consulted regarding them a very accomplished historian, whose conjecture as to their meaning left my perplexity pretty much where it was. Of course, Dr Gairdner, whatever he may have meant by them, knows, as well as I do, that the Pope's authority was restored, as it had been destroyed, by Act of Parliament. Again, at p. 18 of this same Vol. I, we read: "To believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation requires the acceptance in things physical, as well as spiritual, of the philosophy of the Middle Ages." This assuredly is not so. The doctrine of Transubstantiation is independent not only of the physical philosophy of the Middle Ages but even of the spiritual philosophy. It existed before St Thomas Aquinas expressed it in Aristotelian terms: "It proceeds," as Father Dalgairns happily remarks, in his learned volume, "upon ideas which must necessarily appear in all philosophies": ‡ "modern Science has not a word to say against the definition of the Catechism that the Blessed Sacrament is the Body and Blood of Jesus under the ap-

\* *The Via Media.* Preface to the Third Edition, p. 18.

† And always ready to correct any error into which he may have fallen. See his article "Archbishop Morton and St Albans" in the current number of the *English Historical Review*.

‡ *The Holy Communion.* p. 35.

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pearances, or phenomena, of bread and wine."\* Once more: I cannot follow Dr Gairdner in what he says, in the last chapter of his work, about the Royal Supremacy. In earlier portions of it he has delivered himself on this topic with admirable clearness, in passages, some of which I have cited from him. And in one of them, which I have not as yet quoted, he observes, "Nor even if we dismiss from our consideration the base personal motives of the tyrant by whom [the substitution of the Royal Supremacy for the Papal Headship] was effected, can we comfort ourselves with the feeling that it was aided by the enlightened zeal of others for a purer form of religion."† We certainly cannot. Submission to the Royal Supremacy was indeed forced upon the nation by Henry VIII, but he probably got the doctrine from Cranmer; and it is difficult to suppose that any one can believe Cranmer to have been actuated by "enlightened zeal for a purer form of religion." "Cranmer," says Dr Gairdner, "framed for himself a religion of Royal Supremacy, an ideal of Christianity subject to earthly power, which was his guiding principle even to the very end."‡ This, and not any "purer form of religion," was the Cranmerian ideal. And it would seem from the concluding chapter of Dr Gairdner's work as if this was his ideal too. He writes: "The Royal Supremacy, though brutally enforced by Henry VIII, was nevertheless a true principle, and remains with us still."§ A true principle! Why it is the essential principle of ancient Paganism which knew of no distinction between the temporal and spiritual, which made the State lord of men's souls as of their bodies. It was as witnesses against this principle that the Martyrs victoriously died. It was by vindicating the diametrically opposite principle which denies to the secular ruler rights over the immaterial part of man, over conscience, over religion, that the Church wrought out the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. How can we account it a true principle? Are we to understand Dr Gairdner as holding it to be a true principle because

\* *The Holy Communion.* p. 81. † Vol. I, p. 506. ‡ Vol. II, p. 477.  
§ Vol. II, p. 469.

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it "remains with us still"? "Things which abide in religion," he writes, "must have truth in them."<sup>\*</sup> It is a curious application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Are we really to suppose Dr Gairdner to maintain that the persistence of a doctrine for three or four centuries—or for thirty or forty—is evidence of its truth? But has this doctrine of the Royal Supremacy really survived—this doctrine that the English King is the English Pope, and more than Pope? Much as we all respect and admire our present Gracious Sovereign, would Dr Gairdner, would any one, resort to him as the supreme oracle of faith and morals? Or would any one accept in that capacity his Privy Council, or his High Court of Parliament? No; the Royal Supremacy, surviving in theory, is worn out in practice. In the absence of a Teaching Church we are thrown back upon the principle of Private Judgement, aptly formulated by Bishop Watson as the right of saying what you think and of thinking what you please. And surely that is the principle which now dominates the Anglican Communion. So Dr Gairdner observes—they are the concluding words of the book: "It is remarkable what a broad basis was laid down, even in Elizabeth's day, for the reformed religion which we now profess. It does not seem possible, indeed, that we can make it broader now." No: it does not seem possible.

In what I have just written I have been far from intending to caricature Dr Gairdner's argument. I have merely sought to show that I do not understand it. Nor is that very wonderful. We cannot know, we can seldom even probably conjecture, how the opinions of others are held. "What man knoweth the things of a man but the spirit of a man that is in him?" And even a man's own knowledge of his mental evolution is often most vague and blurred. The unconscious here counts for a great deal. Our acquaintance with our intellectual and moral life, with the actual genesis and true intent of our judgements of men and things, is most superficial, however rigorously we examine our conscience, however carefully we judge our-

\* Vol. II, p. 468.

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selves. And so, although I do not here understand Dr Gairdner, I take leave of him with undiminished respect, and lay aside his work with the words of Montaigne: *C'est ici le bon sens, un livre de bonne foi.*

W. S. LILLY

## MORAL FICTION A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

TWO names stand forth among the novelists who, with Sir Walter Scott, were eagerly read by those of us who were children fifty years since—Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth. Both were already popular when our fathers were boys. Miss Edgeworth was born in 1766, Miss Austen in 1775; and both wrote their novels in the early years of the last century. They thus retained their hold on two generations. Miss Austen has been equally popular with a third, with our children who are growing up, and bids fair to be not less so with our children's children. Miss Edgeworth seems for some twenty or thirty years to have almost entirely lost her popularity. Nay, she is now, even to many who are by way of being students of literature, only vaguely known as a clever writer about the Ireland of one hundred years ago—for Macaulay's comparison of her pictures of Irish life to those of Scotch by "the great Sir Walter" is generally remembered. This is supposed to give her a claim to be something a little better than the teller of tiresome and goody-goody moral tales for children. The name of "Castle Rackrent" sticks in the memory. Every one still knows Macaulay's Essays and so people remember his allusion to the *Absentee*. Perhaps, besides the names of these two books, those of *Ennui* and *Vivian* are also known. The stories themselves are read by comparatively few, and the very titles of most of her other works are forgotten.

Those of us who owe much of the pleasure of our novel reading youth to Miss Edgeworth, find such current ideas somewhat jarring; and we are tempted to say something to correct a very inadequate popular impression. If it is a less general one than my experience makes me suppose I can only be glad. It is certainly sufficiently widespread to make it worth while to offer some remarks on its inadequacy. Miss Edgeworth probably ceased to be generally read because the old "moral tale"—and even her longer stories were largely moral tales—was felt vaguely to be

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untrue to life. And when she ceased to be read, the myth that she was only a teller of moral stories, false to real life, or a retailer of old-fashioned Irish humours grew. In point of fact the idea that her stories, because they were in form and intention "moral tales," were not even subtly true and faithful to real aspects of life, is an accusation only plausible in the case of some of the short children's stories—the *Popular and Moral Tales*. These were excusably tales with a purpose, and didactic from their directly educational object. And no doubt they sometimes strained probabilities for the sake of the moral. We do not confuse a child's absolute reverence for the Bible by teaching it the difficulties opened out by Biblical criticism, and we do not obscure its sense of God's justice as the Ruler of the world by drawing attention to the anomalies and puzzles in the story of human life, which make it often hard to recognise the hand of Providence at all. When, however, we get to the *Tales of Fashionable Life*—which were meant for grown-up readers—this forcing of the moral note disappears or almost disappears. True enough, some aspect of life is generally chosen by the novelist which does point a moral. But there is seldom any violation of probabilities in the details of the story. These are often wrought out with art of a very high quality.

Of this feature in her method I shall speak shortly in some detail. But the fact remains that she has suffered in popular estimation because she was associated with the "moral tale," and the moral tale was supposed to be as little true to real life as a "sectarian position" promises to be reconcilable with really deep thought in religion.

Probably the intense religious seriousness to which the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars led helped in giving birth to the moral tale of the first years of the century. "Your revolution," writes Lady Olivia (one of the Edgeworth gallery) to a French friend in 1805, "has afforded all our stiffened moralists incontrovertible arguments. . . . You have no idea of the miserable force of prejudice which prevails here." Most of our fiction in the first half of the century had a moral, though

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it was not always pointed in sententious paragraphs as it is in Miss Edgeworth's tales—and in others less famous, among which *A School for Fathers* dwells in my mind as an excellent specimen of the class. I suppose its *coup de grace* was given by Thackeray forty years later. He stabbed it fatally, though it took time to die of the wound and survived Thackeray in the pages of his contemporary, Charles Dickens. Thackeray did not drive it out by a more absolute truthfulness of view and description than we find in the best "moral" stories. On the contrary, his view was jaundiced. His method was as much selective as was the method of Miss Edgeworth herself. Indeed, more so; for Miss Edgeworth's moral stories did generally represent the rule in real life, while Thackeray's cynicism noted the exceptions and treated them as though they were the rule. Miss Edgeworth more usually selected the normal, Thackeray the abnormal. At worst her exaggerated optimism was no falser than Thackeray's exaggerated pessimism; and in her best work her true instances were as true to life and occasionally as subtle as his. In other cases Miss Edgeworth chooses what is obvious and ordinary—but not for that reason false. The story (in *Manœuvring*) of the mutual constancy of Captain Walsingham and Amelia, with its happy termination, is at least as normal as that of Dobbin's constancy to the other Amelia with its cynical features—the story which begins by Amelia preferring the conceited and handsome puppy, George Osborne, to Dobbin, and ends with a sneer at Dobbin's preferring his daughter to his hardly-won wife. The chief love-story in *Vanity Fair* is, indeed, all through belittled by the fact that Dobbin is rather a poor creature and Amelia rather a fool. Thackeray's work, then, was not to call attention to the length and breadth of real life—the true corrective to Miss Edgeworth's highly moralising selections from it. That was done later by George Eliot, as it was also by Tolstoy. It was done too in some degree by the Rembrandt pictures of Charlotte Brontë. And the truer and deeper manner of these great writers was consistent with their telling the most profound and direct moral stories.

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Miss Edgeworth herself could have written no more direct sermons in fiction than *Adam Bede* or *Anna Karenina*. Thackeray, on the other hand, killed rather than corrected the old-fashioned moral story by his cynicism. He pointed out the fallacy in the sermons tacked on to them. He delighted in exaggerating the weak points in those human types who might plausibly be used as the stock-in-trade of the moral story. Nothing kills like ridicule, and Thackeray fired his shot with deadly effect. But his cynical criticisms did also incidentally remind people, as did the novels of George Eliot and Tolstoy—though their art prevented them from over-emphasizing the point as Thackeray did—of the hugh tracts of real life (ignored by the moral story) in which no Providential purpose is discernible, and even its opposite is suggested. Thackeray was to the novelists who immediately preceded him what Ecclesiastes is to most of the Bible. The Bible as a whole tells us that the good man prospers and that God's hand is visible in guiding and helping his course. Ecclesiastes tell us that to look at the world frankly is to see a great deal which tells quite an opposite story. In reality, both views are true. And so Miss Edgeworth is true and Thackeray is true. Let me add—to prevent misconception—that I have no thought of comparing the scale of Miss Edgeworth's canvas to that of Thackeray. I speak of truthfulness in detail, not of range in imagination; and I hold that both writers are, on the whole, true to fact. But they saw and depicted different aspects of life. Lady Castlewood, had she appeared in one of Miss Edgeworth's books, would have been what Esmond's love painted her. We should never have seen in the older novelist's pages that side of her, which makes us sometimes feel that she acts like an unreasonable and even rather silly woman. Becky would, in a novel of Miss Edgeworth's, have ended, not as the respectable old lady who went to church with a footman attending her, and was a leading patroness of the charities of the district, but as an unhappy outcast like the heroine of *Almeria*.

But Thackeray, if he exaggerated on one side as Miss

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Edgeworth did on the other, touched closely a generation which was beginning to be sceptical and keenly alive to the puzzles of life. Miss Edgeworth wrote when the shock of the Revolution and wars had made people religious; when the fallacies of the eighteenth century sceptics were being triumphantly driven out by the Christian reaction of the Romantic school and their successors. The Revolution was ascribed by them to the vagaries of the sceptical philosophers. Christianity was being re-established as an indispensable support in a time of trouble and disorder, as a philosophy whose true depths and value the sceptics had never gauged. Thackeray flourished a generation later—when historical and biblical critics were throwing their shadow before them. Peace and leisure for speculation had brought back the questioning spirit in the intellectual classes. Scepticism was reappearing; and Faith in thinking minds was the Faith amid doubt of *In Memoriam*. Thackeray did his work in discrediting the accuracy of the undiscriminating moral tale so effectually that it could not survive. The moral lessons of Tolstoy and George Eliot could live—for they were redeemed by their ample recognition of life's anomalies. But the fallacies of the earlier preaching method were ruthlessly gibbeted by Thackeray. All that smacked of "moralising" or "cant" gradually came to be shunned. Miss Edgeworth was, in consequence, generally and unfairly discredited, and ultimately by very many left alone and almost forgotten, and I shall endeavour in the following pages to point out the misconception of her work which has led to such neglect.

I venture to account it a modern superstition that a story which points a moral is pretty sure not to be true to life. It is no doubt largely the case that a story quite true to the length and breadth of life is likely to contain a great deal which points no obvious moral—which, on the contrary, presents difficulties to the moralist. But if we select from life, there is a vast amount that really happens which supplies material for a moral story which may be absolutely true. The retribution which comes to the spendthrift or the drunkard from his own acts may be related with the

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most scrupulous regard for actual probabilities. And these are but two instances out of many. The materials for moral tales exist abundantly in real life, but they must be carefully chosen. And this is what Miss Edgeworth instinctively did, though she does not generally receive credit for it. The preaching tone and the ostentatious pointing of a moral in which she abounds are so irritating to the present generation that our contemporaries condemn as unreal the whole narrative which is disfigured by this blot. Its fidelity to fact is discredited beforehand. Yet, in point of fact, Miss Edgeworth's best work is as subtly true to human nature as the work of Jane Austen herself. Probably the tradition inherited from her excellent and pompous father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, deeply ingrained in her the didactic manner. And it is the more remarkable testimony to her true novelist's vision that she does not allow it to be much more than a manner. She seldom lets her desire to point a moral really pervert in the least the facts and probabilities of life. It only drives her to select for her novels such thoroughly probable incidents and characters as do illustrate some valuable theories of life or point some moral, and to leave on one side those aspects of life which seem to be mere anomalies. The details of the narratives are—taken separately—absolutely true. Their accumulation to point a moral may sometimes be improbable, but is always quite possible. These novels are a possible conjunction of absolutely probable characters and circumstances. The fault which has discredited her work is not, as is often assumed, that her wish to moralize makes her false to nature. It is that the didactic manner makes people suspect her of being false to nature, which she is not. Jane Austen herself, while her art kept her absolutely from the didactic manner, and from pointing her moral too insistently, had a good deal of Miss Edgeworth's selective instinct and habit. Darcy, the typical proud man, is gradually chastened and overcome by the strength and sweetness of Elizabeth. The process is distinctly a moral tale. *Sense and Sensibility* is again the moral tale which its title indicates, of a contrast of temperaments and their respective results. *Persuasion* is a moral tale. But

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Miss Austen never does what drives our own generation nearly mad—namely, point the moral in a sententious paragraph. When Henry Crawford's real devotion to Fanny Price, in *Mansfield Park*, is on the high road to winning her love after all, but his lack of principle leads him to fall a victim to Maria's passion—while at the very moment that he yields he reflects that he is losing happiness as well as offending against morality—we have an episode as completely fulfilling the conditions of the moral story as any of Miss Edgeworth's. But as it is allowed to speak for itself—with, at all events, only the slightest explicit pointing of the moral—the present generation accepts it, rightly, as true to life. If it had appeared in Miss Edgeworth's pages, the moral would have been duly appended: "Thus may the absence of moral rectitude and of early habits of virtue defeat even those objects which from purely selfish motives we most desire," etc. The present generation would not even read the book if they saw such a paragraph in its pages. Or if they did read it, they would approach it as a species of curiosity, the old-fashioned moral tale, presenting the moralist's dream in place of life as we know it; whereas the episode is in fact most true to real life, and is in Miss Austen's pages generally recognized as being so, as it has not been discredited by the moralist's cant.

There is a story of Miss Edgeworth's—one of her earlier ones written in 1805, *Leonora*—which shows a great novelist's insight untrammelled by the defect of which I speak, and were it not that such things are largely determined by fashion, it must have held its ground in popular admiration. It is, perhaps, deeper and subtler than anything she has written. But my chief reason for mentioning it is not that Miss Edgeworth's truthfulness to nature is more apparent in it than in her other stories. I name it because it is more likely than the others to be given fair play by our modern critics. There is no pointing of the moral to exasperate them and warp their judgement. This very fact results from the author's instinctive regard for the probable. For an author to moralize when writing in *propria*

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*persona* is no breach of truthfulness, though it may offend literary taste. When, however, as in *Leonora*, she does not speak at all—for the whole story is told in letters—to moralize would, in the circumstances of the story, be quite untrue to fact, and therefore impossible to Miss Edgeworth. None among the letter writers plays the part of the Greek chorus. Therefore the writer's instinct forbids her to point a moral at all. And the modern reader can judge of her quality in this book without the disturbing effect on his prejudices of such passages as those to which I have above referred. If I wished to bring my typical modern critic to admit that Miss Edgeworth should still stand in the front rank of our novel writers, I should give him *Leonora* to read in the first instance, and should challenge him to deny that Lady Olivia is a really great character study. He might, perhaps, vote the book long-winded; but I should have no doubt of the verdict of any competent critic as to its power and depth.

But I am here attempting to explain what it is which has made Miss Edgeworth's other works lose their hold on the present generation. And I wish to show that those are wrong who neglect her on the ground that her avowedly moral stories are false to life. I will, therefore, speak not of *Leonora*, but of two which are in the very highest degree stories with a purpose and a moral clearly emphasized, and are yet, it appears to me, in their details absolutely truthful—rich, too, in humour and subtle in the study of human nature. I refer to *Manœuvring* and *Almeria*. *Manœuvring* is the story of a worldly and fashionable lady, Mrs Beaumont of Beaumont Park. Left a widow early, her chief aim in life is the worldly advancement of her family; to secure a rich husband for her daughter (Sir John Hunter, a brainless baronet without character, but the heir to a reversionary earldom), and a rich wife for her son (the baronet's sister, who is pretty but utterly foolish and worldly); to secure also for her own family the fortune of her husband's cousin, old Mr Palmer, a rich West India merchant from Jamaica. The end of the story is that Mrs Beaumont overreaches herself; fails not only to attain true

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happiness, but to win the very worldly objects she has set her heart upon. When both her matrimonial schemes have broken down she marries Sir John Hunter herself, only to find that the reversionary earldom is no longer in prospect as another heir has turned up unexpectedly. The final *dénouement* and general moral are—let it be admitted—somewhat unreal and exaggerated. They are quite possible; but, no doubt, they confirm the prejudices of which I have spoken. But the point I desire to make is that the modern reader, whose prejudice against the “moral tale” makes him look everywhere for the preacher’s special pleading rather than the novelist’s art, is entirely on the wrong scent. He expects at every turn to find probabilities violated in the interests of the moral. To take such a view is entirely to mistake Miss Edgeworth’s method. Her details are almost wholly untainted by the exaggeration which often appears in the general moral. They are often extremely subtle, living and true. An illustration or two will be more convincing than fifty arguments or assertions. Let us, therefore, extract a few pages from the book.

I will take two fairly average specimen incidents in the story. First, Mrs Beaumont is anxious that Mr Palmer, who has come from Jamaica to visit her, should return thither as soon as possible. He has made a will in favour of her family. That is all she wants of him. But now he threatens to live in England, which would seriously imperil her plans. He would not approve at all of the worldly marriages of her children to unworthy objects on which she has set her heart. He might make friends with his other cousins, the Walsinghams, and, perhaps, change his will and leave them all or, at least, part of his money. She knows that Palmer is something of a hypochondriac, and superstitious in the matter of health; therefore she sends a note to the obsequious family doctor, Dr Wheeler, intimating to him that, when consulted, he must give Mr Palmer a very strong and definite opinion in favour of returning to Jamaica. The working out of her scheme and its failure are recorded in the following scene:

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As if by accident, the doctor dropped in at breakfast-time, and Mrs Beaumont declared that it was the luckiest chance imaginable, that he should happen to call just when she was wishing to see him. When the question in debate was stated to him, he, with becoming gravity of countenance and suavity of manner, entered into a discussion upon the effect of hot and cold climates upon the solids and fluids, and nervous system in general; then upon English constitutions in particular; and, lastly, upon *idiosyncrasies*.

This last word cost Mr Palmer half his breakfast: on hearing it he set down his cup with a profound sigh, and pushed his plate from him; indications which did not escape the physician's demure eye. Gaining confidence from the weakness of the patient, Dr Wheeler now boldly pronounced, that, in his opinion, any gentleman who, after having habituated himself long to a hot climate, as Jamaica, for instance, should come late in life to reside in a colder climate, as England, for example, must run very great hazard indeed—nay, he could almost venture to predict, would fall a victim to the sudden tension of the lax fibres.

Though a man of sound good sense in most things, Mr Palmer's weakness was, on medical subjects, as great as his ignorance; his superstitious faith in physicians was as implicit as either Dr Wheeler or Mrs Beaumont could desire.

"Then," said Mr Palmer, with a sigh still deeper than the first—for the first was for himself, and the second for his country—"then England, Old England; farewell for ever! All my judges pronounce sentence of transportation upon me!"

Mr Beaumont and Amelia, in eager and persuasive tones or remonstrance and expostulation, at once addressed the doctor, to obtain a mitigation of suspension of his sentence. Dr Wheeler, albeit unused to the imperative mood, reiterated his *dilectum*. Though little accustomed to hold his opinion against the arguments or the wishes of the rich and fair, he, upon this occasion, stood his ground against Miss and Mr Beaumont wonderfully well for nearly five minutes; till, to his utter perplexity and dismay, he saw Mrs Beaumont appear amongst his assailants.

"Well, I said I would submit, and not say a word, if Dr Wheeler was against me," she began; "but I cannot sit by silent: I must protest against this cruel, cruel decree, so contrary too to what I hoped and expected would be Dr Wheeler's opinion."

Poor Dr Wheeler twinkled and seemed as if he would have rubbed his eyes, not sure whether he was awake or in a dream. In his perplexity, he apprehended that he had misunderstood Mrs

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Beaumont's note, and he now prepared to make his way round again through the solids and the fluids, and the whole nervous system, till, by favour of *idiosyncrasy*, he hoped to get out of his difficulty, and to allow Mr Palmer to remain on British ground. Mrs Beaumont's face, in spite of her powers of simulation, lengthened and lengthened, and darkened and darkened, as he proceeded in his recantation; but, when the exception to the general axiom was fairly made out, and a clear permit to remain in England granted, by such high medical authority, she forced a smile, and joined loudly in the general congratulations. Whilst her son was triumphing and shaking hands with Mr Palmer, she slipped down stairs after Dr Wheeler.

"Ah, doctor! What have you done! Ruined me! ruined me! Didn't you read my note? Didn't you *understand* it? I thought a word to the wise was enough."

"Why—Then it was as I understood it at first? So I thought; but then I fancied I must be mistaken afterwards; for when I expected support, my dear madam, you opposed my opinion in favour of Jamaica more warmly than any one, and what was I to think?"

"To think! Oh, my dear doctor, you might have guessed that was only a sham opposition."

"But, my dear madam," cried Dr Wheeler, who, though the mildest of men, was now worked up to something like indignation, "my dear ma'am—sham upon sham is too much for any man."

So far we have a narrative as lively and as true to fact as Miss Austen or Mrs Gaskell could give us. But the Edgeworthian touch follows—which for modern readers poisons the whole. "Thus," the author adds, "by excess of hypocrisy, our heroine disgusted even her own adherents, in which she had the honour to resemble some of the most wily politicians famous in English history."

Let us take another scene in which Mrs Beaumont makes a last effort to prevent Mr Palmer from going to see the Walsingham cousins. Her earlier efforts to prevent the visit have failed, and the date of an expedition to Walsingham House is actually fixed. She is still anxious if possible—as I have said—that he should not know these new cousins at all; moreover, her daughter Amelia is in love with young Walsingham, whereas Mrs Beaumont has

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given Mr Palmer the impression that she is in love with the rich Sir John Hunter. If possible the visit to the Walsinghams must be stopped altogether and Mr Palmer sent back to Jamaica without knowing them. At all events Amelia must be prevented from going with Mr Palmer, and the conversation at Walsingham House (if they *do* go) must be so managed that her various diplomatic fibs shall not be discovered by the confiding old man. Here is the story of the fresh and final *manceuvre* of Mrs Beaumont and its outcome:

Now there was a numerous tribe of *hangers-on*, who were in the habit of frequenting Beaumont Park, whom Mrs Beaumont loved to see at her house; because, besides making her feel her own importance, they were frequently useful to carry on the subordinate parts of her perpetual *manceuvres*. Among these secondary personages who attended Mrs Beaumont abroad to increase her consequence in the eyes of common spectators, and who at home filled the stage, and added to the bustle and effect, her chief favourites were Mr Twigg (the same gentleman who was deputed to decide upon the belt or the screen) and Captain Lightbody. Mr Twigg was the most elegant flatterer of the two, but Captain Lightbody was the most assured, and upon the whole made his way the best. He was a handsome man, had a good address, could tell a good story, sing a good song, and *make things go off well*, when there was company; so that he was a prodigious assistance to the mistress of the house. Then he danced with the young ladies when they had no other partners; he mounted guard regularly beside the pianoforte, or the harp, when the ladies were playing; and at dinner it was always the etiquette for him to sit beside Miss Beaumont, or Miss Hunter, when the gentlemen guests were not such as Mrs Beaumont thought entitled to that honour, or such as she deemed *safe* companions. These arrangements imply that Captain Lightbody thought himself in Mrs Beaumont's confidence: and so he was to a certain degree, just enough to flatter him into doing her high or low behests. Whenever she had a report to circulate, or to contradict, Captain Lightbody was put in play; and no man could be better calculated for this purpose, both from his love of talking, and of locomotion. He galloped about from place to place, and from one great house to another, knew all the lords and ladies, and generals and colonels, and brigade-majors and aides-de-camp, in the land. Could any mortal be better qualified to fetch and

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carry news for Mrs Beaumont? Besides news, it was his office to carry compliments, and to speed the intercourse, not perhaps from soul to soul, but from house to house, which is necessary in a visiting country to keep up the character of an agreeable neighbour. Did Mrs Beaumont forget to send a card of invitation, or neglect to return a visit, Lightbody was to set it to rights for her, Lightbody, the ready bearer of pretty notes, the maker always, the fabricator sometimes, of the civilest speeches imaginable. This expert speechifier, this ever idle, ever busy scamperer, our heroine despatched to engage a neighbouring family to pay her a morning visit the next day, just about the time which was fixed for her going to see the Walsinghams. The usual caution was given—“Pray, Lightbody, do not let my name be used; do not let me be mentioned; but take it upon yourself, and say, as if from yourself, that you have reason to believe I take it ill that they have not been here lately. And then you can mention the hour that would be most convenient. But let me have nothing to do with it. I must not appear in it on any account.”

In consequence of Captain Lightbody's faithful execution of his secret instructions, a barouche full of morning visitors drove to the door, just at the time when Mrs Beaumont had proposed to set out for Walsingham House. Mrs Beaumont, with a well-dissembled look of vexation, exclaimed, as she looked out of the window at the carriage, “How provoking! Who can these people be? I hope Martin will say I am not at home. Ring—ring, Amelia. Oh, it's too late, they have seen me! and Martin, stupid creature! has let them in.”

Mr Palmer was much discomfited, and grew more and more impatient, when these troublesome visitors protracted their stay, and proposed a walk to see some improvements in the grounds.

“But, my good Mistress Beaumont,” said he, you know we are engaged to our cousin Walsingham this morning; and if you will give me leave, I will go on before you with Mr Beaumont, and we can say what detains you.”

Disconcerted by this simple determination of this straightforward, plain-spoken old gentleman, Mrs Beaumont saw that further delay on her part would be not only ineffectual, but dangerous. She now was eager to be relieved from the difficulties which she had herself contrived. She would not, for any consideration, have trusted Mr Palmer to pay this visit without her; therefore, by an able counter movement, she extricated herself not only without loss, but with advantage, from this perilous situation. She made a handsome

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apology to her visitors for being obliged to run away from them. "She would leave Amelia to have the pleasure of showing them the grounds."

Mrs Beaumont was irresistible in her arrangements. Amelia, disappointed and afraid to show how deeply she felt the disappointment, was obliged to stay to do the honours of Beaumont Park, whilst her mother drove off rejoicing in half the success, at least, of her stratagem; but even as a politician she used upon every occasion too much artifice. It was said of Cardinal Mazarin, he is a great politician, but in all his politics there is one capital defect—"C'est qu'il veut toujours tromper."

"How tiresome those people were! I thought we should never have got away from them!" said Mrs Beaumont. "What possessed them to come this morning and to pay such a horrid long visit! Besides, those Duttons, at all times, are the most stupid creatures on the face of the earth; I cannot endure them; so awkward and ill-bred too! and yet they are of a good family—who could think it? They are people one must see, but they are absolutely insufferable."

"Insufferable!" said Mr Palmer; "why, my good madam, then you have the patience of a martyr, for you suffered them so patiently, that I never should have guessed you suffered at all. I protest I thought they were friends and favourites of yours, and that you were very pleased to see them."

"Well, well, 'tis the way of the world," continued Mr Palmer; "this sort of—what do you call it?—double-dealing about visitors, goes on everywhere, Madam Beaumont. But how do I know that when I go away, you may not be as glad to get rid of me as you were to get away from these Duttons?" added he in a tone of forced jocularity. "How do I know but that the minute my back is turned, you may not begin to take me to pieces in my turn, and say, 'That old Palmer! he was the most tiresome, humoursome, strange, old-fashioned fellow; I thought we should never have got rid of him?'"

"My dear, dear Sir, how can you speak in such a manner?" cried Mrs Beaumont, who had made several vain attempts to interrupt this speech. "You, who are our best friend! Is it possible you could suspect? Is there no difference to be made between friends and common acquaintance?"

"I'm sure I hope there is," said Mr Palmer, smiling.

There was something so near the truth in Mr Palmer's raillery, that Mrs Beaumont could not take it with as much easy unconcern

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as the occasion required, especially in the presence of her son, who maintained a provoking silence. Unhappy, indeed, are those who cannot, in such moments of distress, in their own families, and in their nearest connexions, find any relief from their embarrassments, and who look round in vain for one to be *responsible* for their sincerity. Mrs Beaumont sat uneasy, and almost disconcerted. Mr Palmer felt for his snuff-box, his usual consolation; but it was not in his pocket; he had left it on his table. Now Mrs Beaumont was relieved, for she had something to do, and something to say with her wonted politeness: in spite of all remonstrance from Mr Palmer, her man Martin was sent back for the snuff-box; and conjectures about his finding it, and his being able to overtake them before they arrived at Walsingham House, supplied conversation for a mile or two.

"Here's Martin coming back full gallop, I vow," said Miss Hunter, who could also talk on this topic.

"Come, come, my good lady," said Mr Palmer (taking the moment when the young lady had turned her back as she stretched out of the carriage for the pleasure of seeing Martin gallop)— "Come, come, my good Mrs Beaumont, shake hands and be friends, and hang the Duttons! I did not mean to vex you by what I said. I am not so polite as I should be, I know, and you, perhaps, are a little too polite. But that is no great harm, especially in a woman."

Martin and the snuff-box came up at this instant; and all was apparently as well as ever. Yet Mrs Beaumont, who valued a reputation for sincerity as much as Chartres valued a reputation for honesty, and nearly upon the same principle, was seriously vexed that even this transient light had been let in upon her real character. To such *accidents* duplicity is continually subject.

Here is a narrative absolutely true to life. Omit the moralizing clauses and you have a genuine novelist's best qualities, in situation and in dialogue, which no one could call in question. Miss Edgeworth does not, indeed, "trip it lightly" with the best of the moderns; but neither does Sir Walter Scott. She analyses and reflects instead of merely presenting matter for analysis; but so did most other writers of the time. These are questions of manner, and the manner of 1809 is not that of 1909. But in that truthfulness which distinguishes the good fiction of any age from the bad, she stands the test of sound criticism—and only the incidental preaching has disguised this fact

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from an age which suspects of falsehood any story written with an avowed purpose.

The same qualities and defects may be found in *Almeria*. The book is the story of the heiress of a rich Yorkshire grazier who becomes dazzled by the attentions paid by the fashionable world to her money and forgets her more humble friends, the Elmours—though it is Edgeworthian that these friends are absolute gentlemen and ladies, far better born and bred than Almeria herself. In the world of fashion “Alps on alps arise,” and we are told how, being first dazzled by the riches of Sir Thomas Stock, the banker, and his family—choosing Sir Thomas himself to replace old Mr Elmour as her guardian, and nearly accepting the attentions of his son—she finds the Stocks looked down on by my Lady Bradstone, the widow of an earl. She succeeds in dropping the Stocks and getting in with the Bradstones, only to find a little later in Lady Bradstone’s sister, Lady Pierrepont, who is a great personage at court, a yet more desirable friend whom she ultimately succeeds in winning. All her success turns to ashes in the event, and Almeria ends as a disappointed old maid. Here, as in *Manœuvring*, we may at once dismiss the final moral as overstrained and somewhat tiresome. But the absolute fidelity to the facts of the world and of human nature in the individual details, and their humour, is unimpaired by this defect in the story regarded as a whole.

Here is the account of the first shock Almeria receives as to the greatness and importance of the Stock family:

One night at the Opera, Almeria happened to be seated in the next box to Lady Bradstone, a proud woman of high family, who considered all whose genealogy could not vie in antiquity with her own as upstarts that ought to be kept down. Her Ladyship, either not knowing or not caring who was in the next box to her, began to ridicule an entertainment which had been given two days before by Lady Stock. From her entertainment, the transition was easy to her character, and to that of her whole family. Young Stock was pronounced to have all the purse-proud self-sufficiency of a banker and all the pertness of a clerk; even his bow seemed as if it came from behind the counter.

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Till this moment Almeria had at least permitted, if not encouraged, this gentleman's assiduities; for she had hitherto only seen him in company where he had been admired: his attentions, therefore, had been flattering to her vanity. But things now began to appear in quite a different light: she saw Mr Stock in the point of view in which Lady Bradstone placed him; and felt that she might be degraded, but could not be elevated, in the ranks of fashion by such an admirer. She began to wish that she was not so intimately connected with a family which was ridiculed for want of taste, and whose wealth, as she now suspected, was their only ticket of admittance into the society of the truly elegant. In the land of fashion, "alps on alps arise"; and no sooner has the votary reached the summit of one weary ascent than another appears higher still and more difficult of attainment. Our heroine now became discontented in that situation which but a few months before had been the grand object of her ambition.

Almeria is now determined to win her way into Lady Bradstone's circle of intimates. The opportunity comes, and she throws over Lady Stock without compunction.

One morning she went with Lady Stock to a bookseller's whose shop served as a fashionable *lounge*. Her Ladyship valued books like all other things, in proportion to the money they cost: she had no taste for literature, but a great fancy for accumulating the most expensive publications which she displayed ostentatiously as part of the costly furniture of her house. Whilst she was looking over some literary luxuries, rich in all the elegance of hot-press and vellum binding, Lady Bradstone and a party of her friends came into the room. She immediately attracted and engrossed the attention of all present. Lady Stock turned over the leaves of the fine books and asked their prices; but she had the mortification to perceive that she was an object rather of derision than of admiration to the newcomers. None are so easily put out of countenance by airs as those who are most apt to play them off on their inferiors. Lady Stock bit her lips in evident embarrassment, and the awkwardness of her distress increased the confidence and triumph of her adversary. She had some time before provoked Lady Bradstone by giving a concert in opposition to one of hers, and by engaging at an enormous expence a celebrated performer for her *night*: hostilities had thenceforward been renewed at every convenient opportunity by the contending fair ones. Lady Bradstone now took occasion loudly to lament her extreme poverty;

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and she put this question to all her party, whether if they had it in their power they should prefer having more money than taste or more taste than money? They were going to decide *par acclamation*, but her Ladyship insisted on her taking each vote separately, because this prolonged the torments of her rival, who heard the preference of taste to money reiterated half a dozen times over with the most provoking variety of insulting emphasis. Almeria's sufferings during this scene were far more poignant than those of the person against whom the ridicule was aimed; not that she pitied Lady Stock—no; she would have rejoiced to have seen her humbled to the dust, if she could have escaped all share in her mortification; but as she appeared as her Ladyship's acquaintance, she apprehended that she might be mistaken for her friend. An opportunity offered of marking the difference. The bookseller asked Lady Stock if she chose to put her name down in a list of subscribers to a new work. The book, she saw, was to be dedicated to Lady Bradstone—and that was sufficient to decide her against it.

She declared that she never supported such things either by her name or her money; that, for her part, she was no politician; that she thought female patriots were absurd and odious; and that she was glad none of that description were of her acquaintance.

All this was plainly directed against Lady Bradstone, who was a zealous patriot; her Ladyship retorted, by some reflections equally keen, but rather more politely expressed, each party addressing their inuendoes to the bookseller, who, afraid to disoblige either the rich or the fashionable, preserved, as much as it was in the power of his muscles, a perfectly neutral countenance. At last, in order to relieve himself from his constraint, he betook himself to count the subscribers, and Miss Turnbull seized this moment to desire that her name might be added to the list. Lady Bradstone's eyes were immediately fixed upon her with complacency—Lady Stock's flashed fire. Regardless of their fire, Almeria coolly added, "Twelve copies, Sir, if you please."

"Twelve copies, Miss Turnbull, at a guinea a-piece! Lord bless me, do you know what you are about, my dear?" said Lady Stock.

"Perfectly well," replied our heroine; "I think twelve guineas, or twenty times that sum, would be well bestowed in a certain independence of sentiment, which I understand is the object of this work."

A whisper from Lady Bradstone to one of the shop men of "Who is that charming woman?" gave our heroine courage to

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pronounce these words. Lady Stock, in great displeasure, walked to her carriage, saying, "you are to consider what you will do with your twelve copies, Miss Turnbull; for I am convinced your guardian will never let such a parcel of inflammatory trash into his house: he admires female patriotism and *all that sort of thing*, as little as I do."

The rudeness of this speech did not disconcert Almeria; for she was fortified by the consciousness that she had gained her point with Lady Bradstone. This lady piqued herself upon showing her preferences and aversions with equal enthusiasm and *éclat*. She declared before a large company at dinner that notwithstanding Miss Turnbull was *nobody* by birth, she had made herself *somebody* by spirit; and that for her part she should, contrary to her general principle, which she confessed was to keep a strong line of demarcation between nobility and mobility, take a pride in bringing forward merit even in the shape of a Yorkshire grazier's daughter.

Excellent too is the account of Almeria's impressions when she has quarrelled with Lady Stock, and become intimate with the greater lady—as to the contrast between the two:

Lady Bradstone invited Miss Turnbull to her house, feeling herself, as she said, bound in honour to *bear her out* in a dispute of which she had been the original occasion. In this lady's society Almeria found the style of dress, manners, and conversation, different from what she had seen at Lady Stock's; she had without difficulty imitated the affectation of Lady Stock, but there was an ease in the decided tone of Lady Bradstone which could not be so easily acquired. Having lived from her infancy in the best company, there was no heterogeneous mixture in her manners; and the consciousness of this gave an habitual air of security to her words, looks and motions. Lady Stock seemed forced to beg or buy—Lady Bradstone accustomed to command or levy, admiration as her rightful tribute. The pride of Lady Bradstone was uniformly resolute and successful; the insolence of Lady Stock, if it were opposed, became cowardly and ridiculous. Lady Bradstone seemed to have, on all occasions, an instinctive sense of what a person of fashion ought to do; Lady Stock, notwithstanding her bravadoing air, was frequently perplexed, and anxious, and therefore awkward: she had always recourse to precedent. "Lady P—— said so, or Lady Q—— did so. Lady G—— wore this or Lady H—— was there, and therefore I am sure it was proper."

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On the contrary, Lady Bradstone never quoted authorities, but presumed that she was a precedent for others. The one was eager to follow, the other determined to lead the fashion.

Our heroine, who was by no means deficient in penetration, and whose whole attention was now given to the study of externals, quickly perceived these shades of difference between her late and her present friend. She remarked, in particular, that she found herself much more at ease in Lady Bradstone's society. Her Ladyship's pride was not so offensive as Lady Stock's vanity: secure of her own superiority Lady Bradstone did not want to measure herself every instant with inferiors. She treated Almeria as her equal in every respect; and in setting her right in points of fashion never seemed to triumph, but to consider her own knowledge as a necessary consequence of the life she had led from her infancy. With a sort of proud generosity, she always considered those whom she honoured with her friendship as thenceforward entitled to all the advantages of her own situation, and to all the respect due to a part of herself. She now always used the word *we*, with peculiar emphasis, in speaking of Miss Turnbull and herself. This was a signal perfectly well understood by her acquaintance. Almeria was received everywhere with the most distinguished attention; and she was delighted, and absolutely intoxicated, with her sudden rise in the world of fashion. She found that her former acquaintance of Lady Stocks' were extremely ambitious of claiming an intimacy; but this could not be done. Miss Turnbull had now acquired, by practice, the power of looking at people without seeming to see them, and of forgetting those with whom she was perfectly well acquainted. Her opinion of her own consequence was much raised by the court that was paid to her by several young men of fashion, who thought it expedient to marry two hundred thousand pounds.

How Lady Pierrepont appears on the scene, and because her sister, Lady Bradstone, is out of favour with Royalty, cuts her when she passes in the royal cortège—for the first time shaking Almeria's faith in Lady Bradstone's unquestionable greatness; how Lady Pierrepont supplies a new model for Almeria, that of the great lady at court "speaking always as if she thought that her words would be repeated and must lead to consequences"; how Lady Pierrepont supplants the other first as Almeria's idol and then as her friend and patroness, must be read by those who may care to turn to Miss Edgeworth's story itself. Enough has been

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quoted to illustrate my thesis. The same qualities are throughout apparent—a novelist's absolute truthfulness in detail, in spite of a strained moral to the story as a whole, a moral which any one of fairly wide experience feels to be false to life's pervading anomalies.

I said I should not speak of *Leonora* at any length—and if I refer to it in concluding my remarks, it is only to invoke its testimony to the qualities of the writer, as justifying my estimate for critics whose verdict might otherwise be doubtful. Lady Olivia—the very modern English lady of a bad French school, reader of *risqué* German novels of the period, and of dangerous philosophy, whose whole romance of life consists in a succession of love affairs of doubtful (or rather not at all doubtful) morality—in order to pass the time and to arouse her friend Lady Leonora's jealousy, flirts with her husband, who is clearly not quite a novice in the lists of love. In the end the affair becomes far more serious than she intended. She finds herself desperately in love with him and he becomes so with her. The nameless Duchess, Leonora's mother, when consulted at an earlier stage, was sure that no really serious *dénouement* would ensue if only Leonora showed no signs of jealousy. But she proves quite wrong. The apparent indifference of his wife indeed helps the husband to fall a victim to Olivia's passion. Here already we have the novelist's instinct deeper than the moralist's. But in the sequel Miss Edgeworth breaks off even more completely from the manner of the typical *Moral Tale*; for, even when the husband is brought fully to realize his wife's heroism and love for him, and feels how utterly lovable she is—how far more really lovable than Olivia—the fact remains "I love Leonora: but I am in love with Olivia." Not until the very end does the *Deus ex Machina* turn up, and set all to rights—when letters of Olivia to a friend, written at an early stage in her intrigue, and ridiculing the husband, fall into his hands and complete the work of disenchantment. Omit this ending—which is parallel to the customary concession to pit and gallery in giving a pleasant ending to a modern play—and you have a long drawn out drama of the truest realism,

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with no forcing of the note either in outlines or in details. Miss Edgeworth was indeed a true novelist who also greatly liked preaching a sermon. In the children's tales her sermons often made the stories unreal. They almost killed the novelist in her. In the bulk of the *Fashionable Tales* they left the novelist truthful in details—but spoilt her manner, and somewhat damaged her plots. In *Leonora* the novelist is free and untrammelled, for the preacher sleeps—only waking up in the last few pages in order to give an account of things to old Mr Edgeworth and persuade him that events have been allowed to go wrong so long merely to make it more wonderful that they are at last set right.

WILFRID WARD

# SOME FACTORS IN MORAL EDUCATION: Moral Instruction

Moral Instruction and Training in Schools: Report of an International Inquiry. Edited on behalf of the Committee by M. E. Sadler. Longmans, 1908.

Papers on Moral Education communicated to the First International Moral Education Congress, held at the University of London, September, 1908. Edited by Gustave Spiller, Hon. Sec. of the Congress. David Nutt.

DURING the early decades of last century there was an ardent belief among many men zealous for improving the welfare of the nation that the spread of education would prove an all-powerful factor in the regeneration of the masses of the people. It was a view naturally fostered by the individualism which reigned in economics, politics and sociological literature from Adam Smith to Bentham, and from him to J. Stuart Mill and Henry Fawcett. Indeed, it seemed to those men a self-evident corollary of that creed. If personal freedom, freedom of press and speech, freedom of contract and freedom of international trade comprised the great all-sufficient agencies by which the maximum well-being of each was to be secured, then, it was reasoned, development of his intelligence so that each would be able to make the most efficient use of these agencies, must be the most efficacious means for promoting the general happiness of all.

It was assumed that the pursuit of his own interest by every man, provided it were an "enlightened self-interest," would invariably make for the greatest good of the greatest number or of the whole nation. Bastiat's *Harmonies Économiques* was an elaborate expression of this theory in the science of industry. Equip each man with the information and the agility of mental faculty which will enable him to make the most of the opportunities lying around him to better his condition in life, and you will have provided, it was believed, if not an infallible panacea for the extinction

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of all poverty and suffering, at all events the best remedy possible in the present condition of the human race. The acceptance of this principle as an axiom was at the root of most of the labour and philanthropic effort devoted to extending the facilities for general education from the establishment of the first Mechanics' Institutes down to the State provision of Board Schools by the Act of 1870.

There was, however, one feature very characteristic of that movement which now strikes us as singularly naive. It seemed to be generally believed that mere intellectual education—and this limited even to primary instruction—would accomplish the reformation of the nation. Writers of the school of Fawcett never wearied of quoting statistics to show the heavy percentage of criminals who could neither read nor write, and the conclusion was constantly suggested, if not even formally drawn, that if the arts of reading and writing were once to become universal, a great general moral elevation of the masses of the population would infallibly follow. In this implicit faith in the saving efficacy of the universal dispensation of the three R's, Catholics could not participate. The fallacy of confounding intellectual culture with moral betterment, or of supposing that the latter necessarily follows on the former, is one against which the teaching and discipline of the Church have ever been in constant protest. Indeed, her insistence on the immeasurable superiority of moral virtue over intellectual attainment, and the possibility of depraved will coexisting with the highest mental culture, has earned for her, most unjustly, the reputation of contemning and discouraging education altogether. Yet, but very little reflection should have convinced any impartial man of the truth of her teaching on this point. Skill in penmanship may be as readily employed in forging a cheque as in honest work; ability to speak two languages does not necessarily make a man more truthful; and history has shown how the talents of a Napoleon, a Machiavelli, or a Benvenuto Cellini may be combined with a dullness and insensibility to elementary moral truths that is of a very startling nature.

However, the optimistic faith in the regenerating effi-

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cacy of public, elementary, intellectual instruction had waned considerably before the close of last century; and we find in recent years, in many nations, a growing consciousness that the education given in our State primary schools is not resulting in the anticipated improvement of the moral standard of actual conduct.

A very substantial testimony to this increased appreciation of the vital need of improvement in the moral, as distinguished from the intellectual, education of the masses of the nation, has been presented to us during the past autumn in the almost simultaneous occurrence in London of the "First International Moral Education Congress," and the publication of the *Report of an International Inquiry into Moral Instruction and Training in Schools*.

The Congress attracted much public attention. A Conference which gathered together representatives from sixteen foreign governments and a thousand delegates from at home and abroad, including educationists of note of all shades of religious and political opinion, in order to exchange views and discuss a subject of such profound importance to all nations, as the various means of improving moral education, naturally awakened widespread interest. Moreover, this was intended to be but the first of a series of such International Congresses on this subject. Its successful organization, therefore, reflected much credit on the industry of the executive committee and the untiring energy of its Secretary, Mr Spiller. Looking, however, to the future, if the Congress is to become a permanent success, and to accomplish the good which the periodic reunion of experienced educationists from many countries to consider the various aspects of moral education should effect, it will need, we believe, to become more truly, or more proportionately representative of different schools of thought on ethics, and especially on the relation of morality to religion, as they exist throughout the whole collection of countries represented. Thus, if we were to estimate the actual present opinions of the various continental nations on the subject of the importance of religion as a factor in ethical training by the proportions of their representatives

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at last September's Conference, we should be seriously misled. For instance, the delegates from France were practically all of the party which has exercised such tyranny in its policy of oppressing religious education. We doubt if a single French Catholic educationist was present. Again, whilst Germany and nearly all the northern European nations at home identify and combine moral and religious education, if they were to be estimated by their representatives at the Congress, they would have been judged, we fancy, to be overwhelmingly secularistic.

We do not wish at all to imply that this was the intention of the organizers of the Congress. As far as we are aware, they were anxious impartially to secure as numerous a representation as possible of all schools of thought. In regard to England, indeed, most shades of opinion were tolerably in evidence in the papers contributed, though the number of Catholics who actually took part in the Congress was seemingly small. The fact that the Moral Instruction League was understood to be one of the chief societies engaged in organizing the Congress may have probably caused in some supporters of religious education abroad a certain hesitancy as to what might prove ultimately to be the character of the Congress. We mention the matter because it seems to us that if this International Congress is to achieve permanent success, and to effect the amount of good possible to it, by improving methods of moral education throughout the world, it must secure adequate representation of those who believe in the importance of the religious factor in ethical training. Otherwise there will be an increasing tendency for it to become merely a periodic assembly of that section of educational opinion in each nation which desires to exclude religion of all kinds from education. This, assuredly, would be a deplorable result, and in direct conflict, we believe, with the object of those who have laboured so diligently to make the conference a genuinely representative International Congress.

The other event, the appearance of the *Report of the International Inquiry* into existing methods of moral in-

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struction and training, though attracting much less attention, may prove not less helpful to the interests of moral education. This *Report* is the outcome of the labours of a Commission extending over a year. Of this Commission Dr M. Sadler was the Hon. Secretary and both the moving and the guiding spirit. His zeal for the improvement of education, and especially of moral education, his assiduous labour, his tact in dealing with those of conflicting opinions, together with his insight and largeness of view on the various aspects of the educational problem, all contributed much to the successful issue of the undertaking. His Introduction to the first volume is itself a most valuable addition to the work.

The two volumes of the *Report* contain the papers of nearly a score of investigators appointed to study and write accounts of the methods of moral instruction and moral training employed in the different classes of schools, both male and female, in the leading countries of Europe, Japan, and the British Colonies; and also a still larger number of articles on some or other aspects of moral education by many distinguished educationists of England and America. There are contributions from the headmasters of Eton, Clifton, Marlborough and Manchester Grammar School; from Professors Adams, Findlay and Muirhead; also from Professors W. James, Stanley Hall, Euken and Fouillée; from Dr Hayward, Mrs Bryant and many others. There is an admirable paper on the present condition of education in France by Father Edward Myers of Old Hall; a useful sketch of Catholic Sunday School work by Mgr W. F. Brown; a vigorous statement of the Catholic view on the moral instruction and training of teachers by the Sisters of Mount Pleasant, and two contributions by the present writer—one on the doctrine of the Catholic Church on moral education, the other on moral training and instruction in Jesuit Schools. There is also a short fragment by the late Mr Reginald Balfour on the teaching of civic duty in French Schools, the character of which makes us regret all the more that it was not completed. One of the most entertaining papers of all for many readers

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will be that on Irish education and Irish character by Mr Stephen Gwynn, though a degree of unconventionality—indeed, almost of irreverence—in his treatment of some sacred traditions of English Public School life may make it a bit upsetting to the believers in the perfection of these historic educational institutions.

In the work of moral education there are two main factors which should be carefully distinguished, moral instruction and moral training. One great fruit of the *Report* is the clearness with which the distinction between them—not always realized—is brought out. Both aim at the formation of character. Moral instruction appeals primarily to the intellect, though it ought to be of a kind to influence the will. Moral training is accomplished by the exercise of the will, but it may be largely in intellectual tasks. The problem, then, for the student of moral education is to examine the part contributed to the total product by these two factors, and to analyse the chief agencies which may be employed in realizing the end of each.

Broadly speaking, moral instruction may be communicated in three ways. We may institute formal ethical teaching; that is, the direct teaching of certain duties in the shape of moral lessons. Or, the moral instruction may be given incidentally or indirectly in the lessons on other subjects, when a suitable topic or occasion suggests. Thirdly, every adequate system of religious instruction necessarily includes, as an essential part, instruction in our chief duties, their nature, motives and grounds.

Chief among the agencies which contribute to moral training are the following: The directed or controlled activities of the will, and the exercise of sustained attention in all branches of study. The steady pressure of the organized machinery of the school life—the order, regularity, obedience, succession of fixed tasks demanding submission, perseverance and industry in opposition to the waywardness and instability of childish nature. The experience of self-government and responsibility in the carrying out of discipline in minor matters, management of the school games, of libraries, or of other school institutions. The

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influence of the moral and social atmosphere of the school, its corporate life, the example, the beliefs, the ideals of fellow-students, the personality of the teachers, the code of honour and the public opinion which at the time prevail in the school. Finally, in the Catholic school most powerful of all is the practice of religion: reflection on the teaching and example of Christ and His saints, the exercise of prayer and worship, the frequent preparation for the Sacraments, the regular process of examination of conscience, acts of contrition, resolutions of amendment—in a word, the actual living of the Christian life. Each and all of these agencies, in their measure and degree, co-operate in moulding the personal character of the growing youth, now in its most plastic stage. In proportion as these agencies are working in a sound and healthy condition so do they all aid in building up the child or boy into a good Christian man.

The investigation of the part played by each of these several agencies in the process of moral training, and the consideration of the methods by which they may be made most effective, would be a very interesting and useful study, but in the limits at our disposal in the present article we cannot undertake it; so in our remaining pages we shall dwell rather on the other factor in moral education—that of instruction. We shall deal more especially with one method of moral instruction, that of direct formal ethical teaching; for this has been zealously advocated in recent years and held a prominent place both in the Moral Education Congress, and among the questions presented to the witnesses interrogated by Dr Sadler's Commission.

The method of moral instruction most in favour in the non-Catholic secondary schools of England seems to be that of the indirect or incidental kind suggested by occasions which may casually arise in the ordinary history, literature or other secular lessons. Such, at all events, is the general trend of the evidence given in Dr Sadler's *Report*. Even the Scripture lesson seems to be held by headmasters of some of the leading public schools to be best employed for incidental rather than for direct moral

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instruction. The passage from the Bible is translated, parsed and commented on pretty much as an ordinary classical author. If the master ventures on any moral observations at all during the Bible lesson they would seem to come only incidentally. Direct moral instruction or exhortation on ethical matters proper, in their view, comes effectively only on special occasions, as the occurrence of some public misdemeanour or some edifying event.

The new proposal is thus indicated in the italicized section in the following query addressed by the Commission to all those whose views were sought:

Do you think that, in addition to the influence exerted on the pupils by the tone of the school, by the organization of its work and play, and by the personality of the teachers, more should be done to promote systematic moral instruction and training as part of education? If so, should it be,

- (a) though systematic in plan, almost entirely indirect in method, e.g. given through the teaching of literature and history; or
- (b) arranged as part of the definite religious teaching of the school; or
- (c) *planned in the form of regular lessons, making a graded course of moral instruction on non-theological lines;*

or is some combination of those methods the more efficacious?

The importance of the question may be estimated from the fact that the Moral Instruction League has made the introduction of non-theological Moral Instruction into all schools its main object; and that the Board of Education has for the last couple of years given its support by including in its code a rule requiring the giving of moral instruction in a manner likely in practice to work out on these lines. Many well-meaning men also seem to hope that, whilst avoiding the difficulties raised by religious differences of opinion, the universal employment of this method of direct ethical instruction of a non-theological character would prove a powerful piece of machinery for raising the moral standard of the nation.

The proposal may be thus stated:

Let there be in all our schools systematic instruction

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in morality, as in geography, history or arithmetic. Let a graded syllabus of the various virtues and duties to be taught to the different classes be prepared and imposed by public authority on all schools which come in any way under the ever-extending jurisdiction of the Board of Education. Let fitting lesson-books, adapted to each standard, with chapters on temperance, self-control, truthfulness, self-reliance, prudence, modesty, justice, hygiene, civic duties and the like be prepared. Let the teacher in a regular lesson each day, or so many times a week, explain, illustrate and inculcate these virtues with reasons and arguments that are likely to commend themselves to the age and intelligence of his pupils. But let him throughout abstain from putting forward supernatural or religious motives of any kind. Let him merely insist on the beauty, nobility, and intrinsic attractiveness of each virtue, with its consequences in regard to the temporal happiness of the individual or the community. By regular instruction of this kind the mind of the child will receive moral enlightenment, and knowing the nature of right conduct and the natural consequences of evil action, it will be led to choose the good and avoid the evil.

Such is the case for the new proposal. It contains much that is clearly attractive. Among the children of the poor, especially in the large cities, ignorance in respect to many of what seem to be obvious virtues and duties is often remarkable. Sundry well established principles of hygiene are largely ignored among all classes. Moreover, the civic and social obligations of modern life, when the functions of government, both central and local have become so extended, and when the increased complexity of trade and industry have fundamentally changed the social constitution of nations, have assumed a character and importance which makes it most desirable that the young of all classes shall be adequately instructed in the duties of citizenship.

In spite, however, of the plausibility of the arguments which suggest themselves in favour of this system of direct ethical teaching, we find on turning to these two valuable volumes of Reports, a great weight of opinion amongst

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men of actual experience in the work of education against the plan. Thus, glancing through Vol. I, we note expressions of opinion such as these:

**Mr David, Headmaster of Clifton :**

The moral instruction and training [at Clifton] are not systematic. Masters use as they can the opportunities available by sermons, addresses, preparation for confirmation, Bible lessons, literature, history and private conversations. . . .

. . . I am not convinced of the need of any systematic instruction on the lines suggested. (Vol. I, *op. cit.*, p. 143.)

**Mr Frank Fletcher, Headmaster of Marlborough :**

I have a strong objection to lessons on morals pure and simple, and to divorcing morals from religion, and making of them a separate subject (p. 145).

**Mr J. Paton, Head of Manchester Grammar School :**

Moral instruction is not given [at this school] in any systematic way, only indirectly. It is a bye-product of Scripture, History, English Literature and every other subject of the curriculum. It is not focal. If given in any direct form it is only when a text is provided either by occurrence of some offence against moral law, or by some special occasion like Founder's Day, opening and close of term, boys leaving or entering school. When monitors or prefects are appointed the Highmaster speaks to them collectively as to their duties and responsibilities. . . . The definite religious teaching is based on the Bible. I am not inclined to adopt any other syllabus. This book contains all that is necessary to right living. . . . [In answer to the question as to the desirability of a course of ethical lessons on non-theological lines.] Such a course is abhorrent to me; it lacks reality, and it lacks what must be the foundation of all ethical conduct—the consciousness of an omnipresent God, and the sense that man is here to obey, love, glorify and enjoy Him. (pp. 144, 145.)

**The Rev. Chancellor Bernard :**

My own feeling is distinctly against attempts to give direct moral teaching in the form of set lessons in our large Public Schools . . . I am persuaded it would do harm rather than good. Boys there are apt to be critical and on the watch to make game of things. Then at best it will be regarded as a lesson, which would put it on a wrong footing at once. I am convinced that moral instruction in our Public Schools to have a real force and

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power, must be given either as a result of some special occasion, some serious moral offence in the school, when feeling is strongly excited, or else by way of a sermon or address in the school chapel. What is wanted is the solemnity, the awe, which can only be gained by thorough religious teaching in strong hands. In this way alone is it possible to deal with those terribly anxious questions of morality with which all public schoolmasters have to deal. (p. 78.)

When we turn to those engaged in the management of English Preparatory Schools, we find the same general views prevail. Thus Mr Gidley Robinson, summarizing the evidence of several experienced Masters writes:

There is ethical value in all school work which calls for concentration and effort. But teachers are agreed that History and Literature, including Bible lessons, lend themselves more especially to moral instruction.... The opinion of preparatory school-masters, so far as I am able to gauge it, is strongly opposed to systematic moral instruction according to syllabus, as being too much in the air. They urge the end to be kept in view is—not the stocking of the brain with moral tags, but—the formation of moral habits.... Children need to be told what is right in many matters of conduct, and to be reminded at frequent intervals, until knowledge has become a habit . . . [But] system, it is believed, would take all value out of moral instruction; it would then be regarded as official and officious; so that, if not positively harmful, it would at any rate be unproductive of good. (pp. 162-163.)

From those experienced in the teaching and management of Girls' Secondary Schools we receive much the same kind of testimony. Thus, Miss S. E. Wells, who was appointed to investigate the methods of moral instruction and training in such schools in England, reports:

The question as to whether these methods of ethical teaching, (occasional addresses and moral talks), should be supplemented by a systematic graded course of moral instruction on non-theological lines has been met in most cases by a decided negative. (p. 188.)

At the same time, along with this view, there are expressions of opinion in favour of some form of direct instruction on certain questions of hygiene, on the facts of sexual life, on home duties, the ethics of citizenship and some other topics.

Turning to the primary schools, as we have already

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observed, the Board of Education has favoured the introduction of these ethical lessons, and several of the local education authorities have adopted syllabuses. However, as here we have merely summaries of the evidence of the male-teachers, without a sufficiently clear indication of the proportions entertaining one view or the other, it is not so easy to give a definite presentation of their testimony. Sometimes, moreover, a teacher when advocating direct moral instruction seems to mean that this should be given through the religious teaching. However, as a whole, the evidence of these teachers does not seem much more in favour of the new plan than did the evidence of the other classes of teachers. Thus, Mr Shawcross, who prepared a report on an extensive enquiry into the Biblical and moral teaching in English primary schools for boys, writes:

That the teaching of the Bible is, as a rule, far from satisfactory, few who have had experience of it will deny, because it fails to arouse not only ethical but even historical interest. But this in itself is no argument for supplanting it by moral instruction, which is equally ineffectual in the hands of incompetent teachers. . . . The teaching of morals directly by graded systematic courses of instruction, is, with a few exceptions, a novelty in English elementary educational practice, and must, as yet, be regarded as more or less an experiment. . . . Among those who have had some practical experience of the method many were sceptical as to its value, many doubtful, a few enthusiastic; often a teacher thought he could trace beneficial effects to the lesson, but it would be in manners only. (p. 348.)

Mr Burrell's report reflects much the same views. Miss A. Ravenhill, who contributes a report on a large number of Girls' Elementary Schools—Council Schools and Voluntary Schools of all denominations, says:

With a remarkable unanimity teachers volunteered their conviction that the root of all morality lies in religion, and that to divorce the one from the other is impossible. If, they said, conduct is to be actively influenced, the close relationship of these two subjects must be preserved and indicated; the one furnishes the motive force for the other. (Vol. 1, p. 259.)

Miss B. Jones and Miss C. E. Grant say the same.

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There are, of course, some exceptions. The second chapter of Volume I on "The Need for Personal Moral Instruction," by Dr F. H. Hayward, contains an able statement of the case in behalf of direct ethical teaching. Mr F. J. Gould, a former schoolmaster, and the author of several *Moral Lesson Books* for children, published by the Moral Instruction League, and designed to illustrate this method of teaching non-theological ethics, also presents a plea for systematic ethical lessons. Mr A. R. Pickles, too, appears to favour the proposal; whilst among the investigators appointed to study the methods of foreign countries, Mr Harold Johnson, who has written a report on France, and Mr Gustav Spiller, who has done that on Germany,—both amongst the ablest and most energetic members of the Moral Instruction League,—are warm advocates of the new method. It is, however, instructive to note that Mr Spiller, although himself recommending its introduction there, has to allow that "as a rule, admitting of few exceptions, German head and assistant teachers do not, on practical grounds, favour separate moral instruction."\* We will return to Mr Johnson's article presently.

Among Professors of Training Colleges, Dr J. J. Findlay, of Manchester University, in a well reasoned article, argues that this method of ethical lessons for children will prove psychologically unsound and morally injurious. They force abstract thought before the child is equal to abstract thinking on these subjects. The child thinks in the concrete and learns morality from the concrete; the abstract formulation of ethical conceptions which the direct teaching involves implies a degree of reflection, he holds, which only becomes operative when youth is beginning to philosophise. The result will be, he urges, that the child will merely memorize phrases, or that something of a casuistic precocity will be evoked before its time:

What children can do after six years of age, especially after eight or nine, when they have got used to reading print, is to repeat and memorize adult language with fidelity, and to give to this a vague meaning of their own, which suffices for the artificial

\* Vol. II, p. 223.

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purposes superinduced by the Teacher. But their own moral life ranges in another sphere. . . . To most Christians morality is to be like Christ; the separation between abstract ideal and its personification is not made. It needs an adult mind—yes, and an educated adult mind—to think them apart. Children think of conduct in terms of personality; whatever comfort the New Theology may give to us fathers, our children are barbarians, medievalists—as you please—unable to appreciate ideals apart from strong personal attachment to higher powers. They may grow out of this stage, upwards or downwards, but there they stand, and so they must be handled. . . . [In the new scheme] we shall separate morals from the rest of life; it will become one more subject to be talked about in certain class lessons and relegated to that conventional region of experience. . . . Moreover, this specialization in morals readily lends itself to risks as regards the moral standard. Thus, I gather that those who have constructed the syllabus of this Moral Instruction League are not consciously out of sympathy with Christian ethics; but no one can study the topics there presented without feeling that there are grave omissions. . . . Specialization is harmful: but precocity is disastrous. . . . In 1906, Mr Birrell introduced moral instruction into the Code, and exhorted teachers that “natural moral responsiveness is to be *stirred*.” Now I distrust this language. Experience all about the child is stirring him every day. Restraint, modesty, silence, example are the better watchwords. Virtue is not learnt by argument until you have come of age to argue, and even then for one Socrates there are a hundred Sophists. (pp. 28-30.)

In fact, moral discussion and questioning of the kind stimulated by these lessons he holds to be most unwholesome at this age. Children are to be instructed in their duty, and dogmatically, not philosophically and critically; or to be guided indirectly by concrete suggestion. “The trouble with teachers and children alike is, not to talk about the good life but to live it.”

Finally, in the opinion of so competent a judge as Professor John Adams, of the University of London:

A great deal of the *Shorter Catechism*, in the hands of capable teachers, forms the best possible material for moral instruction, [and] it will be difficult for the Moral Instruction League to get a better manual for its work than the non-metaphysical parts of the *Shorter Catechism*. (Vol. I, p. 40.)

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Turning from this unfavourable evidence of able and experienced teachers, we have only space to direct attention to one great European practical experiment of this method of moral education—the French nation. France, it has been said long ago, has provided the world with a laboratory in which to study the manufacture and dissolution of political constitutions and social systems. During the past twenty-five or thirty years she has been subjecting her people to what is truly a colossal experiment in moral education—with, alas! such disastrous consequences. The reader will find the mournful story of that tragic experiment told from the Christian standpoint with studied moderation in Volume II of the *Report*, in the masterly article on “Moral Instruction in French Schools,” by Father Edward Myers. Even Mr Harold Johnson, notwithstanding all his ardour in the cause of the Moral Instruction League, of which he is such an able and indefatigable secretary, with a candour which does him credit and deserves recognition, does not conceal his feelings of mingled sadness over the result. Having narrated how, “according to the great Education Laws of 1833 and 1850, which established State primary education in France, moral instruction and religious instruction were intimately associated,” he tells us, that “an epoch-making change was effected when the law of March 28, 1882, in its first article, declared that primary instruction includes moral and civic instruction, and in its second article provided that in all primary schools one day a week, in addition to Sunday, should be set apart to enable such parents as desired their children to receive religious instruction to arrange for this, but *outside the school buildings.*” He justly cites M. Seaille’s remark on this point, that “there are many revolutions which have made more stir in the world, but there are few that have had a profounder philosophical meaning.”\* From their fruits you shall know them. What is the result of this exclusion of religious teaching from the school building and the substitution for it of a syllabus of non-theological ethics? Has it

\* Vol. II, p. 2.

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effected a moral regeneration of the nation? Has it, at all events, done something considerable towards that desirable end? Have the moral lessons and the moral catechisms of Paul Bert, Compayre, Bruno, Renouvier, Payot and the rest substantially improved the standard of actual conduct, or elevated the moral tone of the youth, or purified the public opinion of the nation as a whole? The children who were nine years old when this *morale laïque*, that was to regenerate the moral life of the nation, was introduced in 1882, are now men and women of thirty-five. Those nurtured on the new morality constitute the French nation to-day. *They make its laws.* Well, here, in a truly fine passage, are Mr Johnson's own pathetic words:

For more than a century France has been the *initiatrice des peuples*, the "suffering servant" of the world, the nation irresistibly borne along on the torrent of inexorable ideas. She has paid, and is still paying, a terrible price for the supreme purchase which she hopes may yet be hers. There is much in her present condition that is profoundly disquieting. In fifty years criminality in France increased threefold, although there was scarcely any increase in the population. This enormous increase in crime was particularly noticeable among the young. Statistics of the Ministry of Justice, furnished up to 1904, in *L'Education et le Suicide des Enfants* (1907), by Louis Proal, show no appreciable improvement. France has passed, too, from being the soberest of nations to being one of the least sober. By the very irony of fate it would seem, only two years before she entered on her moral crusade in the schools, she passed (in 1880) the disastrous law facilitating the production and sale of alcohol, and in sixteen years, as Fouillée tells us, the consumption of alcohol increased threefold. . . .

The same irony of fate would seem to smile grimly again when, in 1887, the moral lessons in the schools were extended to include lessons on *anti-alcoholism*, whilst at the same time, to maintain the Army, the Treasury must perforce felicitate itself upon an increasing revenue from alcoholic sources! One pities the teacher, but he needs not our pity. He looks with confidence to the coming generations. Has he not with the first generation of voters trained in the schools, under the moral and civic instruction, established the Republic firmer than it has ever been before? . . . Nor can there be much doubt that the final separation of Church and State was largely the result of the laicization of the schools. What

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might the teacher not yet accomplish! If only the State would co-operate with him more! If only it would regard absinthe, *aperitifs*, and every kind of distilled spirit as China now regards opium! If only it could be induced to exercise a severe restraint over the unbridled licence of the pornographic press which pours its obscenities into every hamlet in the land! If only it could distinguish between liberty and licence! If in no sense it sanctioned debauchery and vice (e.g. *maisons de tolérance*)! If only it would provide for the teacher in all departments of the national life the ethical atmosphere without which his noblest efforts are stifled! (Vol. II, pp. 9-11.)

Yes, indeed, if only the State would do these things! If only the State would exhibit a sense of true morality! But what is the State? Mr Harold Johnson seems to have overlooked this question! It is to-day the creation of the *morale laïque*. It is a Republic governed by manhood suffrage; that is, some ten or twelve millions of voters, whose moral principles and sentiments have been formed by a syllabus of non-theological morality in schools from which religion was excluded!

There is another moral malady, a veritable cancer eating into the vitals of the nation. The young men and women who for the last fifteen years have been entering into the marriage state have imbibed their moral notions no longer from the Church but from the school. Has the change elevated the ideal of the marriage state? Has it made for parental unselfishness? Has it sanctified and ennobled the national conception of the relations of husband and wife, of their duties and responsibilities? Or has this much-lauded *morale laïque* steadily debased the national conception of family life? Is it viewed more and more as an institution for the sordid pursuit of self-gratification with a cynical disregard for all thoughts of duty or self-denial? Year by year the birth rate has steadily decreased under the new ethical teaching. Is "the State" the author of this? At the time of the war her numbers were nearly equal to those of Germany. If both countries continue their present rate for a very few years longer, Germany will have double the population of France. There could not be plainer hand-

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writing on the wall! "The teacher looks with confidence to the coming generations." Of Germans? Poor France!

Assuredly, then, experience does not strengthen the argument for building the morality of our schools on a syllabus of non-theological ethics. Even if it be alleged that the *morale laïque* is not the cause of the evils and vices just indicated, it is sufficient to reply that at all events it has not removed them. The truth is, the matter of primary importance in moral teaching is to influence the will. The fundamental question then is: Where is adequate motive force to be found? Motive force not to secure politeness or good manners, not becoming external behaviour, not the conventionalities of life, not the observance of certain rules of hygiene. No! the child needs motive force to resist and overcome his growing passions. Temptations to impurity, selfishness, untruthfulness, injustice will inevitably come. What he needs—and needs from the start—is strength to combat the evil thought and desire, as well as the external act. To fight not only against the sin that will be seen of men, but against those known only to himself. Here is the value of the religious motive; and here is where the *morale laïque* fails.

The true method, the effective method, of teaching morality, the grave moral duties, those that matter most, is in union with Religion. When the child asks why may I not lie? Why must I respect the property of another? Why is it wrong to yield to an impure thought, or an impure act? the teacher must be prepared to give an adequate answer. That answer for the Christian is: *Because it is sinful*. Because the Omnipresent All-seeing God, who has created you, has forbidden these things. And He has forbidden them because they are in conflict with His all-holy nature. Moreover, He has declared that He will punish those who are disobedient by banishing them from His sight. Herein is an answer which makes duty always reasonable; wrong always irrational—often an impossible task for the teacher confined within the four corners of the moral lesson programme.

Returning to the testimony of our experts, the extracts

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which we have given above prove pretty conclusively that the scheme of ethical teaching advocated by the Moral Instruction League, and at least encouraged by the recent action of the Board of Education, is not viewed very favourably by a large proportion of our most competent educationists. We believe, however, the main object of their disapproval is not so much the use of the direct method in teaching ethics, as the attempted divorce of morality from religious conceptions, which they generally identify with the new plan. It is true that in Professor Findlay's article, and also in some of the other contributions, forcible arguments are advanced against the method itself in the earlier stages of education. Still, we believe that it is the forced and unnatural separation of morality from all religious sentiments and conceptions which renders the method so unsuitable in the case of children. The elimination of all appeal to religious motives inevitably tends to convert the lesson from being in any degree an exhortation into an academic ethical lecture. Philosophical analyses and intellectual generalizations of virtues have their place in a complete course of education, but it is at the end, not at the beginning. The most elementary religious instruction among all those who adhere to any form of Christianity, or indeed of Theism, provides the child with an intellectual background—in Herbartian language, with a mass of apperceptive ideas—ready to receive and assimilate moral notions and precepts. To interdict the employment of this sympathetic background is deliberately to reject the most valuable ally we have in the moral education of the Christian child.

When morality is taught with and through the religious instruction, there will naturally be much direct teaching of ethics, but it will be positive and authoritative—the right tone in dealing with the child, especially in these matters—constantly appealing implicitly or explicitly to the whole mass of religious ideas and sentiments latent in the child's mind. In proportion to the strength and vitality of these will be the adhesion of the newly-presented moral truths. In these non-theological lessons the religious sen-

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timents, with the authority and purchase which they give being excluded, the child tends to be placed in the position of a young rationalist philosopher, and to have supplied to him only the motives which would, or should, move such a personage to good conduct. It is in this that the fundamental defect as to method of the non-theological ethics lesson appears to us to lie. The lesson may contain excellent matter with happy illustrations, which, administered in the religious lesson with the mental attitude corresponding to the latter, would prove most valuable, but when thus artificially separated from the religious sentiment may sometimes prove positively injurious. Professor Sadler, in his introduction to the *Report*, thus expresses what seems the reasonable and sound judgement of the Committee:

So far as Great Britain is concerned, the Committee are impressed by the earnest conviction with which so large a number of teachers, and especially of the women teachers, both in our primary and our secondary schools, speak of the power of the religious lessons to inspire a high moral ideal and to touch the springs of conduct. We are assured by our investigators and by some of those who have given oral evidence, that the withdrawal of the religious lessons from the schools (and, in a still higher degree, the prohibition of acts of common worship) would be regarded by multitudes of teachers as a calamity, hurtful (as they believe) to the children, injurious (as they know) to their own spiritual life. But by evidence not less weighty, the Committee are drawn to the further conclusion that the syllabuses of religious instruction should be carefully considered by those in authority, and, when necessary, revised, in order that teachers may be enabled and authorized to give more time to definite moral instruction than is now, in many instances, the case. More use (the Committee are persuaded) might be made of portions of Scripture as texts and themes for lessons in personal and civic duty, and less use should be made of them as exercises in that often too desiccated a thing called "Scripture knowledge"—good and necessary in itself, but sometimes tainted by overmuch regard to examinations. (p. xlvi.)

Assuming, then, that the main moral principles and duties should be taught in union with religion, and as part of the definite religious teaching of the school, there may be wisely added, outside of the religious lesson, direct and

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systematic instruction in civic duties, in rules of hygiene, in manners and other border topics which might otherwise escape notice—though even our most enlightened education authorities will find on examination that the syllabus of the Ten Commandments, in spite of its antiquity, is astonishingly comprehensive. Moreover, it has always been the practice of Christian moralists to utilize all available natural motives in favour of duty. The sense of honour, the beauty of virtue, the nobility of self-sacrifice, the charm of right for its own sake, can appeal, and should be made to appeal, to the Christian not less than to the Agnostic. But the Christian has deeper and stronger motives to cling to amid the tempest of passion, when lust, or angry hate, or selfish greed surge within him and threaten to overwhelm the still small voice of reason—the great motives of his religious Faith. In that stormy hour the lessons of the ethical syllabus, if not swept like chaff before the wind, will, we fear, have but poor hold.

What have they done to suppress crime and vice among the youth of France? The more intimately, then, the religious motives be associated with all the child's conduct, the more completely the spirit of religion be made to animate his whole life, in school and out of school, the more will his character become conformed to that of the Divine Model, the founder and finisher of his Faith.

In closing the present article, we gladly recommend the study of these two volumes to all concerned in the work of education, as containing a great deal of interesting, valuable and suggestive matter. We may add, that the editing seems to us to have been admirably performed by Professor Sadler—a fitting completion, indeed, to his self-sacrificing zeal and unstinted labour expended throughout the whole of this undertaking, in his devotion to the noble cause of improving the moral education of the nation.

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J.

# CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA AND OLD HAMMERSMITH

Record Office Papers (Domestic).

John Ogilby's Road Books, 1675 and 1677.

Middlesex County Records. Collected by John Cordy Jeaffreson.

Life of the Marquis of Worcester. Henry Dircks.

Annals of St Mary's Convent, York.

Jerningham Letters. Ed. by Egerton Castle.

And other Works.

WHEN Catherine of Braganza built her house on the Thames at Hammersmith, the whole district, together with the neighbouring village of Chiswick, had a Catholic reputation. There had been Sir Lewis Lewknor at Chiswick, Master of the Ceremonies to James I, who lived under the nose of Francis Earl of Bedford, but was, it is thought, protected by the King. He first came up as a Recusant at Hicks Hall, where he had so often himself sat on the Bench, in the second year of the greatly coerced Charles. There were the Lees or Leighs of Chiswick, frequently fined (an ancient lead cistern still in an old garden at Chiswick bears the initials and date of Edward Leigh). There were Lameers or Laniers, a William and Bridget Saunders, and one or two more. And Chiswick had given refuge to Marie de Medici, mother of the beautiful Queen Henrietta, between her flight after the attack on the Palace of St James and her escape into France.

But strangely enough, very few residents of Hammersmith are found as Recusants. Ralph, Lord Eure, who was indicted in the thirteenth year of King James, lived somewhere on Hammersmith Mall; but there are otherwise only a few names and those of very poor persons; and of all the suspects who had to answer for being "att Mass att the Portugal Ambassador" not one is said to come from Hammersmith. Yet the nucleus of the community was the house of the Portuguese Ambassador at the Broadway, which for long went by the name of Cupola House. For the most part the Catholic traditions have run so much

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underground that their source cannot easily be traced, and of all the half-hinted, half-vouched for stories there is nothing more authentic than the history of the Convent. It is held in Hammersmith, that the ground surrounding it was a gift from Catherine of Braganza, and old pupils of the Convent school say that the beautiful red brick wall enclosing the garden was always called "Queen Catherine's wall." This is not mentioned in the earliest narrative of Dorothy Paston Beddingfield written a few years after its foundation, but the aid from Catherine may well have come later.

In 1667, Frances Beddingfield, friend of that wonderful person Mary Ward, was recalled from Augsburg to start a school for Catholic girls in the north of England. With dismay she found that the kind but feeble intentions of the patron on whose promised help they relied, had been frustrated. "The knight's friends had quite taken him off for some years" writes Dorothy Beddingfield quaintly. Frances Beddingfield then turned to Hammersmith as a possible centre for her work. Probably the Catholic Marquis of Worcester was then at Chiswick. He had been let out of the Tower in 1653. Already in 1649 he had lent 600 pistoles, though where he found the money Heaven only knows, to Mary Pointz, a member of the same Institution of English Ladies as Frances Beddingfield, who was obliged to fly from York and take refuge in Paris. "To my most honoured cousin Mary Pointz," wrote the dreamy inventor, "to be disposed of by her to God's greater glory.... as a little testimony of my most humble thankfulness to Almighty God for his infinite blessings and his particular illumination for the inventing and perfecting of my last weighty design." No doubt the Second Marquis alluded to the "Water commanding Engine," which was in effect the first hydraulic engine or steam pump. Curiously enough, Dircks, the biographer of Worcester, says that no one knows where he lived after his imprisonment and that the place of his death is shrouded in mystery. There seems in fact to have been very little mystery. John Ogilby, cosmographer to Charles II, marks plainly in his

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Road Book of 1675, the house of the Marquis of Worcester at Chiswick, and it is again mentioned as a point of departure in a later Road Book of 1699. There is some idea that the house is the fine old Charles II villa now known as "St Veronica's Retreat."

Frances Beddingfield fixed on an old building lying by the high road—the great "Bristol Road" of the Road Books—to which an ecclesiastical tradition was already attached. It is said that some sort of religious Institution had been there from mediæval times; escaping destruction at the dissolution of the monasteries, because the inmates were so poor they were not worth suppressing. Frances Beddingfield's niece says that the house was an expensive one, and that her aunt, who had indeed little but courage at her command, looked so poor that the landlord viewed her with some suspicion. But finally he declared that though she was a stranger, she might have it for "Corronel Beddingfield's sake, her kinsman, who was so worthy and honourable a gentleman, and just dead out of the house." So that there had evidently been some previous connection of the family with Hammersmith.

By 1669 Frances Beddingfield had established near the Broadway, and next door to the Portuguese Ambassador, an efficient branch of the teaching Institute of English Ladies. Three other workers, Mary Portington, Christina Hastings, and Isabella Layton, were sent over to help her. The Sisters had a hard time, for they lacked the veriest necessities of life. Frances herself used, we are told, to go at need to the washing tub and wash like a laundry maid from twelve at night to eight the next morning. Isabella Layton had a little money of her own and helped in some building additions to the Convent. She had, in addition, an intrepid soul, and was known to walk miles at night carrying provisions on her head to Catholics who were in hiding from pursuivants. At first things would have gone badly with them had it not been for the help of a Mr Poulton, a clergyman, and a friend of Frances Beddingfield. Hearing they were in actual distress he lent them £300 without asking for any acknowledgment. "Though the

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good gentleman was ill in bed he rose and gave her the money." Sir Thomas Gascoigne, imprisoned in the Tower in 1679 on charge of conspiracy against the life of the King, also gave money to the courageous women. The place soon acquired a certain position. "At Hammersmith Mrs Beddingfield, a very virtuous and discreet person, and of your Ladyship's acquaintance, has lately taken a faire house and garden and hathe but a small family," wrote Walter Travers, a priest, to the widow of the Marquis of Worcester. He implored the lady to retire there for the health of her person, and the benefit of the "good Ayre and Quietness" instead of giving way to dreams of enriching herself by "the Great Mashine" (*i.e.* the Water commanding Engine). Perhaps it was as well she never took his advice, for in 1678 there was a Commission of Lunacy to inquire into her mental state. She eventually married one Donough O'Kearney and in 1681 died.

In 1672 Frances Beddingfield left Hammersmith for St Mary's Convent, York, and was succeeded by Cicely Cornwallis, kinswoman of Queen Anne. The teaching advantages of the Convent were great, and the presence of the Community must have been an inestimable boon in those difficult times. Though at first they were no doubt thankful to avail themselves of the Chapel of Cupola House (only separated from their own building by a very narrow passage), they must have soon achieved a Chapel of their own, and it is there Bishop Challoner was consecrated. On the Brook Green, as well as on the Chiswick side of Hammersmith, Catholic families were gathered and lived apparently on good terms with a considerable number of Huguenots, who had had their own experience of persecution. Brook Green itself was well known to be a resort of Papists, and so too was the desolate bit of land through which the old "Creek" meandered by gravel pits and osier beds past the rather dangerous region of Shepherd's Bush. There you might come on a gallows where highwaymen and malefactors in chains were swinging. There along the Acton Road the apparitions of five Jesuit Fathers were said to appear after nightfall. They had died "with the

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most splendid lies on their lips," says the half-reluctant praise of the contemporary tract which describes them. One of the most celebrated of the Catholic refugees was Dr Bonaventure Giffard, of Magdalen fame, Chaplain to James II, who came to Hammersmith after his many years' imprisonment, first in Newgate and then in Hertford gaol, and who died there in his ninetieth year.

Once or twice the Convent had a narrow escape. In 1679-80 Titus Oates obtained a commission to search the house as a "reputed nunnery and a well-known home of Papists and Recusants where several Jesuits and priests lay concealed." But the Commission was obviously friendly. The Superior, they said, was to be "much admired for her extraordinary learning beyond her age and sex, understanding excellently well the Latin, Hebrew, Greek, and several modern languages, being also well read in most parts of philosophy and the mathematics"; and she was immediately acquitted. The only man found on the premises was "an outlandish gentleman" who was said to belong to the Spanish Embassy, and was "restored to his master." The accusations arose, it was said, from the "ingenious men, foreigners and otherwise," who were wont to visit the talented abbess. In the Jacobite rising of 1745 an order was made out to search the Convent for arms which were concealed, it was thought, in the roof. Two Catholic schools in Hammersmith were to be searched at the same time. One, says the order in the Record Office, was in Bligh or Blinde Lane (off Brook Green) kept by Mr Canton, "an Irish Romish Priest." The other, under a Mr Plunkett, was "next door to the Red Cow Alehouse next the Turnpike." A plan for a picquet was drawn up with some elaboration. The suspected houses were first to be pointed out by "a person," after which a guard was to be set at the doors in front and behind, while search was being made within. But apparently nothing was found, and the whole excitement died down. During the Gordon Riots the Convent was again threatened, and a kind neighbour, a Mr Gomme, buried the Sacramental plate in his garden. But the mob never got as far as Hammersmith.

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Unluckily the Hammersmith community had, for various reasons, become separated from the parent houses of Augsburg and York. Few new members had joined, and by the end of the eighteenth century there were hardly enough nuns to teach the girl pupils. At that moment the English Benedictine nuns of Dunquerque were in terrible straits. For a year and a half they had been living under arrest at Gravelines, and in no imaginary danger. The Carmelite nuns of Compiègne had already been guillotined, and it is said that the names of the Benedictines were found written on a piece of paper in Robespierre's pocket after his death. To these women the Hammersmith Convent opened its doors, and in 1795 they were established there by the Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Douglass. Of the very few treasures brought over in their flight, one was an ancient wooden Cross, five feet high, on which were painted pictures of the Passion, which is mentioned in Faulkner's account of Hammersmith in 1839.

The Benedictines carried on the traditions of the Beddingfield foundation, and there seems to be no break or wrench in the transition. One of the nuns of the older Hammersmith community was still living there in 1822. Of this period of the convent we have interesting descriptions in the letters of another Beddingfield, Charlotte, widow of Sir Richard Beddingfield, of Oxburgh, and daughter of Sir William Jerningham. No doubt this was the "Mr Jerningham the poet," rather spitefully mentioned by Fanny Burney as the "mighty delicate gentleman" who sang to the harp and looked the "gentlest of all dying Corydons," and who, when one of the party called out "Pray, Mr Jerningham, can't you sing some of your own poetry," Fanny really feared would have fainted away at so gross a question. But perhaps the Jerningham strain was more robust than she realized. By the time Lady Beddingfield came to Hammersmith there had been enough sorrow in her life to crush many a woman; but her letters are almost always serene and often full of humour. (Take, for instance, the anecdote of Lady Howe,

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an irrepressible person, who, when driving with Queen Adelaide, her husband, and Lady Beddingfield, insisted on putting her feet out of the carriage window because they were cramped.) As Lady of the Bedchamber to her friend Queen Adelaide, Lady Beddingfield in her widowhood passed part of the year at Windsor; the other months she lived in an apartment in Hammersmith Convent. One quaint result of her presence was an institution known as the "Royal Pie." Dame Mary Justina, O.S.B., writes me that

"About 1835 William IV asked Lady Beddingfield whether the nuns at Hammersmith would be able to eat a game pie if he sent one. On hearing they might do this, his Majesty sent a large game pie for Christmas, which arrived every year, with the exception of once, until the death of Queen Adelaide, in 1849-50."

There are several scholars left who have had their share of pie; for though it was sent to the nuns the children always ate it! Pupils, too, who were there in the days of the Lady Abbess Selby, say that when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert passed the Convent on their way to the garden parties of Devonshire House they never failed to give a special recognition to the shrill loyalty of the children stationed at the dormitory windows to greet them.

In 1853 the church of the Holy Trinity in Brook Green was built, and the Convent Chapel was no longer used by the public. Cupola House, in whose chapel the "English Ladies" had once gone to Mass, was bought by the Community, but eventually sold and pulled down. The last Portuguese Ambassador there was the Baron di Monticorvo, whose wife, a Danish lady, was a devoted friend of the Abbess, Lady Selby. When the Baroness di Monticorvo died, her husband begged that she might be buried in the private cemetery of the Convent, and out of gratitude at the permission presented a beautiful silver Sanctuary lamp to the Convent, which still burns in the Chapel of the Benedictine nuns at Teignmouth.

The old building of the Hammersmith Convent was a

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tall, many-windowed house of brick, probably the dull red brick of the Charles II period, so familiar in the old houses of the neighbourhood. Set back from the road, a projecting wing on each side formed a small court, planted with trees. It passed into the hands of the Diocese, and was finally destroyed and the Seminary of St Thomas built on the site. The question of enlarging and restoring the old house was mooted, but it was found impossible to patch it up. So Bentley's beautiful building now stands in its stead. The Seminary, as every one knows, has been given up, and the poetic looking place in its incongruous surroundings is again a convent, this time of the Sacred Heart nuns, who were once before given shelter there by the Benedictines.

And what of Catherine of Braganza herself? By the river on Hammersmith Mall is a circular bastion and a shady road bordered by elms. The circular projection was made by the Queen when she planted the trees to shade her Royal Villa. The house faced the river, and behind was a building known as the "Banqueting Hall" and a garden and greenhouse filled with rare trees and shrubs. The river walk has still a stately quality, and by the shining Thames, which carries no centuries on its face, you may still picture the Queen as she and her ladies walked by the stripling trees and sheltered themselves from the sun by large green fans, as their Portuguese fashion was. It does not need much imagination to realize she needed a retreat from the atmosphere of Whitehall. "Lord! Lord! in what loose company I have been in," cried old Pepys, who was not squeamish, after an evening spent in society that often surrounded the convent-bred child. Perhaps even in that first journey from Hampton Court, in the Royal barge canopied in cloth of gold, the young Queen marked down this beautiful, quiet reach of river. But it was not until 1687, when she was a middle-aged woman, and the bitterest chapters in her life were over, that she formally made the little Hammersmith property her home. The garden had acquired celebrity, for her gardener, Hermann van Guine, was a skilful cultivator, and, it is stated, he raised in the great greenhouse "Orange and

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Lemon trees inoculated or grafted on Myrtles, Roman Bays, and other greens of pretty shapes." It is very unlikely that there was anything conventional about the Queen's house on Hammersmith Mall, though this has been asserted, but her tastes, simple to asceticism at the Court, were not likely to have been more elaborate by the river side. King James, who was not on the best terms with his sister-in-law, but who always treated her with respect, used to visit her there. In 1687 there is an entry of 8s. paid to the ringers at Hammersmith for ringing a peal "when the King dined there," and another time the same sum "when the King dined at the Queen Dogeres" (Dowager's). Two years earlier the ringers had been paid 4s. 6d. for ringing a peal on Monmouth's capture; poor Monmouth who but lately had been a gallant figure as he passed along the road to Chiswick House, his property for some little time. One is glad to think that Catherine was kind to him and interceded for him at the last.

After four years spent almost without interruption at Hammersmith, the Queen left England for the enthusiastic welcome back to Portugal and the brilliant Regency in which the strength of her pent up character seems to have found expression. What then happened to the house on the Mall is rather obscure. She is said to have left her property to a branch of the same community as the nuns of Hammersmith, who had a house at Whitefriars. During the riots which followed the flight of James II their house was attacked and they hastily took refuge, first with the French Ambassador and then at the Hammersmith Convent. From thence they tried to get possession of the property on the Mall, but though they instituted a law-suit one is not surprised that the decision was given against the nuns, who suffered severely from legal expenses. Nevertheless there is still a tradition at St Mary's Convent, York, that some of their nuns did at one time live in a house on Hammersmith Mall.

The royal residence stood until 1808. In the reign of Queen Anne it belonged to Dr Radcliffe, patron of the nonjuring clergy and founder of the Radcliffe Library

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and the Infirmary at Oxford. He was enlarging and altering the house as a hospital when he died. By 1816 a new house was built, it is said, with the materials of the old, and Francis Ronalds, inventor of the telegraph, was the first occupant. The old pleasance of the Queen must have been pretty thoroughly destroyed, for only a few small trees round a glass plat are shown in the pictures of the Ronalds telegraphic experiments. The "Banqueting Hall" was standing some years later, and a picture of it is given in Faulkner's *History of Hammersmith*—a brick building having within a domed roof, with alcoves outside, stately enough, each recess holding a statue. Afterwards the house was lived in by Dr George MacDonald and called the "Retreat." And it still has a halo of interest all unconnected with the Catholic Queen. For in later years that great personality William Morris, the poet and designer, took the fine old villa and named it Kelmscott House after his country home; and though he put up a tablet on the wall to commemorate the inventor of the telegraph, it is as Kelmscott House where William Morris lived and died, that it attracts its pilgrims.

And indeed a glamour of romance hangs over the place. The great tidal stream with its shining radiance, the elm trees with their tender leafy shadows, beneath whose branches you look up the river to Chiswick, and see the old tower of St Nicholas by the river silhouetted against the luminous sky; these can take you back more than two hundred years, until you hear the bells ringing and the thin dark face of the king flashes by in his coach as he drives out to visit Catherine of Braganza at Hammersmith

## THE SISTERS OF PER- PETUAL ADORATION

THEIR meek gaze focussed to th' eternal span,  
By night, by day, with tireless eye they trace  
Circled Infinity—encompassed Space  
Framed, prisoned, in the handiwork of Man!  
Dead to Life's joys ere yet her cup o'erran,  
Adown this vistaed mystery of Place  
They flung the world, to melt in the embrace  
Of that wide wonder which the senses ban.

So, on the vaunted treasures of mankind  
They gaze unseeing, since for ever lies  
The glory of the Sun upon their eyes—  
Since He who to the sightless sight assigned  
That such might view this world's poor phantom  
guise,  
Hath of His greater bounty made them blind!

E. M. DINNIS

# CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN GERMANY

## IV. German Methods and English Needs

IF we are to carry out in this country the injunctions of the Holy See with regard to Catholic organization and social work a twofold task is demanded of us. We have, in the first place, to convince Catholics of the vital importance of such work, to promote solidarity, to arouse enthusiasm, to create a Catholic social sense; and, in the second place, we have to devise such methods of social action as may meet our particular needs.

In each of these respects Germany has set us an example. We have already given some account both of the interest in social work and of the perfection of social methods which are to be found among German Catholics. We now propose to consider how far such a spirit and such methods might be introduced with profit amongst ourselves. In doing so we must, of course, bear in mind the very different conditions in which Catholics find themselves in the two countries. With regard to the spirit we may, indeed, borrow freely; but in copying foreign methods we must make such adaptations as may suit our peculiar circumstances.

### I.

WE began our account of Catholic Social Work in Germany by indicating the two dangers which threatened the Church and the nation in the days of Ketteler. The Church was oppressed by a hostile Government; Church and State alike were menaced by Socialism. Hence we find a parallel at the outset between the condition of Catholics in Germany then and our own situation to-day. Moreover we observed that what made the German position appear hopeless was the apathy of the wealthier

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Catholics and their disinclination to regain by social activity their influence among the working classes.

True, the Catholics numbered one third of the population. But had they numbered two-thirds of the population their case would have been little better as long as this apathy continued. They allowed themselves to be bound hand and foot by their enemies: and their capture would have been just as easy had their numbers been indefinitely greater. On the other hand, a far smaller proportion of united and resolute men may, if they have a definite programme, impress it upon a whole nation. The lesson of Bishop Ketteler's life is valuable to ourselves precisely because he turned apathetic Catholics into enthusiasts; its value is not diminished by the fact that he did so on a very great scale. We have sketched his career at some length because it has a very distinct bearing upon our opportunities in this country. For he taught (and Rome has accepted and endorsed his teaching) that the social question is one from which Bishops, priests and laymen cannot stand aloof. He taught that on Catholic principles alone can it be solved, and that the welfare of Church and State alike requires that Catholics in every condition of life should co-operate in the application of those principles. He secured the interest of his episcopal brethren and persuaded them to issue a vigorous joint pastoral insisting upon the need of social work on the part of clergy and laity. He led the priests of all Germany in a campaign of Catholic social reform; while to every class he pointed out methods of co-operation, whether by study or practical work. He did much to initiate sound methods; but his greatest achievement was that he overcame the great initial difficulty—want of interest.

Thus Bishop Ketteler's example is unspeakably encouraging to those of the Catholic clergy and laity in this country who are endeavouring to promote Catholic social action. For not only does he vindicate the need for such action but he lets us see how faith will move mountains of prejudice and how enthusiasm may thaw the icebergs of

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discouragement. He shows us that even in this commercial age men will still answer the summons to a Christian crusade, and that the apathy which prevails among so many Catholics is due to a temporary atrophy of the imagination and to traditions of inaction rather than to any deep-rooted selfishness or sourness of mind. In a word, he quickens our faith both in human nature and in the vivifying and ennobling power of Catholic ideals. If we can but catch something of Ketteler's spirit we shall be more hopeful. We shall recognize that the material for effective Catholic social action is all about us. It exists first of all in our schools and colleges where, as Dr Poock has lately pointed out, so much more might be done to interest and instruct boys in the social and civic duties which await them. It exists among our educated laity who might, if convincingly appealed to, concert methods of employing their knowledge and experience in the service of the Catholic body. It exists among Catholic workmen; many of whom, if assisted in their clubs and improvement societies by their educated brethren, might fit themselves to become standard-bearers of Catholic social reform. And it exists in our ecclesiastical seminaries upon which Leo XIII urged the study of social questions with so much insistence. There are many amongst us who are standing idle merely because no enthusiastic organizer has come our way to set us doing a work well within our compass, and to paint us a picture of the world's spiritual and material wants which will keep us from flagging at our task.

### II.

THE enthusiasm for Catholic social work created by Ketteler was, as we have seen, sustained by means of the annual Congresses. The scope of these remarkable meetings has already been sufficiently explained. But we may here consider one or two points which seem to be specially significant in view of our own needs.

In the first place the German Congress gave a practical and most satisfactory answer to certain extremists who

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had embarrassed its beginnings by endeavouring to impress their respective views upon the new institution. On the one hand there were those who advocated what may be called "the ring-fence policy"; that is to say, a complete withdrawal from national interests and popular movements, and an attempt to preserve the Catholic *pusillus gressus* by shutting it up in a rigid enclosure. On the other hand there were those who, carried away by the whirl of secular currents, would have drifted out of touch with the principles of Catholicism. The former in their anxiety to preserve the faith untainted lost sight of their commission to teach the world. The latter in their zeal to permeate society forgot the need of reinforcing their own spiritual strength. They lost sight of the rock from which they were hewn. Both could appeal to tradition as to Scripture: but both were extremists whose policy would have been disastrous. The Congress taught a better way. Catholics learned that they must fortify themselves and keep in touch with sources of strength. Then, and not till then, would they, in full security, push forward into alien country. Of course their policy met at first with criticism. On the one hand they were urged to fall back within their citadel and think only of saving the remnant; on the other hand they were advised to burn their boats behind them and to commit themselves to all the vicissitudes of the modern spirit. They disregarded their critics. They were determined to keep their Catholic spirit untainted, and yet to permeate modern thought. They elected to organize rather than to isolate themselves. They would neither skulk nor compromise; but they would create a base of operations and make secure their lines of communication. And their method has justified itself.

The second point which we have to notice about the German Congress is, that having vindicated the policy just stated it proceeded to carry it into effect by means of certain practical measures.

- (i) It assembled the Catholic body together once a year

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on a common Catholic platform where class prejudices were laid aside. This great gathering became an event of national importance and enabled the Catholics to realize their strength and increase their solidarity.

(ii) It attracted to its gatherings representatives of the various Catholic social and charitable societies and enabled them to co-ordinate their efforts and appeal to a wider public.

(iii) It assisted in the foundation of new societies wherever they were seen to be necessary.

What, then, is the lesson of the German Congress for the Catholics in this country? As regards the first of the points above mentioned, we may assume that the general policy of the Congress is one which we may safely imitate. We cannot stand aloof from secular movements, neither may we wholly surrender ourselves to them. We must, by common study, bring them to the test of Catholic principles, and we must, by common action, bend them to the great issues of which the world is losing sight.

As regards the second point, we too must endeavour to secure the three practical advantages which, as has just been stated, are provided by the German Congress. We must create a Catholic platform and rally our forces upon it; we must enable our existing institutions to extend their activities, and we must facilitate the creation of new organizations to meet specific needs.

A little reflection will show how far we are at present from having secured these three results. We may take them in order.

(i) It is clear that Catholics in England have by no means attained to what may be called social solidarity. In purely religious matters we are, of course, splendidly at one; and a religious demonstration such as the Eucharistic Congress serves to bring out the loyal devotion to Catholic dogma which is our strength. In questions obviously affecting religious interests (such as the education question) we can make an effective display of strength. On the other hand, we are, and must expect to

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remain, politically divided. Hence in purely political as in purely religious matters we may be said to have attained finality. In the former case we are permanently severed from each other; in the latter we are, happily, in complete accord. It is in social matters (using the word social in its widest sense) that improved solidarity is both possible and desirable. At present we are apt to confuse them with politics and to assume that no union is here practicable. We have to learn that they are often much more religious than political and that in our attitude to them we should be united as in our religion, and not, as in our politics, divided. Catholics, while retaining their cherished political convictions, may well unite on a common social platform—a Catholic platform.

Let it not be said that the exclusion of party politics would leave the occupants of such a platform little to talk about and less to do. A glance at the German Congresses will show us the absurdity of such an objection. Those who raise it can have little idea of the fertility of Catholic principles and of the multitudinous bearings of our religion on social life.

Is it possible to organize in this country a really representative Congress of Catholics? Can we hope to institute a "Catholic week" which shall bring all our forces together for consultation and mutual encouragement? It may be questioned whether we should be wise in attempting to work up such an annual demonstration *ab initio*. We need to unite rather than to multiply: to develop existing resources rather than to start afresh. It will be well, therefore, to consider whether there is not in existence a Catholic Conference which by increased support might come to take in this country the part played by the German Congress.

Now we already possess in our annual Conferences organized by the Catholic Truth Society, meetings which have in fact reproduced some of the most striking and valuable features of the German Congress. These Conferences are already notable manifestations of Catholic unity. They are general in their scope and they attract

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fairly large crowds. It should, we think, be possible to extend their popularity and representative character, and such an extension would no doubt be welcomed by those who have organized them with so much zeal and success.

We have often been struck at these Conferences by the conspicuous absence of those whom we might reasonably expect to find there. True, their Lordships the Bishops set an admirable example and commonly muster in force upon the platform: an example which is followed by a certain number of our devoted clergy and lay workers. But where are our Catholic nobility and county families? Where are the Catholic politicians and leading professional men? Where are our prominent merchants and business men? Where are our University students? And, finally, where are the representatives of our Catholic working men? Were more members of all these classes to make some effort to attend, the effect of these Conferences would be very far-reaching. Those who took part in them would develop what may be called a Catholic social sense and would constitute a gathering of immense prestige and influence in the country.

To induce a larger and more representative attendance at these Conferences would be to render a signal service to the Catholic cause in England. In the first place, it would tend to strengthen a unity which may in the future be very seriously threatened by the social fermentation from which we cannot escape and to which it would be foolish to shut our eyes. It has been the salvation of Catholic Germany that the influential classes were induced a generation ago to work for social reform as well as for the defence of religious liberty side by side with the members of the growing democracy. The present plight of the Church in France is in large measure due to the fact that the possessors of hereditary privilege have not "gone to the people." Comte de Mun in his recent book, *La Conquête du Peuple* has put the contrast between France and Germany in this matter in the clearest light. We are unhappily aware of Catholic social movements in France which, though full of splendid pro-

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mise in the beginning, cause dissension rather than unity in the Catholic body to-day. We cannot put the entire blame on the ardent young Republicans who chafe under authority and incur episcopal disapprobation. We have to recognize that the apathy of so many wealthy and leisured Catholics has produced its almost inevitable reaction. For even the soundest efforts at Catholic social action in France are often crippled by the abstention of those who should be taking the lead in them. Comte de Mun speaks of the Catholic congresses and conferences in France of which so much might be made:

*Les représentants des classes les plus riches de la nation y paraissent rarement; ce sont des prêtres et des travailleurs, des avocats, des commerçants, des employés, des petits et des humbles qui forment l'auditoire, qui viennent, à la modeste tribune, exposer simplement ce qu'ils ont fait, souvent sans se douter qu'ils offrent l'exemple d'un dévouement presque héroïque.*

Comment ceux qui s'exilent ainsi de toute la vie chrétienne pourraient-ils garder leur influence? Comment, dans le mouvement qui passe devant eux, sans qu'ils veuillent s'y mêler, pourraient-ils discerner autre chose qu'un tumulte qui les effraye, et comment s'étonner que, les voyant inactifs, beaucoup les croient désormais inutiles?

At the annual Conferences of the Catholic Truth Society, our Catholic laity of position and influence might gain valuable insight into the new forces that are awakening in the country, and might be encouraged to take their part in a movement from which, if the spirit of Catholicism be not absent from it, we have nothing to fear. And the same might be said of the young men who go out from our colleges and schools each year by the hundred to fashion for themselves a career in life; or who, at the Universities, are acquiring that knowledge which would stand them in such good stead in social work. Is it not eminently desirable that these young men, impressionable and generous as they mostly are, should be brought into touch with those who, in many fields, are fighting the battle of the Church? If we can but secure their interest,

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we may have confidence in the coming generation of Catholic laymen in this country.

(ii) The second result of a general Catholic Congress would be to bring our existing institutions to the notice of the whole Catholic body and to enable them to secure fresh recruits. Too many Catholics of means and position are out of work—social work. Yet though unemployed they are by no means unemployable, and by attending such a Congress they would be confronted with various forms of Catholic enterprise, one or the other of which would be very likely to arouse their interest and enlist their personal sympathy. At present they seem quite unaware of the very existence of works in which they might co-operate with pleasure and profit. The Catholic Truth Society has indeed published an excellent *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Work* which might have enlightened many; but we learn that it has had little sale. It has had little sale because we Catholics in this country are somewhat wanting in sense—social sense. We have not felt the need of such a reference book. The revised edition now in preparation will take an honoured place on our shelves besides Bradshaw and the Postal Directory when we have caught the spirit of the German Congresses and embodied that spirit in a great annual gathering of our own.

For, as we have already pointed out, the German Congress impresses on all who attend it (and it is almost true to say that every one attends it) the need of helping in one way or another the Catholic cause. Each organ of Catholic activity is exhibited in turn and its functions explained. Every one is made to understand what exactly is being done, why it should be done, and how he may help it to be done better. Had we a similar Congress we could make a similar appeal. Our Foreign Missions, for example—how few of us know anything about them or realize their bearing on our own spiritual welfare as a community. Some amongst us may even question the advisability of attempting to convert the remote savage before we have Christianized the proximate

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slum. Cardinal Vaughan had a deeper and more Catholic insight into the matter when he pointed out that our success with our slums may depend upon our generosity on the foreign mission field. Until we have paid our toll there, it may be that our work here will remain crippled. A Congress might drive the matter home to our people and remind us where our real strength lies. We are apt to dismiss such considerations on the ground that they are not practical. But the practical Germans in their business-like annual Congress, which aims primarily at Catholic defence, always give this matter of foreign missions their very serious consideration.

Or again, take the case of the Catholic Young Men's Society, which is doing such splendid work in Liverpool and elsewhere, but is entirely unknown in many parts of the country. A General Congress would bring its representatives into touch with clergy and laity from every district, and would doubtless lead to the creation of many new branches. The same may be said of the Society of St Vincent de Paul, the Prisoners' Aid Society, the Catholic Women's League, the Catholic Association, the Catholic Reading Guild, Catholic Temperance Societies, and so forth, to say nothing of our various charitable organizations. All would be likely to break new ground as the result of a general Congress. And a special impetus would certainly be given to that most valuable institution the Catholic Federation.

All must be aware of the very significant movement which has recently taken place amongst us in the direction of confederating our Catholic Societies. The movement began with diocesan Federations, and the Bishop of Salford set an example which was followed in the dioceses of Westminster and Leeds as well as by some smaller areas. The Catholics of England gratefully recognize the invaluable services rendered by these Federations during the recent education crises, and they may be said to mark a new stage in the history of Catholic organization in this country.

And now another step has been taken and representa-

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tives of the three above-named Federations and of similar bodies, including the Catholic Young Men's Societies have recently (February 13) met in London with a view to organizing a general Confederation of Catholic societies in England and Wales. At the time of writing these lines we cannot yet say what reception will be accorded to this proposal by the Catholic public. But we have no hesitation in declaring that the movement, though doubtless full of difficulties, is beyond doubt full of promise and deserves the heartiest encouragement. The promoters of the new Confederation (who have received the approbation of the Hierarchy) proceed on lines which we have already suggested. Party politics as such are to be altogether excluded, and the fullest autonomy is to be left to the federated societies. Hence there is no cause for certain anxieties which found expression when the scheme was first mooted. The development of the new Confederation must be left to time. In such matters it is unwise to impose cast-iron rules or draw up a detailed programme which may hamper natural growth. Something must be left to increasing vitality and changing environment. Yet we may venture to express the hope that the new Confederation will not confine its operation to meeting specific attacks on Catholic liberties. We trust that besides helping us to meet such definite emergencies as Education Bills it will engage in permanent work of an educative kind. Indeed, only by doing such work in time of peace can it ensure its efficiency in time of war. There is no reason why it should ever be aggressive; but there is every reason why it should be perpetually active. We should like to see it constantly stimulating local effort and promoting local organization, training speakers and writers, encouraging debates and lectures.\* We should like to see it

\*This suggestion may now be offered with more confidence. Since writing the above we have read the Archbishop of Westminster's speech at Hull (February 14), in which His Grace recommends the Federation to train Catholic publicists by means of lectures and debates.

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not merely transacting necessary business in occasional meetings of a few delegates, but exhibiting itself to the Catholic public as a symbol of our social unity and a guarantee that our strength is not being frittered away by overlapping and friction. In other words the Confederation should have an opportunity of coming into contact from time to time with the Catholic people. Whether it could, especially in its early days, attract a really imposing Congress of its own is perhaps somewhat doubtful. Anything short of a really imposing Congress would, considering the importance of the Confederation, be simply not worth holding. Hence we venture to offer the suggestion that it should avail itself of the opportunity which the Catholic Truth Society, as the result of twenty-five years of activity and experience, is able to provide.

For, as we have already pointed out, the Conferences organized by this Society approximate more nearly than those of any other Catholic gathering to the German Congresses. Their scope is wide and they attract large numbers. As one of the Society's secretaries has pointed out, "representatives of every Catholic body are welcomed at the Conferences, and the subjects discussed are of common interest." Hence, it should not, we think, be difficult to arrange that many of our various Catholic societies should hold their annual meeting (or at least *an* annual meeting) in connexion with that organized by the Catholic Truth Society. There need be no clashing, and no interference with the specific work either of the Catholic Truth Society or of the other Societies. The various associations could transact their business in different halls, and all could assemble for the general meetings. This has already been arranged in some cases; the Catholic Guardians and the Catholic Women's League have amongst others availed themselves of the opportunity.\* The advantages of such an arrangement

\*We may add that all praise is due to the Catholic Association for its activity in urging its members to attend these Conferences. Such a tendency towards solidarity should be most warmly encouraged.

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are obvious. The various societies are able to make their work known to a wider public, and the general meetings gain in numbers and representative character.

By taking their place in the Conferences thus extended the new Catholic Confederation would be brought into contact with the whole Catholic body, and would be saved from any danger of becoming academic. A great public gathering and enthusiastic crowds are no substitute for business meetings and the deliberations of the expert few; but they are a very useful supplement thereto. Delicate questions as to minor matters of control may of course arise in the case of a Congress which embraces several autonomous bodies. But these questions, we think, admit of solution, and the organization of the German Congress will supply useful suggestions. We have already explained how these great representative gatherings grew out of the annual meetings of a single society, and how the autonomy of the various societies is completely preserved.

At such an assembly it would, moreover, be possible to embody the collective experience and deliberation of the Catholic body in a series of resolutions forming a practical programme of social action for the year. Such constructive suggestion and direction would, as the example of Germany again shows us, do more to check the ravages of Socialism than a wilderness of destructive criticism, and it would let our countrymen see that we have the welfare of the nation at heart. A strongly worded and strongly backed protest against the sweating-system, for instance, together with wise and detailed direction how to help towards its abolition, would not only be in accordance with the spirit and traditions of the Church, but would impress upon the nation the fact that Catholicism is, in a special degree, the religion of the people. Of the extent to which, in such social action, Catholics might co-operate with non-Catholic bodies we shall have something to say presently. Our point here is that they also need to take corporate action of their own.

(iii) The third function of our general Congress

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would be to survey the whole field of Catholic social effort and to assist in creating new organizations to supply definite needs as they arose. At present our attempts in this direction are spasmodic and belated. We are constantly meeting in the Catholic press with suggestions for the founding of Catholic societies of various kinds. The suggestions are often admirable; but nobody moves. The men who might make a start are not brought together. We recognize with gratitude that the Conferences organized by the Catholic Truth Society have been the occasion of starting a certain number of excellent organizations which were badly needed and are now doing good work. This fact seems to indicate that were these Conferences to obtain more general support they would be able to make provision for general and special Catholic needs with even more promptitude. We have already noted how successfully the German Congresses fulfil this task. Every one is on the spot. The man with an idea at once finds a dozen kindred spirits. They discuss details, secure approbation and co-operation as far as is necessary, and in due time bring the new work forward into public notice.

That there is need amongst us for certain specific Catholic Societies or developments of existing societies would seem to be beyond question. We have already had occasion to mention some of the various organizations which took their rise more or less directly from the German Congresses; and a detailed examination of them might suggest the reflection that many of them are supplying needs which exist in this country also, but for which we have not as yet set about to seek a remedy. A few instances may illustrate our meaning. Though given in all diffidence, they may serve to indicate how the collective experience and enterprise of a Congress might, from a study of existing German institutions, derive some useful hints for improved organization among ourselves.

Let us take first the important matter of the Catholic press. We learn from the latest edition of Keiter's *Hand-*

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*buch der katholischen Presse* that in 1908 the Germans possessed no less than 500 Catholic newspapers and periodicals, including 255 dailies. The total number of subscribers is put at 6,687,530. It is astonishing to learn that the number has more than doubled in the last eight years. Such results have only been secured by careful organization and unceasing effort. They are largely due to the exertions of various Catholic societies. Take, for instance, the *Augustinusverein*, which has done such excellent work during the last thirty years in the matter of improving Catholic newspapers. Nearly a thousand journalists are members of it to-day. They have their employment bureau, their literary agency and their pension fund. By concerted action they are able both to swell their own ranks by offering a career to promising young Catholics, and to increase the demand for their work by raising the standard of the Catholic press.

As far as the dissemination of Catholic newspapers is concerned we already possess in this country an excellent institution (The Catholic Reading Guild) which, though it has by no means secured the support that it deserves, is doing good work. But would it not be possible to form a society which should bring our journalists and authors into touch with one another? Though numerous and influential, they are far too scattered to exercise the corporate influence wielded by the *Augustinusverein*. A society such as we suggest might be able to give immense weight to the Catholic cause, and would in turn confer a considerable benefit upon its members by giving them opportunities of closer acquaintance with the great Catholic sources of literature. The man who can interpret the Catholic Church to his time is sure of a hearing. We believe that in England the number of those who would listen to him is daily increasing. A society which could supply the Catholic writer with accurate information concerning Catholic movements in all parts of the world and bring him into touch with Catholic experts in all branches of learning might give him an assured standing and a fruitful source of inspiration.

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Again, we are by no means alive to the need of establishing Catholic libraries and circulating Catholic books. The Catholic Truth Society provides much excellent literature and the same may be said of various well-known publishers. But what effort do we make to distribute it? Even in proportion to our numbers we are sadly behind the German Catholics in this matter. The *Borromaeusverein* alone has a membership of over a quarter of a million and nearly three thousand branch associations. It has spent over a million sterling on Catholic libraries (of which it has founded three thousand) and has done an immense amount to popularize Catholic literature.

For an admirable model of organization in another department of Catholic life we may take the German *Görresgesellschaft*, which, as Bishop Brück points out, owes much of its success to the publicity which has been given it by the Congresses. This society was founded in 1876 in order to foster learning in all its branches. It consists of five sections, which deal respectively with Philosophy, History, Law and Sociology, Science and Ancient Literature. Many of our readers will be familiar with the invaluable *Staatslexicon* in five volumes, of which a third edition is now appearing. Its *Historical Year-book* is now in its twenty-eighth year. The *Philosophical Year-book* (edited by the distinguished Dr Gutberlet) has been running for nearly as long. Besides these the *Görresgesellschaft* has published many volumes of historical and scientific research. Its president is a layman, but among its four thousand members are a great number of the clergy. It maintains a research school in Rome and proposes to establish an institute of Oriental studies in Jerusalem.

Such a record should stimulate the Catholics of this country to occupy fields which, in the past, owing to more pressing demands, they have been compelled to leave almost untouched. We suggest that something might be done amongst us to co-ordinate the work of our Catholic scientists and determine more accurately

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the relations between the results of scientific research on the one hand and the traditional theology and philosophy of the Catholic Church on the other. Such an undertaking would carry into effect an earnest wish expressed by Cardinal Newman not long before his death. Our ecclesiastical students as well as our laymen are taking to scientific study and research in increasing numbers, as a glance at the lists of University degrees in science will show. We know of one seminary where valuable experiments in Mendelism are being carried out under expert guidance. Surely it would be well to strengthen our defences by facilitating intercourse between the theologian and the scientist.

Similarly our isolated students of economics and social science might profitably organize research in common and thus enable us to hold our own with more credit in a branch of study which is now of pressing importance. Priests upon the mission find themselves called upon to express their views upon subjects involving some knowledge of sociology, and it would be a great boon could they get into touch with a Catholic body of serious students including clergy and laity. We might hope, too, that such a society would make some addition to our library of Catholic social literature, and would, by lectures and advice, stimulate social study in Catholic clubs, debating societies and the like. But to this matter we shall return presently.

In like manner immense advantage might accrue to the Church and the country were Catholic employers and others in control of labour to associate themselves into a society for putting into practice the social teaching of Leo XIII. Without any very heroic sacrifice on their part they might easily concert methods of restoring something of the old personal relation which used to exist between master and man in Catholic times. There are a sufficient number of Catholics in responsible positions with regard to labour to constitute a society which might give an impressive lesson to the whole country. Many of them are as individuals already displaying that personal concern

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for the spiritual and material well-being of employees which the Church would have them cultivate. Had we a Catholic Social Welfare League, those who from want of imagination or from selfishness are lacking in this respect would be, at least to some extent, brought into line—the former by enlightenment, the latter by the pressure of public opinion.

The model for such an organization exists in a German association with a long name, more compendiously designated by its former title of *Arbeiterwohl*, which was founded in 1880 by a priest and a Catholic manufacturer. It is stimulating to think of its 1800 Catholic capitalists and employers of labour banded together in a generous crusade of social reform. These men have come to regard the workman not as a tool but as a member of society. They have learnt the lesson of social responsibility and they teach it to those whose labour they employ. Were their example more generally followed the social question would solve itself. For we see here not the mere raising of the worker's standard of comfort (which may lead merely to insatiable clamour for more and a pushing of the whole economic machine out of gear) but the creating of a social bond in place of a chafing "cash nexus."

Might it not be well, too, to consider the advisability of forming associations for Catholics in certain of the professions? Is there not room, for instance, for a Catholic Medical Guild which might put our doctors in touch with one another? In this case we need not go abroad for our example. The doctors of the Church of England have their Guild of St Luke and attend service in St Paul's Cathedral on the feast of that saint. Were a similar guild started amongst us it might include not only doctors but medical students, for whom it might establish a Catholic social centre in various Universities where they are sufficiently numerous. As the existence of the Protestant Guild shows, there can be no professional objection to such a society which, we think, might do much to keep our medical men in sympathetic contact with the movements of the Catholic world.

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And finally, passing from social organization to charitable endeavour, a really representative Congress would be sure to discover certain districts of the country and classes of the population which clamour for special assistance of one kind or another from the Catholic body. And be it noted that the assistance required will often be that of personal service rather than money. This is just the point which is so often missed by those good people who imagine that their social duties begin and end with the drawing of a cheque. A little united investigation will reveal abundant opportunities of rendering such personal service with the happiest results. Just as the spiritual needs of the Catholic hop-pickers have attracted attention, and are now being supplied with so much devotion by the Franciscan Fathers and their lay associates, so there are no doubt whole sections of the population in sore need of organized assistance, spiritual and temporal, which a little thought would show us how to supply. The matter need not be illustrated further, since our whole contention is that methods require to be thought out by a representative body of Catholics, and that the suggestions of isolated individuals, even if practical, seldom result in action being taken. But we must recall the lively interest taken by the German Congresses in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the *Diaspora*—those districts where Catholics live in a small and scattered minority. We, too, have our *Diaspora*. A pessimist might say that we consist of nothing else. This is not so. In many large towns our strength is considerable. But it is true to say that in numerous districts of England, the Catholic faith will not develop, and may even lose ground unless the Catholic body as a whole comes to its relief.

Such, then, are the advantages which would spring from a thoroughly representative Congress, supported by our federations, our societies and our people. It would intensify Catholic consciousness, which consciousness in turn would devise methods for improving our existing charitable and social works, and adopting new ones. The Eucharistic Congress, no doubt, brought home to many the effects of a great Catholic gathering. Those who attended it must

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have been impressed with a sense of the reinforced strength which comes from the sight of a great body of men, united not merely by philanthropic or imperial sentiments and aims, but by the deepest religious conviction. After all, there is no gathering in the world like a Catholic gathering. No external impressiveness or political enthusiasm can produce the effects which flow so naturally from a consciousness of fellowship in the Communion of Saints. The closest intimacy is only secured where there is agreement on the deepest things of life. The whole man is stirred by a gathering where all are one concerning the truths of religion. To those who agree with us in matters merely sanitary or scientific, or even philanthropic, we can give but a part of ourselves. And the Eucharistic Congress should have this among its other good effects—to urge us to foregather annually at a Congress which shall represent all the forces of Catholicism in the country, and shall stimulate those forces to more united and more efficient action.

### III.

If we had our Congress we should doubtless before long also have our *Volksverein*. Many of the features of this remarkable popular league might be reproduced amongst us. The system of promoters who beat up a given district is already in existence in some places for such purposes as sodality work, canvassing and the collection of Church funds. It might be extended to popular social education. We believe that it is a method which is becoming less difficult in England every year. The reaction against the old Poor Law should make it easier for us to organize an army of Catholic visitors, who, by distributing literature, giving advice, arousing interest, securing attendance at meetings and promoting organization, should create a widespread interest in Catholic social ideas.

It is pleasant to dream of a great central office in London, with its branches in the provinces, and its staff of trained writers, lecturers and organizers, which should be a hive of Catholic social industry; a centre where well-equipped priests and laymen might work out the principles

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of Leo XIII into a practical programme of social action. We see them sending a lecturer here, helping to start a workmen's club there, driving home Catholic literature everywhere. We see them discreetly co-operating with non-Catholic institutions, and giving advice to local workers as to how far such co-operation on their part is desirable. We see them supplying expert members for Commissions, speakers for local conferences, candidates for municipal elections. And we see them instituting systematic courses of lectures for Catholic workmen, and founding scholarships for the study of economics and sociology. Thus far the dream. Is it quite beyond the possibility of realization? We believe that it is not. Here is scope for the Catholic Federation.

But we need not wait for the creation of a central bureau in order to begin so useful a work. Social instruction in the form of lectures, debates and classes, might be introduced into existing Catholic clubs or started by local initiative. Indeed, some excellent work is already being done in this direction. We may instance the newly founded "Catholic School of Social Science" at St Bede's College, Manchester, of which the Bishop of Salford is President. Five courses of lectures have already been given, dealing with such subjects as Economic History, the State, Social Duties, and Private Property. A question box is placed in the lecture room, and students may have their knowledge tested by examinations, for success in which certificates and prizes are offered. We may mention, too, the lectures organized by the Catholic Women's League and the classes for instruction in Sociology, and other subjects lately started in Preston.

### IV.

By way of appendix to this paper we must be allowed to meet an objection which has possibly been shaping itself in the minds of some of our readers from the beginning, and which, if admitted, would invalidate our whole position. What is the use, it may be asked, of our attempting to imitate in this country the social institutions which

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have been erected by the Catholics of Germany? They number more than one third of the population. We are perhaps one in seventeen. Is it likely that we can, with our small numbers and our poverty, organize institutions which will not only suffice for our own needs, but leave their mark on the country? By all means let us interest our own people in social and charitable work. But let them do that work in conjunction with larger and wealthier non-Catholic bodies. We cannot form societies among ourselves to advance art and literature, to provide technical education, to promote professional studies, to safeguard the interests of particular classes of society. We are not in sight of a Catholic Trade Union. But we may well join and do good work in literary and scientific societies, professional associations and Trade Unions. Again, we cannot as a body do anything to check the sweating evil, to secure improved housing for the poor, to start labour colonies and found garden cities, to solve the unemployment question, to put down drunkenness. But we can as individuals join associations which already exist to secure these ends. Once more, we cannot make adequate provision for boys' clubs and gymnasia, technical institutes and night schools, country holidays for children and the like. But we can combine with non-Catholics who are able to organize all these things on a great scale. Is it not possibly unwise to attempt to be self-sufficient? Would not such an attempt merely cut us off from our due social environment in the one case, and, in the other, keep our Catholic poor out of benefits which they might so easily secure? There is plenty of non-sectarian machinery to hand. Why cripple ourselves by endeavouring to erect more of our own?

This, somewhat baldly stated, is the objection which we have to meet. As we put it, it represents an extreme view. There are many who, while advocating a very considerable measure of co-operation with non-Catholics and deprecating the erection of all the Catholic machinery which we have suggested, would yet allow that some further Catholic organization is necessary. Moreover, we

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ourselves do not hesitate to recommend a somewhat extensive co-operation with non-Catholic institutions under conditions which will be indicated in a moment.

But first of all let us meet the initial objection that we are too few and too poor to erect independent organizations of the kind described. It may be answered that our numbers though relatively small are absolutely very considerable, and that what is generally needed is interest and personal service rather than money. If we were once convinced of the need of such organization as we have been convinced of the need of maintaining our elementary schools, we should find the former task considerably easier than the latter. Yet it would seem to be almost as important. We have made great sacrifices to give our children a grounding in their religion and a start in life. Until we show the same concern for them after they have left school our terrible leakage from the faith will continue, and we shall go on multiplying our already high proportion of wastrels. The only remedy would appear to be the closer knitting together of our social organism.

As to the amount of Catholic social machinery required and the extent to which we may profitably co-operate with non-Catholics, that will, of course, depend upon the kind of institution which is in question. The matter is so important that we may be allowed to examine it at some length and to consider in turn some of the more important fields of social co-operation. We speak now of specific societies and not of federation, as to which enough has already been said.

Take first of all the professions. Why, it may be asked, should Catholic doctors or lawyers, scientists or journalists, actors or artists ever think of forming associations of their own. They have their professional societies to further their professional interests; and they have general Catholic societies to promote their religious interests. To intrude their religion into their profession would only be to create distrust among their non-Catholic colleagues.

To this it may be answered that the organization of Catholic professional men into societies may be of advan-

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tage to the Catholic body, to the members themselves and to their respective professions. The Church needs the systematic service of those of her sons who have established themselves in professional life. She needs their experience, she needs their expert knowledge in defence of her doctrine, she calls upon them to protect the interests of Christianity in their various spheres of action, to apply in their professional life the principles which she has taught them. All this can only be done by associations, which bring them together at once in their religious and in their professional capacity. The Church has a right to expect such co-operation from them; for it is a question of their meeting, not to promote parochial undertakings or contribute to schools and churches, but to render as professional men due service to the Catholic Church to which their very professions are so much in debt. For although her mission is not the furtherance of art or science but our redemption and sanctification, yet she has done much which she never professed to do and by which she refuses to be tested, though often enough she might well stand the test. As in the past she has done much to build up our modern civilization, so in the present she vindicates reason and kindles imagination, tending to keep art healthy and science sane. Many good things come together with her, and she expects her sons to use those good things in her service. And such a return wins more than it costs. For to bring one's Catholicity into one's profession is to lift that profession on to a higher plane, to fill it with light and colour and charge it with interest. Nor need there be any friction with merely professional organizations, since these have quite a different aim.

In a different category stand Trade Unions and commercial and industrial associations. Yet here again Catholics, though they cannot stand altogether apart from wider organizations, need at least some sort of machinery by which they can take concerted action among themselves. This want is being supplied to some extent by Trade Union Committees of the Catholic Federations. The subject, though of extreme importance, is too vast to be discussed here.

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Take again the question of social study. On the one hand we cannot stand alone. We have so much to learn and so little provision for learning, that we must make use of such organizations as the London School of Economics, the School of Sociology and Social Economics, the British Institute of Social Service, the Women's Institute, and so forth. Of the importance of such training as is to be found there little need be said, for we believe that it is at last being recognized amongst us. Social study is, in fact, becoming more and more indispensable for those who do not wish to expose themselves to such blunders in social work as may make it questionable whether they are not doing more harm than good. For some excellent observations on this subject we may refer our readers to an invaluable little book entitled *Ideals of Charity*, by Mrs Crawford, which is dealt with in another article in this *Review*.

Yet, are Catholic students merely to become absorbed by such non-Catholic training centres as we have named? By no means. They will need a certain Catholic tact which may enable them upon occasion to correct or supplement the methods which they have been taught. And so we are faced once more by the need of bringing our Catholic students of economics and sociology into touch with one another. By degrees they will gain experience and prepare the way, for more independent Catholic enterprise. Eventually the Catholic body in England might, as we have indicated, make a very weighty contribution to social science and social reform. The possession of a stable basis in the social Encyclicals of Leo XIII would give it a considerable advantage. Nor need it be distressed at the comparative smallness of its numbers. The Fabian Society is still a small body, numbering, perhaps, a couple of thousand members. A few years ago it was a mere handful. Yet its persistent action has resulted in an influence which extends far beyond the number of professed socialists (and the number is considerable) who accept its teaching. Now it is hard to see why Catholics should not have done a similar work in this country. The mere social programme of the Fabian Society is much the same as that of the *Volksverein*; and to

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its practical programme rather than to its socialistic principles the Fabian Society must attribute its success. For its principles are not merely insecure but uncongenial to the English mind; whereas Catholic social principles are both sound and satisfying.

As of social study, so of social work. Some co-operation with non-Catholics is necessary, but its limits must be defined, and there is need of much organization among ourselves.

First, as to the need of co-operation. This is all the more evident in view of the growing tendency to give the voluntary social worker a place in the municipal system. If we stand aloof we may find it impossible to reach even our own people. As Mrs Crawford writes in the work already quoted:

A type of social worker is being evolved capable of filling semi-official positions, or at least positions recognized by more or less officially constituted bodies. School managers, hospital almoners, health visitors, working in connection with sanitary inspectors, and co-opted members on education or distress committees—these are the posts that the modern worker among the poor aspires to fill. All of them require definite qualifications besides wide general experience. It is most important that when such appointments are made Catholics should not be passed over; that there should be among us a sufficiency of obviously suitable candidates for these unpaid posts of honour. I am afraid that this has hardly been so in the past. . . . More training for social work and a less parochial view of our obligations are what we need if we are to labour on terms of equality with our non-Catholic fellow-workers in these new fields of social endeavour.

Hence our plea is for more rather than less participation in municipal and national reform movements. Mr Leslie Toke has pointed out in his valuable pamphlet on *Some Methods of Social Study* how rare it is to find Catholic names on the councils of various excellent and quite unsectarian reform societies. By this aloofness from the commendable efforts which are being made to cope with housing problems, sweating evils, cruelty to children, and the like we are losing a great opportunity not only of co-operating in the abolition of scandals which the Church persistently de-

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nounces, but of letting our fellow-countrymen see that Catholics really do listen to the bitter cry of the poor. The splendid charitable work effected by our good nuns or by such bodies as the Society of St Vincent de Paul is in a somewhat different category, and so far from being prejudiced by increased civic action among us would be safeguarded from bigoted interference and given wider opportunities. Bishop Ketteler and Cardinal Manning both taught Catholics not to confine their social activities to Catholic institutions, and both came to be regarded as the natural champion of the toilers and the sufferers of a whole nation.

Yet we must insist on the need of a certain amount of organization among Catholics themselves even in these wide fields of reform where co-operation is so necessary. To social workers outside the fold who recommend Catholics to merge themselves in municipal and civic work, and to make no attempt to combine their own workers, we reply as follows: "You wish to secure recruits from our ranks for public bodies. So do we. You contend that we are not sufficiently interested in these matters. That is both true and regrettable. But this state of things will best be remedied if we can get up a little corporate enthusiasm in the matter. The nation has not secured enough Catholic recruits for national social work: the towns have not attracted their proportion of representatives on municipal bodies. Let us see whether the Church cannot by means of her own social organization provide a stream of co-operators in national and municipal work. If German Catholics take the lead in social reform, it is because they have in Catholic associations learnt the importance of this field of activity. If Catholics in this country have done so much good work as Poor Law Guardians it is largely due to the Catholic Guardians' Association. If you want Catholics to help in housing reform, get them to talk it over among themselves. If you want them to lend their weight to the anti-sweating crusade, urge them to take the matter up at their Congress and to form their own committee which may co-operate with yours."

It may be urged that the Church does not exist for the

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sake of supplying specialists in sanitation or providing experts in economics. That is true. Her concern is with the souls of men. Yet the provision of experts, though not her end, may be a necessary means of securing higher ends. She will help in removing demoralizing poverty, not because it is poverty but because it is demoralizing. She is concerned to lift the crushing load from the necks of the destitute because, so long as it is crushing it will distract them from listening to her message. We may add that organized social work is both an excellent field for the cultivation of the Catholic spirit and a powerful means of exhibiting to the world the strength and beauty of Catholic principles. Men are quick to detect the spirit of Christ at work under the merely humane solicitude for suffering. If we can develop that spirit amongst us we shall be proof against that dangerous tendency to regard committees and lectures and congresses as ends in themselves and as substitutes for labour which must be patient and unselfish, and will often be thankless. We hold no brief for Mrs Jellaby, nor do we advocate organization for its own sake.

Finally, we may consider the question of co-operation with non-Catholic charitable institutions, or with societies which aim at educating the poor by personal intercourse rather than by securing a better material environment. In other words, we have now to speak, not of providing better houses or preventing sweating, but of clubs, settlements, boys' brigades, refuges, district visiting and the like. On debatable ground between the two will be found such matters as mutual improvement societies, extension classes, popular institutes, and so forth, to which our remarks may have partial reference.

In this case not only is there need for institutions of our own, but indiscriminate intercourse with non-Catholics would lead to far more deplorable results than in the other categories of social work which we have been considering. A Catholic worker may study social methods at a non-Catholic institution and yet retain the Catholic standpoint. But a Catholic child who is sent to a splendidly equipped club or gymnasium actively conducted by non-Catholics,

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and there finds that his few Catholic companions are swamped by the rest of the members, is likely to have his religious instincts dulled. The most delicate consideration on the part of the managers for the religious beliefs of the Catholic children does not diminish the danger. In a sense it increases it. The boy will be impressed by the splendour of the surroundings, the kindness of the gentlemen who provide them, the good-fortune and numbers of his non-Catholic companions. He will contrast all this with the poverty of his own Catholic home or parochial institutions. He will wonder why the priest makes so much of Mass and Confession, catechism and prayer: the other boys at the club seem to get on very well without them. In other words he is beset by that most insidious of temptations against which Cardinal Newman has put us on our guard—a temptation, which, if it may press sorely on a young Catholic at a great university, is likely to crush a poor Catholic child in the slums. The latter is only too likely to overlook the value of the supernatural when he sees how attractive and satisfying the merely natural can be.

Hence we, as Catholics, may cheerfully sacrifice a certain amount of material setting or educational efficiency in our clubs and institutions if by so doing we can preserve in our children their appreciation of Catholic truth. After all, we shall in this way be giving them a better training in civic virtues than if we laid more stress on technical instruction to the neglect of religious formation and character building. Secure their devotion to the Sacraments, and they will be better citizens of earth as well as of Heaven. Given Catholic clubs and their Catholic atmosphere, we may then consider how far it may be wise to supplement our resources by letting our boys attend non-sectarian technical classes and the like. But until we have provided the normal Catholic atmosphere, fusion with non-Catholic institutions must be fraught with grave danger.

Such is our answer to those who would deny the need for additional Catholic organization. We need it in order to develop and give scope to the strength of the Catholic

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body. By means of it we shall the better fulfil our duties both as Catholics and as citizens. To secure it we must develop our social instincts by means of well-supported Congresses, active and widespread federation, and the constant influence of specific societies embracing every form of social endeavour. There is, of course, no question of initiating any Catholic social work which has not the fullest approval of the hierarchy.

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We have something to learn, then, it would seem, from the history of Catholic social effort in Germany during the last half century. Even the few aspects of that history which we have been able to present should convince us of the need and the possibility of applying the principles of Catholicism to our public life. The work is one which calls for much concerted study, for energy and patience, and for a resolute suppression of personal jealousy, class intolerance, or local prejudice. We need to be business-like in our methods and practical in our organization. And with the trained alertness of the expert we must combine a large measure of religious faith and enthusiasm. It is this combination which has given to the Catholic movement in Germany all its strength and value.

# NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI

Miscellanies, by John Morley. Macmillan, 1907.

The Prince. Translated by Ninian Hill Thomson, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1897.

Il Principe di N. Machiavelli, con la prefazione etc. di M. Amelot de la Houzsaye. Cosmopoli. 1768.

Opare di Niccolò Machiavelli. Venetia. 1550.

Machiavelli's Discourses. Translated by N. H. Thomson, M.A. London. 1883.

The Works of Nicholas Machiavel, Faithfully Englished. Anonymous. London. 1695.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick.

—*Hudibras*, pt iii, canto 1, l. 1277.

A PERUSAL of Mr Ninian Thomson's admirable translation of Machiavelli's masterpiece will at once arouse in the reader a strong desire to learn something of the life and character of the author of *The Prince*, especially since this book contains no prefatory memoir of the great Florentine. As the name of Machiavelli persistently suggests to British minds a vague picture of a cunning, sinister personage, steeped in all the arts of political tyranny, it would naturally be a matter of some surprise to many who are acquainted only with his unenviable reputation, or at most have a superficial knowledge of his writings, to learn that the actual life of the man himself hardly warrants the time-honoured odium in which his memory is held, at least outside his own native land. As a matter of fact, his biography is in all respects more reputable and less violent than many accounts of other great personages of the Italian Renaissance whose names we revere; and though some of his political tenets are indefensible and the last fifteen years of his life were spent in dissimulation and base service, an impartial sketch of his character and career will reveal not a little of genuine good amidst the evil with which he has been credited by posterity. "In whatever light," says Yriarte, "he is looked at, he is a genius and a great patriot beyond doubt";

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and these two points in his favour ought to go far towards removing the stigma attaching to his name.

In his recently published volume of *Miscellanies*, Lord Morley expresses a doubt as to whether Machiavelli has been much read or understood in our own country, although he is ready to admit that a strangely modern current of democratic sympathy mingling with all his writings makes him "a contemporary of any age and a citizen of all countries"; an opinion which the late Lord Acton endorses by calling him "no vanishing type, but a constant and contemporary influence." Lord Morley, moreover, lays stress on what is an undoubted fact, that in the immense mass of anti-Machiavellian literature, which three centuries have produced from divers quarters, Machiavelli himself and his theories have been attacked with an equal amount of rancour and ignorance, for many who had the assurance to condemn his books were ill-versed in the contemporary Italian annals of the Renaissance which caused their appearance. Certainly Machiavelli is the idol of Young Italy, which has carefully studied his writings and, not without reason, venerates their author as the premature apostle of Italian independence and unity; nor can the remarkable influence of Machiavelli on the course of the *Risorgimento* be denied. For was he not the first Italian to suggest in *The Prince* the patriotic idea of the Italian nation in arms, an idea which, after being for over three hundred years deemed impossible of execution, was actually turned into a reality in the nineteenth century? The aspect of Italy to-day, teeming with soldiers in uniform or with innumerable citizens who have already completed their term of military service, seems almost a direct answer to the impassioned appeal contained in the final pages of *The Prince*; nor must it be forgotten that this general system of conscription throughout the mainland and the islands of Sicily and Sardinia not only insures the safety of a newly sprung European power, but also tends to draw and weld together the various peoples of an Italy which within living memory was regarded as a mere geographical expression. That

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marvellous cry for national unity and defence, which fell on deaf ears and cold hearts in the days of the Renaissance, has, in truth, been rapturously answered by the modern leaders of Italy. Indeed, of all the great Italian writers of the past, Machiavelli alone may be said to approach Dante in the gratitude and affection of his countrymen, whose devotion to the great Florentine thinker seems yearly to increase rather than to diminish.

Niccolò Machiavelli was born on May 3, 1469, the son of Bernardo Machiavelli, a jurist of some repute and a man of moderate wealth, owning landed property at San Casciano near Florence, and of Bartolommea de' Nelli, his wife. Though by no means at this time in the first rank of Florentine citizens, the Machiavelli family was of noble origin, claiming with justice a direct descent from the feudal lords of Montespertoli and bearing the same coat of arms: *Argent, a cross between four nails in saltire azure*. Little is known of the young Niccolò's early life and education except that he studied deep in the classical authors, both Greek and Latin; but in 1494 we find him in the position of a clerk in the Florentine Chancery under Savonarola, where his talents and diligence must have been quickly recognized, for four years later, whilst still under thirty years of age, he was appointed secretary and chancellor to the *Dieci di Libertà e Pace*, a Council of Ten, which may roughly be described as the Florentine War Office. This post he held for fifteen years; and he was despatched on many important diplomatic missions on behalf of the State. Holding what was in reality a modern ambassador's position, with all its grave responsibilities, yet bearing the modest title of secretary and receiving only the wretched pittance of one ducat a day for his expenses,\* Machiavelli performed many delicate duties with satisfaction to the Florentine Republic, at the same time obtaining a thorough insight into the various political intrigues of the day. Nor were these diplomatic experiences confined to Italy alone; they extended to France

\*It must be borne in mind that all his life he was comparatively poor and also somewhat thrifless.

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and Germany. So that, in addition to a close acquaintance with the methods and designs of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, of the warlike Pope Julius II, and of the petty Italian despots, the Florentine Secretary of State also had many precious opportunities of noting the causes of strength and weakness in Northern nations, and of comparing their ideas and practices with those of Italy. It was, in fact, his visits to the courts of Louis XII and of the Emperor Maximilian that first awoke in Machiavelli's mind the magnificent idea of an United Italy, at peace internally and impregnable to attack from without—a patriotic scheme which he declared obtainable by means of a general system of national militia throughout the peninsula, to replace the dangerous and degrading use of mercenaries then in vogue. It is the memory of this grand conception, impracticable of execution as it was at the time, which is to-day the cause of Machiavelli's undoubted popularity amongst the leading men of modern Italy, and which led the Italian Government in 1869 to place on his house in Florence an appreciative tablet, naming him as the first apostle of national unity in an age that failed utterly to grasp so unselfish a suggestion. It was probably this noble ideal, underlying and permeating all his writings, that induced Victor Emmanuel of Savoy, United Italy's first King, to make careful and continual study of the works of the great Florentine.

But this honourable career of useful service to his country and of political observation on his own part was abruptly ended in August, 1512, by the triumphant entry into Florence of the exiled Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, brother and nephew of the great Pope Leo X, whose election to the Papacy in the following year crowned for the time being the good fortunes of the Medicean House. The officials of the defenceless city, surrendered to the Medici by the conscientious but irresolute Piero Soderini, incurred the usual penalties of the period, amongst those who suffered on this occasion being Machiavelli himself, who was imprisoned in the Bargello and there subjected to the torture of the rack, in

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order to obtain evidence of an alleged conspiracy against the conquerors. It was to the personal intercession of Pope Leo X, always sympathetic towards men of talent, that Machiavelli's release was due. Thereupon, with intense bitterness in his heart, the ex-secretary of the former Council of Ten retired with his family to his country house at San Casciano, some eight miles beyond the Roman Gate. In this semi-banishment the great political writer led a curious daily life, of which an intimate description has come down to us in a letter dated December 10, 1513, and addressed to his friend, Francesco Vettori, on whose good offices with the victorious Medici Machiavelli was then relying.

I am at my farm; and since my last misfortunes have not been in Florence twenty days. I rise with the sun and go into a wood of mine that is being cut, where I remain two hours inspecting the work of the previous day and conversing with the woodcutters, who have always some trouble on hand among themselves or with their neighbours. When I leave the wood I proceed to a well, and thence to the place which I use for snaring birds, with a book under my arm—Dante, or Petrarch, or one of the minor poets, like Tibullus or Ovid. I read the story of their passions and let their lives remind me of my own, which is a pleasant pastime for a while. Next I take the road, enter the inn-door, talk with the passers-by, inquire the news of the neighbourhood, listen to a variety of matters, and make note of the different tastes and humours of men. This brings me to dinner-time, when I join my family and eat the poor produce of my farm. After dinner I go back to the inn, where I generally find the host and a butcher, a miller and a pair of bakers. With these companions I play the fool all day at cards or back-gammon: a thousand squabbles, a thousand insults and abusive dialogues take place, while we haggle over a farthing, and shout loud enough to be heard from San Casciano. But when evening falls I go home and enter my writing-room. On the threshold I put off my country habit, filthy with mud and mire, and array myself in courtly garments; thus worthily attired, I make my entrance into the ancient courts of the men of old, where they receive me with love . . . and for four hours' space I feel no annoyance, forget all care; poverty cannot frighten, nor death appal me.

From this singularly interesting and valuable letter it is evident that Machiavelli cared nothing for a home life

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(though, by his wife, Marietta Corsini, to whom he had now been married ten years, he was the father of five children) and that he preferred the society even of village clowns and gossips to that of his own domestic circle, as giving more scope for his continual study of men and manners. One can imagine the stern-faced man in the long citizen's robe moodily pacing the muddy lanes of San Casciano, eating out his heart in bitter poverty and enforced idleness, and seeking recreation in snaring thrushes or playing cards for farthings with noisy peasants. It was doubtless this irksome life of stagnation at his little villa that prompted Machiavelli at last to make a definite bid for the favour of the Medici princes who had but recently arrested and tortured him. "I wish these Signori Medici," he writes to Vettori, "would begin to make some use of me, if it were only to set me to the work of rolling a stone"; and it was this craving for action that now induced him to complete and present to Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, the manuscript of *The Prince*, the outcome of a prolonged study of the classical authors and of an intimate knowledge of contemporary politics.

This famous treatise (whose underlying arguments are that in political life conventional morality should find no place, and that the desired ends of an ambitious prince justify every possible means of attainment, including cruelty and breach of faith) was, on Giuliano's unexpected death, dedicated by Machiavelli to the young Lorenzo de' Medici, afterwards Duke of Urbino and father of Catherine de' Medici, Queen of France. It is, of course, beyond the scope of the present article to dilate upon this literary puzzle. Whether it was intended as a genuine guide-book of policy to the young Medicean duke to whom it was addressed, or whether it is in reality a masterly exposure of the evil methods of tyranny under guise of advice to a would-be tyrant, is still matter of dispute amongst critics; nor can we at this distance of time, and with our imperfect knowledge of the rather shadowy and contradictory character of its author, expect to discover Machiavelli's true meaning.

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The acceptance of the manuscript of *The Prince* had one immediate result, perhaps the only result desired by its author: it once more unlocked the door of political life to Machiavelli, though only to a limited extent. Returning to his house in Florence, that dingy building in the narrow dark Via Guicciardini that leads from the river to the huge Pitti Palace, Machiavelli entered once more into the arena of letters and politics. As a member of the Florentine Academy he now gave a series of lectures on the military history of Livy, in the beautiful Oricellari Gardens near the Prato Gate of the city; the liberal, not to say democratic, views expressed by him in these *Discorsi* being by some critics considered as counterbalancing the pernicious theories of *The Prince*. This same year likewise saw the completion of the *Seven Books on the Art of War*, the materials for which were doubtless gleaned during Machiavelli's early embassies to the camps of Cæsar Borgia and of other Italian generals, wherein the writer once more insisted on the vital importance of a well-organized system of conscription for the salvation of Italy as a nation. Nor did the great thinker disdain lighter themes. Following the taste of the period, which delighted in masques and allegorical plays, Machiavelli composed comedies, of which the brilliant but licentious *Mandragola* excited the warm admiration of that papal Mæcenas, Leo X, and later, gained extravagant praise from Macaulay.

But, whether owing to distrust or to indifference, it was long before the Medici, whose favour he had tried so hard and so unblushingly to gain, would give any diplomatic mission to their distinguished suppliant, and when the employment finally did come it was a matter utterly unworthy of Machiavelli's talents or energy. The author of the still unpublished *Prince* was dispatched to the little town of Carpi, near Mantua, to conduct some negotiations with the Franciscan monks of that place with the object of organizing a separate province of their Order in Florentine territory. One can imagine the disgust, disgust that had to be concealed under assumed gratitude, that this trivial mission must have excited in the ex-secretary

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of the old Republican Council of Ten, and how he must have hated his sojourn in tiny Carpi, although its princeling, Alberto Pio, was a man of considerable culture and learning. Other missions were later delegated by the Medici to their brilliant servant, but none of these were of the first importance, and perhaps the most worthy task his Medicean masters set him was the commission to complete his *History of Florence* on an annual allowance of one hundred florins, a work which, through Machiavelli's incomparable genius, surpassed all previous efforts of the kind. Finally, when the wheel of fortune turned with the humiliation of the second Medicean Pope, Clement VII, and his family was again expelled from Florence, the restored Republic could naturally find no place of trust for its former Secretary of State. Fallen thus between the two stools of princely tyranny and civic freedom Machiavelli was left without a seat in the new Government, and had the mortification of seeing his former congenial post, which he still had the assurance to apply for, granted to another. Utterly disappointed and discredited, it is quite possible that the versatile statesman now made an end of himself by poison, though, according to the testimony of his son Piero, his father died of an overdose of medicine accidentally taken. Shortly before his death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, which took place on June 22, 1527, in the presence of his wife and children, Machiavelli was attended by a friar who duly received his confession, although in after years a legend arose that the famous writer had expired blaspheming in open unbelief.

It is most difficult to gauge the true character of the great Florentine—politician, diplomatist, historian and patriot combined. In spite of a clinging reputation for all that is evil, Machiavelli in private life appears to have been a just and conscientious, though not over-affectionate, husband and father. He seems to have been wholly free from avarice, and, in strong contrast with many of his famous contemporaries, was beyond the reach of bribery: a virtue as estimable as it was rare at the venal courts of the Italian Renaissance. "In his conversation," remarks Varchi, the

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Florentine historian, "Machiavelli was pleasant, serviceable to his friends, a friend of virtuous men, and, in a word, worthy of having received from Nature either less genius or a better mind." It was, in fact, his restless, teeming brain, with its craving to be incessantly employed, that was the cause of his political immorality and of his terrible creed, which based its calculations on the innate folly, ingratitude and depravity of mankind. The amenities of private life he seems to have observed well himself and to have expected others to do likewise, but when once there arose a question of political action, then Machiavelli shews a supreme contempt for all limitations and qualms of a sensitive conscience. Nothing can better exhibit the difference between his standards of public and of private ethics than the heartless epigram composed by him on the death of his former master, the high-souled but hesitating Piero Soderini: an occasion on which the dead leader's feebleness of action might well have been forgotten, and allusion only made to his upright conduct and undoubted virtues. But in Machiavelli's eyes poor Soderini was but a babe in the art of politics and therefore worthy neither of Heaven nor of Hell, but only fit for the child's "Limbo."

Died Soderini: and that very night  
Down to Hell's portal sped that simple soul.  
Cried Lucifer: "Not here, O foolish sprite,  
Is room for thee; of babes we take no toll!"

But this is not a fit place for a dissertation on that eternal enigma, the unfathomable mind of Machiavelli. It is better for us to reflect upon the chief events of his life, as they appear on the surface; on his many successful missions on behalf of the Florentine Republic in early years; on his poverty-stricken retirement at San Casciano, with its studies and its simple country amusements; on his admirable lectures in the Oricellari Gardens; and on his last years, full of disappointment and well-deserved rebuffs, spent in the service of the disdainful Medici.

Frequently though the sly, cynical countenance of the famous diplomatist meets us in the galleries and public

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buildings of Italy, it is yet a fact that there exists no authentic portrait of the man himself, albeit he lived in an age of famous painters and sculptors. The many representations of Machiavelli that we encounter are purely imaginary, or at best traditional. Meagre as it is, the little wood-cut on the title-page of the so-called *Testina* edition of his works, published in 1550, which represents the author with sharply-cut, severe features, with clean-shaven face and with short hair, is, perhaps, the best likeness we possess. Even the well-known marble bust, preserved in the Bargello (now the National Museum of Florence) where Machiavelli himself was imprisoned and tortured, is not deemed genuine, although its characteristics certainly answer to our preconceived ideas of this master of state-craft. There is a good statue of the great writer—represented as in meditation, with a volume in his right hand—amongst the effigies of famous Florentine citizens in the long arcades of the Uffizi Palace, though, again, this work is in no sense a true portrait but merely the decorative composition of a modern artist. Lastly, allusion must be made to the curious death-mask, usually considered authentic, which has formed a basis for later portraits.

The great Niccolò was buried in the private chapel of the Machiavelli family in the church of Santa Croce, where his resting-place remained unmarked for over two centuries and a half, until, in 1787, the present monument by Spinazzi, a huge classical erection, bearing the simple dignified epitaph, *Tanto Nomini nullum par elogium*, was erected through the exertions of an English admirer, George, third Earl Cowper, who had long resided in Florence. Of Machiavelli's children, who were left in the direst poverty, none of his four sons distinguished themselves either in literature or politics; and by the year 1597, seventy years after the illustrious statesman's death, his last male descendant expired, leaving an only daughter, Ippolita, who was married into the Ricci family.

HERBERT M. VAUGHAN

# CATHOLIC BOYS' CLUBS IN LONDON

Ideals of Charity. By V. M. Crawford. Longmans. 1908.  
Working Lads' Clubs. By Charles E. B. Russell and Lilian M. Rigby. Macmillan and Co. 1908.

THE failure of successive governments to find a satisfactory solution of the elementary school question has been more detrimental to Catholics than to any other section of the community; for in face of the dangers with which we have been threatened we have had neither time nor money to deal adequately with another problem, of equal, if not of greater importance, the welfare of Catholic children from fourteen to twenty. The growth of clubs and institutions for non-Catholics has proceeded quite independently of the educational *impasse*. Those who have made themselves responsible for the interests of ex-school children have been personally unaffected by the struggle for religious equality, in which every Catholic has been bound to take part. Progress has not been fettered by the difficulties with which Catholics are beset. Interest in the subject has steadily grown in consequence, though much remains to be done. The general opinion is well expressed by the authors of *Working Lads' Clubs* in their introductory chapter.

[The awaking of interest in ex-school children] will be far from complete until the nation is encouraged by legislation to a much greater extent than at present to realise the fact that it is above all the boys and girls of twelve and fourteen years upwards to eighteen and twenty, who are supremely worth consideration. Neglect of them is responsible for the utter waste of an enormous amount of the good work done for children by public and private effort, and due provision for them would render unnecessary much that now has to be done for men and women in prisons, workhouses, inebriates' homes and other institutions. It is at this age, when the organised control of the school has ceased and parental authority, slight as it often is, has lost most of its cogency, that the boy discovers his own worth as a wage earner, and enjoys an independence and freedom from realised responsibility greater than at any subsequent period of his life; and it is at this age, when he is most susceptible

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to influences good and bad, that his character may be formed and his career determined. The years between twelve and twenty will decide whether each individual is to become a valuable asset to his country, a negligible quantity possessed at best of the value of a machine, or a worthless parasite and drag on its prosperity. Multiplied by hundreds of thousands it is the decision upon which the future of England rests.

The more or less urgent realisation of the gravity and national importance of the problem which these considerations suggest has found expression in the foundation of all kinds of institutions for the benefit of working lads. Of these, clubs, where they exist, should easily take the first place in popularity and efficiency.

If Catholics are to take part in this movement (and there can be no doubt that, whatever our difficulties, we cannot stand aside altogether) it is of the utmost importance that we should carefully weigh the forces at our disposal and endeavour to put them to the best possible use. We cannot blindly imitate others, for our position is peculiar, with advantages as well as disadvantages of its own. There will be varieties of method applicable to different parts of the country. London alone is, in reality, too complicated for any account of it to be complete, but for the present, till knowledge of the situation is more widespread, we may be content to take London as a unit and in the present article extend our view no further.\*

We may begin by congratulating ourselves that the welfare of Catholic girls is attracting a good part of the attention it deserves. There are at least four ladies' settlements in London, and excellent girls' clubs have been established in many other parishes. The recent formation of the Catholic Women's League, with their admirable quarterly publication, *The Crucible*, is a most encouraging sign. The idea of personal service is obtaining a hold upon all classes. But the most satisfactory feature of all is that the work is laid upon the right lines, for it rests on the twofold basis

\* In a general survey of this kind I have purposely refrained from mentioning names. My own experience of the conduct of boys' clubs has lain chiefly with the Fisher Club, Bermondsey, founded by Mr Norman Potter in January, 1907, but my opinions are derived from observations made in various parts of London during the last three years.

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of evening clubs and scientific district visiting. This is particularly noticeable in the case of settlements. When the girls and women go home from the needlework class, or evening drill, or mothers' meeting, though they pass beyond the doors they do not pass beyond the influence of the settlement. For the ladies who have leisure enough to assist the work, either as permanent residents or by visits extending over a week or a fortnight or a month at regular intervals, have leisure also to give assistance to the poor at other times of the day than between eight and ten in the evening. They have the opportunity—and it is part of their work at the settlement—of knowing the poor under other conditions than those of the well-regulated, clean, orderly meeting of the working girls' association or needlework guild. They know them as wives and mothers and sweethearts, as factory hands or drapers' assistants, they know them, in fact, as they know their friends, that is to say according to the degree and duration of the friendship, they know more or less of all that is to be known about them. The girls and women cease to regard the workers as strange "society" ladies coming from heaven knows where and heaven knows why to provide them with evening amusement, in season and out, and instead learn to know them for what they are, not patrons or quite strictly friends (for friendship involves equality), but as persons who really care for their welfare, who will help when help is needed and upon whom they can rely, not for blankets and boots, but for support in time of trouble.

The problem, therefore, in the case of ladies' work is not to devise a new system, but to extend and develop what has been already begun. The publication of *Ideals of Charity*, by Mrs Crawford, should do much to further this end, and renders it unnecessary to discuss the subject here at any length. The organization exists; all that is required is an increase in the number of those who take part in it.

The success of ladies' settlements naturally suggests that similar institutions should be established for Catholic men, and it is not surprising to find that two years ago a body,

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calling itself "The Catholic Settlements Association," was founded with that object. This Association, which is under the patronage of the Archbishop of Westminster, and enjoys the active support of Mr Justice Walton, is still in existence, but there is no indication that its original object is likely to be achieved in the near future. We need not trouble to inquire into the reason of this failure. The fact is plain enough. It is one of the conditions of things with which we have to reckon in dealing with Catholic Boys' Clubs that Catholic Settlements are non-existent. Other bodies have them, we have not, and however much we may deplore their absence, we must manage to do without them. The Association, discovering the establishment of a settlement to be impossible, founded instead a boys' club at Hoxton, but it would be a great mistake to assume that this represents the whole result of two years' work. Nothing can be done without experiment, and the Association has been steadily engaged in experiments during the whole of its existence. One result of these experiments is that twenty men are now helping at boys' clubs in London who were not helping in 1907. That marks a considerable advance. We can at least hope for another twenty before 1911, and perhaps by 1913, when the tradition has taken root in our schools, there will be a steady stream of men coming every year to join in the work. It is not easy to establish a tradition. The co-operation of many forces is required. The Catholic Settlements Association is one, Mr Norman Potter (he is well enough known to be mentioned by name) is another. Other friends of the Association may be grouped together as a third. No one expects rapid progress in a matter of this kind.

Now the welfare of boys between fourteen and twenty, which is the subject under consideration, presents itself in a somewhat different form to Catholics and to non-Catholics. We look at it primarily from the religious point of view. The evil against which we have to contend, and for which we, as Catholics, feel peculiarly responsible, is the spiritual shipwreck of about four-fifths of the rising generation. This is no exaggeration. There is not a priest in Lon-

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don who is not deplored the fact that of all the boys whom he has been able to watch over at school, so few remain known to him afterwards. In consequence of this, they give up the practice of their religion. We speak of the poor "drifting away" from the Church, but, in fact, this apparent loss of faith is due almost entirely to lack of personal help and encouragement during the critical years of youth, and only secondarily and, so to speak, under the Devil, to the slackness of the "average sensual man." It is with the object of enabling the priest to keep in touch with the boys that clubs and brigades are established, rather than with any clear idea of fostering culture and education. These things may come after. Religion comes first.

But of the clubs which have been started in various parishes by energetic priests or energetic laymen, or both, very few have really proved successful. At first the club is immensely popular, the parish priest smilingly approves and the generous layman flatters himself that he is at last engaged in effecting something. After a few months the boys grow tired of boxing and draughts and bagatelle; the numbers fall off, and the regular attendants are chiefly quiet boys who play cards; no money, of course, is seen to pass. At last a severe quarrel breaks out, and not till then does the generous layman realize that he has only succeeded in providing a comfortable and polite gambling establishment. The priest interferes and the club is closed. That is one solution of the club; it is easy to mention others. An Irish debate, which involves, as Irish debates usually do, ill feeling, or an attempt to promote a boys' brigade in a very Irish and hostile district, or disciplinary measures unsatisfactory to the boys in general, brings it to grief. More than one inefficient club in London has come to an abrupt and tragic termination by the boys turning out the lights and wrecking the establishment. Such accidents are common to every ill-organized club. Catholic clubs have a further risk peculiar to themselves: an Anglican club is opened in the neighbourhood, possessed, as Anglican clubs usually are, of sufficient funds to build a gymnasium, and imposing,

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as Anglican clubs usually do, so slight a religious test (if any) as in no way to conflict with Catholic allegiance. Small blame to the boys if they take advantage of opportunities offered and move to the new institution.

It is, in fact, the nature of boys' clubs to collapse. There can be no security for the existence of a club until the members themselves feel that it is for them a necessary institution and not something which they may take or leave. In its early stages it is only on its trial; if the boys are satisfied with it, if they get what they want, it survives; otherwise it dies, unmourned. A successful club grows and develops with the increasing demands made upon it by the members. We find that the best clubs of all, such as the Rugby Mission at Notting Hill, the Haileybury Club in Stepney, the Oxford Medical Mission in Bermondsey, and the numerous clubs attached to Oxford House (to name but a few), are so well organized that membership becomes an integral part of a boy's life. These clubs began in a small way; but had they not grown under the influence of strong and vigorous managers to their present admirable dimensions they would have perished, as others have perished of which we hear nothing. But their very success may prove a danger to Catholics unless we are wary. For, forgetting that at any stage in their upward growth they would have perished, if they had not advanced further (indeed, it is impossible to put any limit to the development of a club, though at a later stage progress is less noticeable), we may fall into the danger of emulating in proportion to our wealth, that is to say, in the proportion of one to ten, the generous efforts of non-Catholic bodies to provide the rising generation with some of the means of mental and physical improvement which are poured out in such abundance on the youth of the upper classes. But Catholics cannot afford (literally) to provide for their own people what the Established Church can provide for theirs; and as public opinion grows more and more conscious of the duty of the rich to make provision for the poor, the worse off in comparison will the Catholic population become. Where £100 is spent by non-Catholics

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we spend £10, a difference of £90; but where they spend £1,000 we spend £100, a difference of £900, and the rules of arithmetic, which tell us that the proportion in each case is the same, provide no sufficient consolation for the fact that as public generosity increases our poverty becomes more marked.

But the value of a boys' club is to be measured not by the quality of the entertainment offered, as though it were a music hall, but by the extent to which the members are helped by the influences which are brought to bear upon them, in this the most difficult period of their lives. Catholics may be worse off than non-Catholics for billiard tables and gymnasia, but by the very fact that the main object of a Catholic club is to foster and preserve a Catholic spirit, the managers are in a position to influence the members in a manner and to a degree which is the envy of non-Catholic workers. We have here a practical superiority, far in excess of anything which the wealthiest benefactor could supply, but of which we sometimes have not the courage to take full advantage. If Catholicism were obliterated the material welfare of the poor of England would not be greatly affected. The additional demand on the charity of the rich to maintain what Catholics have established would divide into little among so many, quite apart from the growing sphere of State responsibility. But from the religious point of view the loss statistically considered would be enormous. The proportion of Catholic to non-Catholic religion is comparatively high among the poorer classes. We very properly claim to excel in religion, and, therefore, to put our organization on the same base as those who aim first at a kind of well-being which is not religious, and only secondarily (in so far as they believe it will follow of itself) at religion, is on our part foolishness. The strength of our position is obvious. In the first place, by making the Catholic faith the practical, and not merely the nominal, basis of a club, the difficulty of deciding upon some qualification of membership is done away with. The authors of *Working Lads' Clubs* are bound to discuss the question at some length. They advise managers to make up their

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minds to leave the worst class of boys to other charitable influences than a club. A boy who has once tasted the liberty of casual employment in the streets, is not easily amenable to the discipline of a club, and his presence may seriously interfere with its progress. Now, however true this may be elsewhere, it does not apply to a Catholic club. If a boy has been to a Catholic school, and if the priests of the mission are qualified at all for the cure of souls, it requires more than a year or two of the streets to dull his sensibility to the religious appeal which a Catholic priest can make. There is only one qualification for entrance to a Catholic club. Any boy who by birth or education ought to be a Catholic, has the right of membership. Differences of class exist, no doubt, among the Catholic poor, but they are less marked than among non-Catholics, and religion cuts right through them. It is possible for a Catholic club to progress, and for its tone to improve, and for its organization to become more perfect, without ceasing to preserve and attract the lowest and roughest class. For in a good Catholic club, religion is the basis of its *esprit de corps*, and this may be taken as the second practical advantage. In non-Catholic clubs *esprit de corps* must to some extent depend on the natural excellence of the club itself. Better premises, more attractions, numerous football teams, all make for social pride, whereas poverty, with its small rooms and diminutive billiard tables, and perhaps no gymnasium at all, begins in time to hang her head. But in a Catholic club, emphasis is immediately laid on the character of the members. They may envy the spacious rooms which others possess, but they have learnt to appreciate in their own club, what they were taught and blindly received at school, that they have privileges and responsibilities as Catholics, which they share with one another, and which is the ground of their superiority over Protestants.

But *esprit de corps* of this kind requires to be carefully and zealously fostered, especially in the initial stage of the club, and it is precisely this which the layman alone cannot do. He can co-operate with the priest in helping the boys to go to Mass and the Sacraments, but it is not easy for him

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to take the initiative. On the other hand, priests are sometimes reluctant to press the claims of religion otherwise than on stated and formal occasions. They fear that whatever they say will be largely discounted, by the fact that it is their business to preach. They are, therefore, slow to impose their presence upon boys, knowing well that religion cannot be forced, and fearing to spoil the natural good in a boy by officious interference. This very proper delicacy is, however, founded upon a condition of things which is not right or proper at all. There is no such gulf between religion and ordinary life as to justify the common antipathy of the layman to the presence of the priest anywhere but in church. In practice it is very difficult to remove this prejudice, but there is no place where it should be easier than in a boys' club; for there a priest can unbend; he can enter into all the boyish interests which constitute the life of a club; he can play games with the boys, he can talk to them about other matters than the state of their souls, he can show by his own practice that religion and ordinary life are not inseparably divorced; and yet all the time he is a priest, and there is nothing inconsequent or pompous in his sometimes talking to a boy at the club about religion, or in occasionally giving the whole club an address, or in making arrangements in connexion with church services and festivals—a most important element in a Catholic club. All this gives a Catholic tone to a club, which is essential to it. The members acquire Catholic habits; religion is a natural element in their lives; they note the difference between being a Catholic and not being a Catholic, and they are proud of their faith.

But this is not the only advantage to be derived from bringing the priest into the club. In non-Catholic clubs there is almost invariably some one who is the real manager of the club, with special qualifications for the task, and upon whom its success depends. He has probably originated the club and but for him there would be no club at all. Clubs, indeed, have to wait for the appearance of such a man before they can exist, and wherever there is a boys' club some one has sacrificed the greater part of his evening

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leisure to the work. No layman can begin a club unless he is prepared to do this, and no club can continue, as we shall see later, unless there is some one making this sacrifice on its behalf. The number of boys' clubs in London at present is thus a striking testimony to the zeal and devotion fostered both by the Protestant Public Schools and still more, perhaps, by the Universities. But the system has the defect that the existence and continuance of a club in any particular place is a matter of chance. The ground covered by settlements in which clubs seem to have taken root is but a small portion of the whole; in most districts it is still true that the majority of the boys living there belong to no club at all. Now with us we have a whole class of men who have already made the sacrifice of their lives to the poor. They are not novices making an experiment, men who can withdraw from the work without any loss of prestige or self-respect, but trained men who have accepted the burden and the responsibility and the privileges of the priesthood. To ask them to be the managers of boys' clubs, is, no doubt, at the present moment in many London parishes to ask them to undertake a new burden quite beyond their strength; it would involve the sacrifice of the last remnant of leisure, to which they, as much as laymen, are entitled. But the reorganization of mission duties so as to make the management of a boys' club as much part of mission work, as the care of the schools is at present, may be a change which cannot be effected all at once, but it is one the advantage of which it is well worth our while to consider. For assuming such a re-organization to be possible, there would be in every London parish, not merely in one or two favoured places, the first requisite of a successful club: a manager living near at hand, able to devote a great deal of time to the club, without further sacrifice of leisure or personal comfort than is demanded of every priest, in one way or another.

But for a parish to possess the first requisite for a club is not enough. Only a priest of very exceptional mental and physical calibre can run a club single-handed, quite apart from the expense, of which something will be said

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hereafter. There are, no doubt, clubs for boys in many London parishes at the present moment, in which the priest has the minimum of outside help. Some of these are connected with the Catholic Boys' Brigade; but admirable though the Brigade is, it nevertheless offers no attractions to a large number of boys, especially in London; these boys are not merely rough and undisciplined fellows, who "ought to join the Brigade," but in spite of repeated exhortations persistently refuse to do so, but excellent boys who merely find drilling and military exercises excessively boring. We have no right to quarrel with a boy's taste in this matter, and no power, even if we had the will, to press him into the ranks. The misfortune is that such boys are, as a rule, excluded from the club attached to the Brigade. In other places, where a club has been established it is either very small or tolerably large in comparison with some clubs, but miserably inadequate for the needs of the district in which it is situated. No blame is attached to anyone for this state of affairs, but it is better to face the matter squarely rather than to allow ourselves to be put off with the optimism of individual parish priests. A club cannot succeed unless it is well staffed. Even if the priest is one of those rare men with a special gift for the management of boys, he will still require assistance in the details of organization. A club is no simple matter, nor are its affairs ever stationary. Moreover, a priest is seldom able to join in outdoor athletics, an essential element in the life of a club, nor, perhaps, would it be desirable for him to do so. Besides, it is surely hard, even for a priest to devote every night in the week from 8 to 11 to his boys. A moment's consideration shows how idle it is to expect a club to grow or prosper, or even to exist for any length of time, without external support. The need for lay help is obvious.

It is here that we can appreciate the value of the Catholic Settlements Association, for it has constituted itself a kind of labour exchange between laymen and priests. It must be confessed that up to the present, owing to lack of men, the transactions have not been numerous, but the method is obviously the right one, and may be expected to produce

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good results in the future. The Association has, besides, made certain discoveries as to the kind of labour which the priest may hope to obtain, and the conditions of its greatest productivity. In the first place, though a certain number of men have been found willing to help with more or less regularity once a week, no one has appeared ready to take upon himself the responsibility either of starting a new club, or of giving several nights in the week to the work. No doubt the absence of greater self-devotion among Catholic laymen is regrettable, but the explanation is simple enough. Heroism is not a universal virtue. Most men have not the strength of character to make big sacrifices. Those who have, if they are Catholics, usually become priests; and this is an important difference between Catholics and non-Catholics. The Anglican ministry, whatever its other qualities, does not necessarily involve great self-sacrifice, and consequently there is always a considerable body of men with a vocation to a more heroic life, whose zeal is naturally directed to work among the poor. We cannot reckon on a class of that sort. We have always to deal with the ordinary man of the world, willing to do his share, but not willing to devote more than a certain proportion of his spare time to the poor.

Secondly, the Association has found that it is very easy for a club to be at once both under- and over-staffed. If a club is to be opened on six nights in the week, if no one can definitely undertake to give more than one night in the week, if two men at least must be present each night, then twelve men is the minimum number of helpers necessary for such a club. But it happens that in every week some of the twelve are unavoidably prevented from going down; or, what is worse, that some cannot be certain of being able to go down; auxiliaries are therefore required to take the places of the absent ones. But when the auxiliary arrives—a novice, perhaps, to the work—he discovers that the regular helper has been able to come after all, that he himself is not really needed, and that there is nothing particular for him to do. Under these circumstances he is very chary of offering his services again. Then the evening

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comes (like the nursery fable of the boy and the wolf) when neither of the regular workers can be present, and when no auxiliaries can be raised. The boys hang about outside the club indefinitely, and their confidence in their managers is seriously disturbed. The evil of this is well put by the authors of *Working Lads' Clubs*:

It is very important that adequate arrangements should be made for the opening of the premises. An officer must be regularly present punctually at the appointed time, say 7 p.m. Simple as this seems, it is often exceedingly difficult to get men to be at the club promptly at the right time. It is certainly one of the points that requires most careful attention, for slackness in regard to it has a very bad effect. . . . Such conduct not only causes trouble, but it sets a very bad example so far as punctuality, conscientiousness and courtesy are concerned. Nor will boys readily regard as real friends, men who, because they are merely boys, treat them so inconsiderately.

But there is a more serious drawback still to the system of management by nightly shifts:

Granted that a club has an adequate staff, its members will in all probability form a committee for its management. It is sometimes thought that a "head" is unnecessary, and that they may all share the work equally, each taking two nights, or worse still, only one night, a week. A moment's consideration will show the weakness of this plan. It naturally happens that each man varies his conduct of the club. One passes over little irregularities that his colleague the next night pounces upon and punishes. One requires implicit obedience; another is easy going and oblivious of rules. One does not mind noise, another detests it. One never unbends, and stands aloof from the lads; another is continually larking with them, and encourages familiarity. One dislikes all talk about athletics; another takes an interest in little else. There is no set general tone, no even standard of discipline. Each man is responsible for certain details, and completely ignorant of certain others. . . . There is no one who knows all the members and has a firm and immediate grasp of every question relating to them. On making some request or other a lad will constantly be told, "I cannot have anything to do with it. That is Mr Z.'s business. You must wait till he comes." And perhaps the applicant can never come on Mr Z.'s night, and has never seen him. The "one-night-a-week" officer, however

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capable he may be, can never gain the intimacy with the members to which the man who is frequently among them can attain. Boys are slow to give their confidence in the greater issues of life, and a lads' club does not reach its best until its members feel that no matter what the trouble, no matter what the disgrace, they can impart it to some one of their officers, whom they see so constantly and know so intimately that they can tell him anything. Suppose, for example, a boy learns to trust a manager who comes only on Monday nights. On a Tuesday he gets into some scrape, and his impulse is to confide it to this man and seek his advice. But he cannot see him for six days, the matter is too intimate for other's care, the decision, perhaps a wrong and foolish one, is made alone, and by Monday the affair is all over and he judges it unnecessary to say anything about it.

There is no doubt that the greatest success rests with those clubs, which have on their staff at least one man who can be present every night the doors are open. Failing this it is essential that one manager should come not less than three times a week."

From this we can draw the obvious inference that, failing lay "heads" (and that we must take as one of the conditions of things with which we have to deal), it is vital to the success of a club to be under the management of one of the priests of the parish. The presence of such a responsible head has the further advantage that fewer laymen are required at each club. Half a dozen men supporting an efficient manager are capable of doing all that is required to guarantee the success of the club, at any rate in its earlier stages. For there is seldom a great deal to be done on any particular night, but there is always a little, and the success of a club depends to a great extent on these, in themselves small, duties being performed regularly and uniformly. Thus, on one night subscriptions have to be paid, on another the canteen is open, on another the unemployed cases are dealt with in connexion, perhaps, with the district apprenticeship committee, on another the football team for the following Saturday has to be made up. Besides these regular duties there will nearly always be some extraordinary matter on hand, the annual concert, the Christmas play, the New Year dinner, preparations for the Easter and Summer camp, week-end excursions, Corpus

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Christi processions, just enough work, in fact, every evening for one man beside the head, who is probably present at least part of the time. The actual supervision of the club is a very small matter, especially when some of the senior boys are made responsible for seeing that good order is kept. For a number of men, as sometimes happens now, to assemble in force with no other duty but to preserve discipline is deplorable waste. There is nothing so dispiriting either as being one of too many engaged in some particular social work. No man will continue to devote his time to an enterprise where his services are not really required. He must see the fruits of his labour, and to be one of a dozen or more who spend an idle evening once a week, or perhaps less, with a number of poor boys whom he does not pretend to know even by name is a sad business.

Every man must have some feature of the club under his special control. He must be responsible for the savings bank or the canteen funds, or the library, or for finding employment. It may bring him down to the club more than once a week, but it is a very different thing going down to the club frequently to undertaking to open and close the club on two particular nights of the week without fail. It goes without saying that the more often a man can go down to the club the better, and six men who are constantly going down even for a short time, and do not limit themselves to the one night on which they have undertaken to be present, are of immeasurably more use than twenty men who never go near the place except once a week. For the object of a club is not to provide a non-alcoholic public-house for boys between 14 and 20, but to bring to bear upon their lives every influence which will make for their genuine welfare. The familiarity of those who take part in its management with the boys themselves is obviously of the greatest value, and for the helpers themselves it is the pleasantest part of the whole business. There are many men who at first reluctantly go down from a very right and proper sense of duty, carefully limiting their services to a single night in the week, who in a short time find their greatest happiness in the cheerful company of the

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boys at a club. As mere "prefects" the work may be dull enough, but the moment they take an active part in the organization of the club the irresistible charm of the London boy appears, and they find themselves giving up to him far more time than they ever intended.

Moreover, the success of a club depends very largely upon the extent to which the boys themselves learn to manage their own affairs, but in this they require constant control and direction by those above them. If a committee is appointed for any of the various activities of the club, for football, or running, or boxing, or the indoor games, the man who has this matter in charge will have to be in constant communication with his committee. He may be in and out of the club two or three times in the course of a single week, but as he can make his own arrangements and can come early or late as suits his convenience the burden of management is not very heavy. Six men can assist one another and the priest far more easily, paradoxical though it may seem, than twelve. They know one another better, they know on what days it is impossible for any one of their number to go to the club at all, they know the boys and can transfer "cases" from one to another among themselves, in full confidence that the boy will not find himself dealing with a stranger. In short, they can work in harmony.

But all this rests on the assumption that above the workers there is a single director to be a principle of unity, both among the helpers and the boys. If the helpers are efficient his work will be comparatively light. He can always go home before the club closes, as long as he is there when it opens; but however efficient the helpers are they cannot do without him.

The conclusion, therefore, to which we are inevitably brought is that (apart from expense) whenever a priest can rely on the services of at least half a dozen laymen and is prepared himself to undertake the responsible management, a successful club can be established. The problem from the layman's point of view is thus reduced to very tolerable dimensions. Here is a definite scheme of organization at

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which to aim. Any school which sends to London to earn their living more than six boys, ought to be able to found a club and keep it up. We still sometimes hear complaints from laymen, that, willing though they are, they do not know how to help the Church. It is time this complaint ceased. The Catholic Settlements Association has more applications from priests for men to help than it has men to supply. Though in some parishes at present it would be impossible for any of the priests to manage a club there are others now, where the priest is willing to do all that has been suggested here, but there are no men to support him. Laymen cannot press for a reorganization of mission work so that the priest may be free to manage a club, if they cannot staff the clubs which already exist. It is for laymen to take the initiative. The welfare of Catholic boys is in their hands.

Finally, a word must be said as to the expenses of a club. The authors of *Working Lads' Clubs* devote a chapter to finance, but it is to be feared that they have sadly underestimated the amount which in London must be put aside for rent. There are very few parishes where the priest can acquire suitable premises rent free, or even for the modest sum of £20. As a rule he has to pay heavily for the privilege of using a building, which nobody else requires, for a purpose quite as necessary for the good of the community as the school. It is not possible here to enter into careful calculations, but we shall not be far wrong in putting £100 a year as the minimum net cost of a good club. This is a large amount, and the difficulty which the Catholic Settlements Association has experienced in obtaining subscriptions even for a single club, would suggest that there is no hope of every London parish being able to add to its annual expenditure to the extent suggested. But we may bear in mind two things. First, that the Catholic body is not yet aware of the absolute necessity of Catholic boys' clubs, and secondly, that until our schools are placed on a secure footing, all Catholic charities have to be content with less than their due. It is the burden of the schools which hampers us more than anything, but we can surely

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hope that at least in a year or two a final and satisfactory settlement will have been reached. A good part of the money which is now spent on the schools will then be set free to this other work, which has the same object as the Catholic schools, viz. the preservation of the Faith of the children of the poor.

Moreover, it is impossible for the more sanguine not to hope, with the authors of *Working Lads' Clubs*, that the means of education and recreation which boys at more richly-endowed clubs now enjoy, will in the course of a few years be provided out of public funds. We already have free libraries, free swimming baths, free playing fields; there is no reason why gymnasia, the most expensive part of a good club, should not be similarly provided. The County Council even now grant facilities for education, which formerly were confined to clubs, and as soon as the elementary education question is solved, we may expect rapid developments in this direction. We ought not to be troubled about the provision of these things in our new Catholic clubs. When they come we shall still require Catholic clubs as much as ever: places where Catholic boys can congregate, where they can spend their evenings in the company of Catholics, where they can be on familiar terms with their priest and his helpers, where they can find Catholic literature and enjoy Catholic influences. It is upon the character of the priest and his helpers that the success of a club depends—not on its wealth.

It will thus be seen that, looking at the matter broadly, the prospects of Catholic boys' clubs are better than their present conditions would at first sight indicate. The objects for which the Catholic Settlements Association was originally founded may be as remote as ever, but it is quite clear now that the work upon which the Association is actively engaged is of the most practical kind. Everything depends upon the support which it will receive in the future.\*

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## THE MANTLE OF VOLTAIRE

THE burlesque history of the Penguins, though but a middling effort of a finely tempered mind, is not one of those performances that may be passed over as irrelevant to the final reputation of an author, or treated as a mere eruptive outgrowth—the unbecoming symptom of plethoric wits—upon the surface of a delicate achievement. It shows M. Anatole France not quite in a new character, but in a strange despondent humour. A certain melancholy was always part of his charm; but it seemed to belong to his temperament, and suggested rather the voluptuous resignation of one who consents to go on living out of curiosity, than any brooding over the miscarriage of an ambition to reform the world. Here we cannot miss the note of disappointment. And there is some excuse for bitterness, when a man who has travelled to the threshold of old age in an agreeable immunity from the itch to *affirm*, is driven by resentments of a public order to take his stand upon a positive doctrine, throws in his lot with a set of Utopians, and discovers presently that the sacrifice of his scepticism was useless, and that his comrades are less in earnest than himself. It is apparently some solace for the lost illusions of maturity to prophesy evil: but it is hard to have smiled with Pyrrho and to end by raving with Cassandra!

The annals of Penguin Island are carried into the future, and end with the hideous vision of an irremediable pluto-cracy, periodically devoured in flames, and rising inexorable from its ashes. Who shall say whether these sombre anticipations are meant for a conditional warning, or whether our author has, in fact, despaired of seeing an earthly paradise planted among the ruins of a national tradition? But whatever the degree of his discouragement, and whatever the motives, it is certain that his destructive zeal is yet undaunted. It has, indeed, been nowhere else displayed so

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comprehensively, one might almost say so indiscreetly, as in this candid, discursive and somewhat laboured piece of mystification—which I take for a full-blown example of his less exquisite and more aggressive method, recently developed in the discharge of his characteristic function. For if he has been admired, successively, as an accomplished maker of Parnassian verses, as a humanist, as a mellow antiquary, as an inventor of subtle types and ingenuous personalities, as an artful weaver of vivacious and substantial dialogue, as a master of the *roman à clé*, and even as an unprofessional historian and an occasional orator and pamphleteer, these may all be called in a sense his decorative and subordinate titles to renown. M. France is, essentially, the wittiest purveyor of dubiety, the most sinuous detractor of ideals, the most assiduous professor of irreverence in his generation.

In these capacities it has been his business to disparage many kinds of enthusiasm. In *L'Ile des Pingouins* his aim was ostensibly to poison the sources of national pride and to undermine the fabric of national glory by what is not even a caricature of his country's history. It need not be said that these objects involved an attack upon Christianity; he has attacked nothing else so consistently. The phenomenon of faith has always possessed an unhealthy fascination for his rationalism: no subject has solicited him with so much importunity as the Catholic Church, and it is not too much to say that all the resources of his learning, his lubricity, his insight and his irony, in almost every phase of his activity, have been placed at the disposal of her enemies. But if his hostility has been constant, it has taken different forms in different circumstances; and it is worth while to distinguish in his writings the Renanesque attitude from what may be called in one word the Voltairian.

These epithets must be understood, of course, in their looser and almost trivial acceptation, with no thought of justifying them by a rigorous parallel between three men whose writings, in the only field which offers a pretext for comparison, though favourable to one general tendency, proceed too manifestly from irreconcilable needs of heart

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and intellect and from adverse schools of thought. The flimsy system in which Voltaire fused his anti-mystical limitations and some natural benevolence with conservative prejudices and the all-explaining sensationalism of Locke, is not more distant than Renan's suave, expansive spirituality from the subtle scepticism of their living successor. And, to speak strictly, no consistent attitude in regard to Christianity can be attributed to the author of *Zadig* or to the author of *Averroës*. Voltaire, echoing the merely modish libertinism (we should now say impiety) of the Court of Sceaux, is a different figure from Voltaire penning the article on Free-will and the *Sermon des Cinqante*. The whole tone of Renan's earlier criticism is at variance with the compliant intellectual patronage he bestowed in old age upon the anti-clericals in power. Yet, if we ask what those eminent names connote, in this relation, the formulas that occur most readily will, I think, seem not inapt to qualify the two aspects of the campaign which M. France has pursued almost relentlessly against the religion of his race.

As every one knows, the brunt of the Voltairian assaults fell upon the character of the higher clergy in the eighteenth century, the political powers of the Church of France, and especially the survival of legal intolerance—Protestant disabilities, the repression of blasphemy and of heretical proselytism—in a society which had in great part grown indifferent to dogma. His Gaulish ribaldry, his delicious irony, which all Europe admired and copied, and which found English equivalents in Gibbon and Beckford, a cast of mind which the French call *simpliste*, were prompt to exploit a glaring contradiction between conduct and professions, sought to dissolve mystery in ridicule, substituted chance—vaguely corrected by the perfectibility of man—for providential design, and explained religion as a conspiracy between priestly wiles and popular credulity. His achievement, upon the whole, was to lend an intellectual sanction and a practical purpose to disrespect rather than to disbelief, though he also vulgarized something of Bayle's criticism, and supplied the common freethinker with, per-

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haps, immortal commonplaces. Under the Restoration, when clericalism was a real thing, this political impiety is expressed in the incisive prose of Paul-Louis Courier, the scholar-husbandman, who inherited much of the Voltairian spirit. But already the æsthetical theodicy of Chateaubriand had dealt a death-blow to the alliance between literature and mere irreligion, which had ceased to offer presumptive evidence of a superior mind; and the drift of the Romantic movement was at once to restore the historical prestige of the Church, and to translate spiritual needs, anguish and exaltation into imaginative forms.

Its influence is appreciable in the lyrical atmosphere of the famous Orientalist, whose interest immensely transcends the value of philological arguments and the limited appeal of texts, and even his general ambition to apply the notion of relativity to the history of religious ideas. Is it not the great originality of Renan that he initiated the pathology of faith? No one had seen so clearly before him that determinism owed to itself a rational account of moral phenomena for which it offers no substitute and which by definition are invulnerable to its reasons. He explained them—rather by suggestion than formally, with a seductive imprecision, a nice balance of irony and compunction and an astonishing command of equivocal terms—as a beneficent hysteria, a noble malady of mind; and the sympathy of his diagnosis, which reconciled all the forms of human idealism by abstracting the specific virtue of believing from the matter of belief, expressed itself in the gentlest tones of one who talks in a sick room.

I have coupled the name of M. Anatole France with those of Renan and Voltaire because many of his works, in which a polemical intention can hardly be mistaken, appear alternately to reflect the spirit of either. His is too rare and authentic a talent to be described as a shadow or a copy of any other; and that part of his writings which, being amenable only to the tests of pure literature, offers no sure ground for any such analogy, is not inconsiderable in quality or bulk. Neither *Vers Dorés*, nor *Jocaste*, nor *Sylvestre Bonnard*, nor *Le Livre de mon Ami*, nor *Clio*, nor

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most of his literary criticism, suggests a purpose foreign to the form. More than one of these books is a masterpiece, humane and vivid, abounding in delicate notations of character and strokes of humour worthy of Sterne or Goldsmith, and subtly evoking an atmosphere of familiar tenderness and serene scholarship in a prose which is a model of idiom, transparency and thrift, firmer in texture than that of Renan and more subtle than Voltaire's. But how much oftener he has had his axe to grind, and entrusted the task of malicious insinuation or open disparagement to the talk of his personages or the apparent hazards of a plot!

The Renanesque attitude predominates, upon the whole, in those of his earlier books in which Christian dogma, the history of the Church or the lives and characters of saints are handled. I find a part of its formula in the preface to a dramatic poem (published more than thirty years ago) which confronts the pagan twilight and the dawn of Christianity:

I have recalled the dream of the ages of faith; I have indulged an illusion of lively belief. It would have been too gross a disharmony to handle what is pious without piety . . . I know there is no certainty outside science. But I know also that the value of scientific truths lies in the methods which lead to them, and that those methods are beyond the reach of most men. It is an unscientific notion that science may some day take the place of religion. . . . And what does it matter if the dream lie, so it be noble? Is it not man's destiny to be steeped in a continual illusion?

And in *Tbaïs*, when the hermit Paphnutius would persuade Nicias, his host, to burn a library of pagan philosophers, the sceptic's plea that "the dreams of sick men are sometimes diverting," has just that savour of impartial curiosity which earned Renan the name of *dilettante*. The character and the whole adventure of Paphnutius, his fanaticism and simplicity and ambiguous motives, lend themselves readily to a thousand little unctuous perfidies of language which it is impossible to illustrate here, but of which every one who knows *L'Antechrist* or the *Vie de Jésus*, or the philosophical dramas of Renan, will recognize

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the model. Renan, it is true, would have repudiated the lubricity of the theme, as indeed would Flaubert, whose *Saint Antoine*, no doubt, suggested the general atmosphere of the book. "Le Procureur de Judée," in *L'Etui de Nacre*, is essentially an effect of the Renanesque irony. And in one of his best novels, *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, though the narrative is picaresque, and the chief personages such as Diderot, perhaps, might have owned, you may find the most unexpected transcriptions of Renan's utterances into a livelier and less respectful dialect. This little dialogue between the Astrologer and the simple woman who is the mother of the narrator is an instance:

"We should adore God's holy name," says she.

"I adore all His names, good wife, for He has several. He is called Adonai, Tetragrammaton, Jehovah, Otheos, Athanatos, and Schyros. And he has many more than these."

"I did not know that," said my mother. "But what you tell me, Sir, does not surprise me; for I have noticed that persons of quality had many more names than common folks."

"We have furnished God," says the Preface to *Le Prêtre de Nemi*, "with a rich casket of synonyms."

The same book is full, no doubt, of touches which are more properly to be called Voltairian. The allusion to St Pelagia is quite in Voltaire's manner; and the legend of St Mary of Egypt, which the Abbé Coignard epitomizes so gaily, had already supplied an article to the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. All the writings I have named, and others of the early works of M. France, recall the Tales, the Letters, the Diatribes and the Dictionary, now and again, by sallies of mockery spiced with an indispensable lascivious flavour. Something of *Zadig* (though more of *Saint Julien l'Hospitalier*) has passed even into the little legend *Balbazar*. But, in general, a certain sort of lyricism, a deeper knowledge of the heart than Voltaire possessed, a blander irony, a pathological solicitude, distinguish his manner of "playing with the vessels of the altar" in the first part of his literary career.

At a moment which seems to have coincided with a French domestic crisis (the occasion was judicial, and

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turned upon a highly technical question of facts) M. France directed his fine talent to the interest of contemporary politics, and, in a novel of four parts, directly attacked the Church as the ally of a faction in the State. It was as though he had made the sudden discovery that the attitude of quizzical tolerance and equivocal curiosity had always supposed the quiescence of its objects. A movement which itself began apparently in scepticism, and rapidly assumed dogmatical airs, offered an irresistible attraction to this elegant French mind, which developed in contact with its heat a dissimulated aptitude for open combat. To how many such the notorious *Affaire* came as a revelation of their secret and original polarity, and opened flattering prospects of effective intervention in real struggles! M. France had only to convert some virtual antipathies into active ones; but the change involved, I imagine, a real sacrifice from this serene aristocrat of letters.

For a dozen years his literature (with hardly a considerable exception besides the enchanting resuscitations of *Clio*) has been captured by the necessities and infected with the odium of a conflict in which, by the deplorable inconstancy of men and circumstances, the Church of France has been an unwilling principal. The adventures of the blameless and garrulous Bergeret, the interminable digressions of *Sur la Pierre blanche, Histoire Comique*—that unedifying romance of the green-room—and even the diverting *Crainquebille*, with other episodes in the same volume, betrayed continually a practical anxiety to serve the political interests of anti-clericalism by the persuasive power of fiction. It is needless to insist upon the purpose of detraction in *Jeanne d'Arc*, to which Mr Andrew Lang has done justice from an historical standpoint. The book marks, in some degree, an insulated reversion to the methods of Renan; and it has less resemblance than might be expected to *La Pucelle*—a far more spirited and perhaps (in the very excess of its fantastic grossness) a less offensive libel. But the other writings of the later period may deserve the patronage of Voltaire, because in them the superior aim of invention and irony is to attack a living force and

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no longer to impute an infirmity, to sap an institution rather than to poison the wells of faith.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum,  
concludes Lucretius; and Voltaire:

Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense;  
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.

And such is the implicit moral of these works. The target, of course, is wider. As Voltaire's campaign against Christianity was only a phase of his distinctive activity, so M. France has associated the Church, in his general attack, with some profane objects of his countrymen's veneration, not to speak of the more or less respectable ideals of particular factions. Voltaire, it is true, saw in religion mainly the buttress of secular abuses which it was his first serious object to remove; while M. France seems rather to have obeyed the unforeseen consequences of political friendships in enlarging the circle of his original antipathies so as to include in *L'Ile des Pingouins* most of the great traditions of his people.

✓ *L'Ile des Pingouins* is a ferocious, incoherent and dismal attempt to depreciate the moral patrimony of the French by a fable which, in its main lines, Voltaire might possibly have imagined, but which he would certainly have constructed with more regard to artistic economy. Part of this vast machine would, no doubt, have seemed admirable to him: he would have relished, for example, the extravagant profanity of the scene in Paradise in which the assembled saints give their opinion about the anthropoid Penguins and the validity of their baptism by St Maël:

"No," said the Lord. "The remedy would be worse than the mischief. If the spirit were greater than the letter in the rules of salvation, it would be the ruin of the priesthood."

"The solution you propose, son of Monica, is correct, and agrees with My wisdom. But it does not satisfy My mercy. And, though essentially unchanging, the longer I endure, the more I incline to gentleness. This alteration is very noticeable if you read My two Testaments."

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"But it is not fitting that My prescience should encroach upon their free-will. Lest I should do any wrong to human liberty, I am unaware of what I know, I make thick upon My eyes the veil that I have pierced, and in My blind insight I allow Myself to be surprised by that I have foreseen."

I ask pardon of the reader for transcribing these passages, which the famous *ricanement* would very probably have saluted, along with others grosser and more lewd. But Voltaire would have remarked that our author's style sometimes degenerates through the habit of parody, and that his irony is now and again inelegant. And he would have regretted a plan, and remarked that (what Swift knew and M. France forgets) a long fable is insipid when its interest depends wholly on our possession of a key.

The book is throughout (as has already been said) an attack upon Christianity. It disparages also wise rulers and brave captains, the Ages of Faith, the art of the French *primitifs*, and apparently the patroness of Paris—if it is she who is traduced in the grotesque and fastidious episode of the Dragon. I have said that it is not even a caricature of French history; but those who have glanced at certain text-books forced upon the children of Catholics and patriots in French lay-schools will find their way here more easily than those who have only read the great chroniclers and Michelet: in particular, they will at once recognize Napoleon in Trinco. And it is quite possible that those who have followed the recent vicissitudes of French politics in the columns of our Judæo-Protestant press, will find little to surprise or disconcert them in the later chapters of this book.

More especially in the episode entitled "L'Affaire des 80,000 bottes de foin," M. France has seen the advantage of keeping very close to actuality in certain indifferent details, so that others of his invention may have more credit. Greatauk, for example, is Minister of War: he accuses Pyrot, *who is poor*, and whom he has *always hated*, of malversation. This is a lucky stroke for Greatauk, as it saves him from an accusation of corrupt practices with which he is threatened by his discontented patron, a great

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nobleman, who is disarmed by his pleasure at hearing of Pyrot's disgrace. In a narrative so circumstantial, and so exact in trivial points, these fictions might pass for facts with readers who do not know or have forgotten that "Pyrot" was a man of means, and that "Greatauk," who did not know him, bore an unsullied reputation. But M. France is not troubled by such scruples.

I began by adverting to the predictions with which the fable ends. They are mournful, but we are in some degree prepared for them by preceding descriptions of the Penguin democracy and its financial tyrants. A long digressive episode—incredibly lascivious in parts—conveys the impression that want of character in statesmen is the great obstacle to the triumph of collectivism, and that a coalition formed in an hour of need is likely to crumble away when it is time to divide the spoils and the honours of victory. But if these are good grounds for the author's despondency, it may, perhaps, be explained by a consideration of his personal position.

M. France has been faithful to a cause, since he served from the first the enemies of Christianity; he has been constant to his vocation, for he was always a mocker. But he has readjusted his attitude, extended the field of his irreverence, forsown the advantages of literary detachment, and become a partisan. No longer satisfied with the devious and serene expression of an unavowed hostility, he has accepted strange allies, and consented to fill offices of little honour and, perhaps, less profit. He has written a preface for the collected speeches of M. Combes; he has done public homage to the genius of Zola, after chastising him most cruelly. He has openly adhered to Socialism, and spoken on platforms at meetings of the proletariat. He has even diluted his irony, underlined his points and done what he could to democratise his brilliant gifts. It would be impertinent to ask whether his intervention has been effectual, whether his new friends are grateful for his help, whether emancipated foremen read his prose, whether Israel forgives his gibes against the race, and whether Geneva in consideration of common resentments over-

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looks in his works an irrepressible salacity of which she has wholly lost the tradition since Bayle and Estienne. It is something, no doubt, to be the unique literary ornament of what was once gravely called the intellectual party. It is still more to be sincere. If what he has sacrificed to his incongruous alliances is any measure of his sincerity, who shall call in question the good faith of Anatole France?

F. Y. ECCLES

## THE NEEDS OF HUMANITY

[THE following address was placed at the Editor's disposal by the eminent Archbishop of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, in response to a request for a contribution to the DUBLIN REVIEW. In view of the present anti-Christian movement on the Continent—and notably in France—to which we have so often called attention, we feel that the Cardinal's able analysis of the contrast between Christian and non-Christian civilizations is particularly apposite to existing dangers. It is here published for the first time.—EDITOR.]

WE live and move and have our being in the midst of a civilization which is the legitimate offspring of the Christian religion, a civilization whose blessings are poured out so abundantly upon the intellectual, moral and social world, that, like the sunlight, the air of heaven and the fruits of the earth, they are received without question and are taken quite as a matter of course. They no longer excite our wonder, no longer overcome us with gratitude, but have become so much a part of our present existence, have been so woven into the fabric of our daily lives that we enjoy and profit by them with an almost entire unconsciousness, and, it is to be feared, with almost as great an absence of appreciation. If we contemplate, however, the strong and violent contrast between the favourable conditions of life to-day in Christian countries with the existence of those dwelling in lands where the light of the Gospel is unknown, we shall recognize the benefits we enjoy in consequence of the new dispensation. But even more vividly shall we realize our debt to Christianity if we transport ourselves to those days before the "Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us," and compare the old Pagan world with our own.

Before the advent of Christ the whole world, with the exception of the secluded Roman Province of Palestine, was buried in idolatry, was given over to the adoration of the gods whose worship acted on man's fallen nature with all its deep abysses of corruption, spurring him ever to some fresh excess both by precept and example. Man with his inborn need of worship, of some power outside him-

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self, which he might appeal to and lay hold on, had turned to the created world in search of the expression of the ideal for which his soul instinctively longed. Every striking object in nature came at last to have for him its tutelary divinities. He bowed down before the sun, the stars, the great seas, the rivers and trees—he hailed the elements as gods, even his own fierce passions and the dark crimes of the human race were deified. To all things he offered his homage except to the eternal God to whom alone divine honours are due. In the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles: “They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of corruptible man, and of birds and beasts and creeping things. They worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator who is blessed for ever.” But, at last, in the fullness of time, the great light for which the prophets of Israel had sighed and prayed, and towards which even the Pagan sages had stretched forth their hands with eager longing, arose and shone upon them “that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.”

In far-away Judea, in the hearts of a Chosen People, through long centuries of waiting and yearning, had been kept burning the deathless flame of the truth and knowledge of God. Sheltered from the world-wide idolatry, tended and guarded, it now flamed as a mighty beacon to all the nations of the earth. Jesus Christ taught all mankind to know the one true God, a God existing from eternity to eternity, a God who created all things by His power, who governs all things by His wisdom, and whose superintending providence watches over the affairs of nations as well as men, “without whom not even a bird falleth to the ground.” He proclaims a God infinitely holy, just and merciful. This idea of the Deity so consistent with our enlightened rational conceptions, was in striking contrast with the degraded and sensual attributes with which Paganism had endowed its divinities.

The religion of Christ imparts to us not only a sublime conception of God, but also gives us a rational idea of man and of his relations to his Creator. Before the

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coming of Christ man was an enigma to himself, a mystery which he could not fathom. Life was to him but a confused noise between two great unbroken silences, or a ship sent out to drift upon uncharted seas, only at last to founder in an unknown deep. He knew that he was passing through a brief phase of existence, but the past and the future were alike enveloped in an impenetrable mist. He cried out in his anguish, but no answering voice came to him over the waste of waters.

But our Redeemer has dispelled the darkness and enlightened the mind and soul of man regarding his origin and destiny as well as the means of attaining it, and has rescued him from the fearful labyrinth of error in which Paganism had involved him.

The Gospel of Christ as propounded by the Catholic Church has brought not only light to the intellect but comfort also to the heart. It has given us "that peace of God which surpasseth all understanding," the peace which springs from the conscious possession of the truth. It has taught us how to enjoy that triple peace which constitutes true happiness as far as it is attainable in this life—peace with God by observance of His commandments, peace with our neighbour by the exercise of charity and justice towards him, and peace with ourselves by repressing our inordinate appetites, thus keeping our reason illumined and controlled by the law of God.

All other religious systems prior to the coming of Christ were national like Judaism, or state religions like Paganism. The Catholic religion alone is world-wide and cosmopolitan, embracing all races and nations, all peoples and tongues.

Christ alone of all religious founders had the authority and power to say to His disciples: "Go, teach all nations;" "Preach the Gospel to every creature;" "You shall be witnesses to Me in Judea and Samaria, and even to the utmost bounds of the earth." Be not restrained in your mission by national or political considerations. Let My Gospel be as free and universal as the air of heaven. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." I have died for all, and embrace all in My charity. Let the

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whole human race be your audience, and the world be the theatre of your labours.' It is this recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ that has been the inspiration of the Catholic Church in her mission of benevolence and love. This is the secret of her all-pervading Charity, the impelling motive in her labours for the social regeneration of mankind. "I behold," she says, "in every human creature a child of God and a brother or sister of Christ, therefore will I stretch out my arms to all, protecting, defending, consoling. Helpless infancy and decrepit old age shall be held close in the warm embraces of my abiding love, shall be cherished and shielded with an infinite tenderness, mercy and care. The poor, desolate orphan shall find in me its loving mother, and the sick and afflicted I will comfort and tend with a boundless compassion and pity. I will strike the shackles from the feet of the slave and will rescue degraded woman from the moral bondage to which her own frailty and the passions of the stronger sex had consigned her. From birth to death none shall cry to me for succour and be ever refused, none shall ever call out to me from the depths of their misery, suffering, and sin, and be denied the assistance they need and desire."

Montesquieu has well said that the religion of Christ, which was instituted to lead men to eternal life, has contributed more than any other institution to the promotion of the temporal and social happiness of mankind. Therefore, to one occupied in the investigation of the truth, the Catholic Church should appeal with a peculiar force; he should be drawn to her not alone by her admirable unity of faith which binds together in a common worship three hundred millions of souls, not alone by her world-wide Catholicity and that unbroken chain of Apostolic succession which connects her indissolubly with Apostolic times, but also by her wonderful system of organized benevolence which she has established for the alleviation and comfort of suffering humanity.

Let us briefly review what the Catholic Church has done for the elevation and betterment of society.

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The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. She has invariably proclaimed the unity and sanctity and indissolubility of the nuptial tie by saying with her Founder, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Wives and mothers should bear in mind that the marriage contract is the palladium of their womanly dignity and Christian liberty. If they are no longer the slave of man and the toy of his caprice, as are wives in Asiatic countries, but the peers and partners of their husbands; if they are no longer tenants at will like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome, but the undisputed mistresses of their household; if they are no longer confronted by usurping rivals, as are Mohammedan and Mormon wives, but queens of their domestic kingdom, they are indebted for this priceless boon to the ancient Church, and particularly to the Roman Pontiffs, who inflexibly upheld the sacredness of the nuptial bond against the arbitrary power of kings, the lust of nobles, and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments.

The Catholic Religion has proclaimed the sanctity of human life as soon as the body is animated by the vital spark. Infanticide was a dark stain on Pagan civilization. It was universal in Greece with the possible exception of Thebes, being sanctioned and even sometimes enjoined by such eminent philosophers and law-givers as Plato and Aristotle, Solon and Lycurgus. Among the Romans the destruction of infants was also of very common occurrence, nor was there any legal check to this inhuman crime except at rare intervals. The Roman father possessed the absolute power of life and death over his child. In evidence that human nature, unfermented with the Divine leaven of Christianity, is the same everywhere and at all times, we know that the sacrifice of infant life is probably as general to-day in China and other heathen countries as it was in ancient Greece and Rome. The Catholic Church has sternly set her face against this exposure and murder of innocent babes, denouncing it as a crime more revolting than that of Herod because committed against one's own

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flesh and blood. She has condemned with equal energy the atrocious crime of Malthus, who suggested unnatural methods for diminishing the population of the human family. She has made use of all her great power and authority to put an end to the social plague of ante-natal infanticide which is insidiously and systematically spreading amongst us in defiance of civil penalties and of the Divine law which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

There is no phase of human misery for which the Church does not provide some remedy or alleviation. She has with loving compassion established infant asylums for the shelter of those helpless babes who have been cruelly abandoned by their own parents, or who have been bereft of them by the mysterious dispensations of Providence before they could know and feel a mother's love and devotion. These little waifs, like the infant Moses, drifting on the turbid Nile, are rescued from an untimely death, and are tenderly cherished and raised by the daughters of the Great King, those consecrated virgins whose lives are devoted to their high and holy vocation of charity. More than one such motherless babe, like Israel's law-giver, has become in after years a leader among his people.

Not content with providing homes for these yet upon the threshold of life, the Church secures retreats for the destitute and aged poor during the last years of their mortal pilgrimage, furnishing them with a peaceful haven where, sheltered from the storms of life, they may prepare for a happy eternity. Louis XIV erected in Paris the famous Hotel des Invalides for the veteran soldiers of France who had fought in the service of their country. In like manner the Catholic religion has provided for those who have been disabled in the battle of life, giving to them a home in which they are tenderly nursed in their declining years by devoted Sisters, who welcome not only members of the Catholic Church but those also of every form of Christian faith, and even those without any faith at all. No distinction is made either of person, nationality, colour, or creed, for true charity embraces all. The only question proposed by the Sisters to the applicant for shelter is this:

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Are you oppressed by poverty and age? If so, then come to us, we will provide you a home.

The Catholic Church establishes asylums for orphan children of both sexes, rearing them to become useful and worthy members of society. She has hospitals for the treatment and cure of every form of disease to which human nature is subject. She sends her Daughters of Charity and Mercy to the battle-field and to the plague-stricken city, and in assuaging physical distempers neglects not to reclaim the victims of moral disease.

The redemption of fallen women from a life of infamy and shame was never included in the scope of heathen philanthropy; and man's unregenerate nature has not changed throughout the ages; it is the same to-day as it was before the coming of Christ. Woman is worshipped as long as she has charms to fascinate; but she is spurned and trampled upon as soon as she has ceased to please. It was reserved for Him, the sinless One, the Lamb without spot, to throw the mantle of protection, of compassion and charity over fallen woman. Among the recorded mercies of the Gospel there is none more sublime, none more touching than that of our Saviour's judgement upon the adulteress taken in her sin. The Scribes and Pharisees who had perhaps participated in her guilt, asked that our Divine Lord should pass sentence of death upon her in accordance with the Mosaic law. "Hath no one condemned thee?" asked the Christ of her. "No one, Lord," she answered Him. "Then," said He, "neither will I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

Inspired by this Divine example the Catholic Church gives shelter and protection to the erring woman in homes not inappropriately called Magdalen Asylums and Houses of the Good Shepherd, knowing that thus is fulfilled the purpose of Him, who has said that He willeth the conversion and not the death of the sinner, and whose arms are ever stretched out to receive the wayward and repentant soul that turns to him for forgiveness.

The Catholic Church has ever exerted her influence toward the mitigation and abolition of human slavery. From

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the earliest ages Christianity has been the unvarying friend and advocate of the bondman. Before the time of Christ, slavery was universal in civilized as well as barbarous countries, and the Apostles were everywhere confronted by the children of oppression. Their first task was the stupendous one of alleviating the horrors and miseries of human bondage. The unbearable lot of the poor helot was made more endurable by the contemplation of the example of his Divine Master, who voluntarily became a slave in order that His followers might enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God. The bondman had an equal participation with his owner in the sacraments of the Church and in all the priceless consolations which religion affords, while masters were admonished to be kind and humane to their servants as both had the same Lord in Heaven in whose eyes there were no distinctions of rank and condition. Thus were both taught their reciprocal duties, and the laws prescribed for their conduct exercised a salutary restraint upon the authority of the one, whilst sanctifying the obedience of the other. The Church did not deem it a part of her mission to hastily sever, or rudely to disturb the relations that she found subsisting between master and man. With the ideas which ruled the world, a violent crusade against slavery would have caused a violent upheaval of society, would have involved the commonwealth in bloodshed, bringing disaster upon the slaves themselves. The Apostles and their successors in the Church of God pursued a policy, that, without injustice, violence or revolution led to the gradual emancipation of those in bondage. They succeeded in lightening the chain, in causing it to relax its hold day by day, until it at last fell harmless from the limbs of the captive. Human slavery has at last, thank God, melted away before the noonday sun of the Gospel. No Christian country contains to-day a solitary slave.

Finally, the Catholic Church has always been the staunch, unwavering friend of the sons of toil. The Saviour of mankind never conferred a greater temporal blessing upon mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labour,

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and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which had been branded upon it. Before the coming of Christ, manual and even mechanical work was regarded as servile by the freemen of Pagan Rome, and was consequently relegated to the slave. When Almighty God and the Lord of heaven and earth appeared among men amid the environment of a humble child of toil, instead of the surroundings of the pomp and splendour of imperial majesty, when, as the reputed son of an artisan He passed His early manhood in striving for His daily bread, the primeval curse was lifted from labour, being for ever glorified in the person, life, teaching and example of the Most High God made man. If the profession of a general, a jurist and a statesman is adorned by the great names we read in the world's history, how much more is the calling of a workman ennobled by its association with the life of Christ.

These, then, are some of the blessings which the Catholic Church has conferred upon society. The beneficent movements inaugurated by her, the philanthropic institutions which she has founded, the innumerable works of Christian benevolence which she originated, have stimulated and encouraged other Christian denominations in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration of mankind. Let us do all we can in our day and generation in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow-being. Differ in faith as we may, we stand united upon the common ground of charity and benevolence. We cannot, indeed, like our Divine Master, give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb and strength to the paralysed limb, but we can work miracles of grace and mercy by relieving the distress of our suffering brethren. And never do we approach nearer to our heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate, than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren before. "Religion," says the Apostle, "pure and undefiled before God, is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow

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in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Or, to borrow the words of the pagan Cicero: "Homines ad Deos nunquam proprius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando." "There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures."

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS

## THE EXPORT OF CAPITAL

**W**HAT takes place when a given unit of capital is "exported" from one's own country to another? What must take place by the very definition of the terms? What conditions normally accompany the transaction? What might in the simplest form of economic theory be expected to be its motive and its result? What effects has it upon the national income under modern conditions?

To these elementary questions answers of a most varied kind, often mutually contradictory, are afforded; yet upon an accurate and consistent series of replies to such questions depends all the validity of our judgement in the matter, and it is a matter the just appreciation of which must form a great part in any true decision upon the fiscal discussion before the nation.

I propose in what follows to consider these elementary questions.

Under all conditions the export of capital from one country to another presupposes the transference of means of production, actual or potential, from the one to the other. True, the word "capital" is often loosely used to cover all forms of wealth so transferred. Thus, an extravagant Oriental government borrowing at a fixed interest from abroad sums which will be spent in luxury or in the payment of past debts is said to borrow "capital" and its creditors are said to lend it "capital"; but to use the word thus introduces a mere confusion into economic discussion, for the essential meaning of capital in any significant economic analysis is the material means of production, economic values which are of man's creation and are accumulated by him and which can be so distinguished from human labour on the one hand and natural forces on the other. Capital means the implements of production, things made and reserved by man and used by him with the intention of producing future wealth; and when capital is transferred from A to B, implements which are or might have been worked by A to produce

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wealth for A are handed over to be worked by B to produce wealth for B. This is the whole meaning, exclusive and inclusive, of the transaction.

A second universal truth in connexion with the export of capital from one country to another is that the two parties to the transaction are, under all conditions, primitive or modern, simple or complex, men whose economic interests concern separate men and communities with distinct ways of looking at things and distinct duties to "natives" and to "foreigners." But for this definition all investment whatsoever might be called an export of capital, or, conversely, no investment could be so called. A line must be drawn if we are to give the term "export" of capital any meaning, and the line lies between any two men who are regarded and regard themselves as members of separate communities, which may or may not be administered by separate governments, but whose interests are at any rate different one from the other and whose citizens each consider the good of his own community before he will consider the good of others. It is, I repeat, this conception of separate communities with divergent and possibly conflicting interests which gives the term "export" of capital all its meaning. If this conception be eliminated every movement of capital might be termed an "export" of it, or, again, none might be so termed; for however near home a man invests his capital there is always *some* transference of the means of production, and however remote his investment, if the place in which it lies, and its social effect there, are all one with his place of residence, no discussion can arise upon the advantage or disadvantage of his action, save upon the question whether it is more or less remunerative to himself. We do not busy ourselves about the "export of capital" from Kent to Lancashire, nor criticize a Sussex squire who spends a thousand pounds to help build the Grimsby docks. Those who regard England and Australia, for instance, with an equal interest as forming parts of one body cannot talk of the export of capital when an Englishman invests in Australia. If the results of his action are proved beneficial

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to the one place at the expense of the other such a result is indifferent to opinion of this kind, for both places are equally dear to it. Those who regard England and Australia as separate communities can, on the contrary, discuss such a transaction as an "export of capital," and an Australian citizen to whom the economic prosperity of his country is vital, even at the expense of England, would at once find meaning in the terms "advantage" and "disadvantage" when he analysed the social and economic results of the investment. To take two extreme examples: an Irish nationalist seeing a large investment of Irish capital in England could discuss the business as an "export of capital," though both countries are strictly united under one executive: a man indifferent to the claims of patriotism could not give the term a political nor even (strictly speaking) an economic meaning, though he should be dealing with English capital invested in Siberia.

In general to discuss the effects of "export of capital" and to estimate the good or ill proceeding from it presupposes that the world is composed of a group of nations one of which especially concerns the disputant and one of which he is willing to advantage at the expense (if necessary) of the rest. It excludes the conception of the world as a dust of innumerable private economic centres of energy whose reactions concern individuals alone.

These two attributes, then, of the export of capital are everywhere discoverable: that the parties to the transference are citizens or corporations adhering to differentiated states—each with its local interest to serve and each more concerned with its general welfare than with that of any other community, and that the matter transferred is, either immediately or proximately, composed of *implements of production*, intended to be used for the creation of wealth within the country to which they are transferred.

These two characters in the export of capital are, by definition, everywhere and necessarily true: there are others which, though not rigorously necessary to the

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definition, must be accepted as being so universal in practice as to enter into our problem under all conditions, and first of these is the fact that capital is exported as against some corresponding advantage stipulated for by the creditor at the expense of the borrower, or expected by the investor out of the venture to the furtherance of which he has transferred implements for the production of wealth.

The lender may demand this consideration for the use of his capital in various forms. He may stipulate that it shall bear a fixed rate of interest measured in some particular commodity for ever. He may demand that rate of interest for a fixed term of years and repayment of the principal within or at the close of such a term. He may ask for a fixed proportion of the profits. He may even, when he controls by his agents the use of the exported capital, control also the whole of the wealth it contributes to produce. In general, the export of capital presupposes the return of wealth in such a proportion as may make that export of greater advantage to the exporter than if he had not exported it.

A second adventitious character attaching to exported capital, again one not strictly included in the definition of it, but one invariably attaching to it in practice, is the power of those within whose boundaries the capital is sent to modify the terms of the original contract.

This feature in the transaction is of prime importance. It is commonly overlooked in discussion, yet its presence can be proved by a consideration of what powers, from the least to the greatest, a differentiated community possesses over the economic processes that take place within its territory.

The greatest powers such a community may exercise are discovered when it is organised as a powerful independent state, and especially if it is also so situated as to be immune from armed attack by the lender. An excellent example of such a situation to-day is that of the Russian Empire relative to the French Republic. Citizens and corporations adherent to the latter community have

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advanced more than six and less than eight hundred millions of pounds to citizens, corporations and the government adherent to the former. Of this more than half—certainly four hundred millions, at the least—represent true capital; that is, railway lines, rolling stock, mining machinery, etc., which is there producing further wealth. Now, we talk of the "pressure" the investors can put upon the borrowing power; but in point of fact no ultimate restraint is exercisable. The borrowing power may refrain from that which would impair its ability to borrow more; but if some revolution permitted or advised the Russian Government to repudiate its obligations, if public sentiment involved it in a disastrous war, or if a demand for the taxation to extinction of foreign claims should be successful within the Empire of Russia, the French Government, unaided, would have little chance of redress; the less morally because to undertake a rapid change of foreign policy and a possible campaign need stimuli very much more active than the slow and anxious decline of credit; the less physically, because Russia is invulnerable to attack from without save possibly by one bordering power which is no large creditor of hers.

Under such conditions it is evident that capital jeopardised abroad is wholly at the mercy of a foreign psychology and the accidents of a foreign political system. It is less evident that a measure of control exists over capital exported by one community into the territory of another when that other is politically subject to the same authority as is the exporter. It might be imagined that if two regions were controlled by the same executive a movement of capital within that one frontier would involve no change in its fortunes. Such supposition is erroneous. The strictest control exercised by the central government cannot enter into every detail of life, and it is through the petty details of daily economy that a subject community exercises its indirect power. I presuppose that subject community to be differentiated from others, to be conscious of itself, to have a national or local

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spirit of its own; then, certainly, capital reaching it from without must be affected by its new surroundings. Are there not agricultural investments in Ireland which London banks advised their clients to make, say, in the sixties, and which the social attitude of Irishmen, proceeding directly from Irish effort, had rendered worthless before the eighties were over? It is apparent that in this case (where corporate power is at its lowest), as in the case of a strong and isolated independent state (where it is at its highest), a consciously differentiated community can affect and control the means of production imported into it from another community.

There are between two such extremes many gradations, as, colonies which are virtually independent but dare not sacrifice the protection afforded by the metropolis, weak nations anxious to preserve their independence, and strong nations anxious to propitiate cosmopolitan forces in finance. Between the unexpected conversion of a loan—which is, perhaps, the mildest form of tampering with foreign capital—down through forced conversions, a super-tax on payments of interest abroad (such as has been proposed in Australia), a payment in debased currency (such as was proposed thirteen years ago in the western part of the United States), right to frank repudiation (such as that which the French Revolution flung in the face of English investors), perils perpetual and numerous stand threatening capital which has left its original seat.

Two criticisms arise: one, that the modern world is so secure in a complete harmony, and financial interests so safeguarded by a sort of international policing of the world, corresponding to international finance, that accidents of the kind are not to be dreaded; the other, that if capital is thus in jeopardy abroad, so also is it in jeopardy at home.

To these the following replies may be made. As to the first, the world is not so policed: it is a picture of the financier's imagination, and a picture which perpetually leads him into disasters. New, prosperous and lively communities that can easily afford to continue or extinguish

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the returns upon capital they have borrowed are beside the mark. In older, stronger and less resourceful communities the experiment is still upon its trial; in weak and ill-administered ones we know that it has failed—and that the expedient of an international policing of doubtful debtors, save in very rare cases (such as that of Egypt), has failed. And there is more than this. Work done for others upon whom the revenue must ultimately be levied, out of touch with direct national sentiment, is never so supervised as work done under known and controllable national conditions. If the French had expended their millions in broadening the existing canal from the Garonne to the Mediterranean, instead of sinking them in the canal from Panama to Colon, there is little doubt that the former enterprise would have been completed; as it was, all but a small fraction of the capital thus exported to forward the latter was lost and the greater part of the wealth resultant from its use is now in the hands of the United States. As to the second, the same errors in judgement, the same loss and waste, may occur abroad as at home, but at home we have the advantage of intimate knowledge and of an instinct, as it were, for the way in which men of one's own blood will deal with an industry or with a political situation; abroad, we lack that advantage; moreover, at home we estimate by our own ideas—which we know best—how the taxation of revenue will go. We know exactly under what perils it lies; finally, the strongest spur of all to interference—the prospect of revenue going to feed foreign capitalists—is absent in a home investment.

We may sum up, then, and say that all export of capital is an export of movable means of production, actual or potential, has for its mark the transfer of those means from the citizens and the circumstances of one's social environment to those of another, is undertaken with the expectation of revenue to be derived by the exporting from the importing country, but that revenue being subject to alien influences which cannot but regard it as a drain upon local resources lies, if from that cause alone, in some measure of peril.

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With such postulates to guide inquiry, we have next to ask what economic tendency it is which leads to the export of capital, and the answer to this question is to be discovered in the principle we have already laid down, that capital exported is thus alienated, permanently or temporarily, as against the expectation of a larger revenue to be permanently or temporarily imported than could be earned at home.

The implements of production will be used, other things being equal, in such situations as will yield the greatest return for their employment. A man having a spade to dig with will, other things being equal, dig rather loam than sand. A man having mining machinery sufficient for so much work a day will choose a lode nearer the surface before a deeper one. In general, [all economic activity is governed by that law (one of the few fixed principles of pure economics) the English masters of that science have given the name *The Law of Diminishing Returns*. If it be true (as it is true) that every organism tends to transform its environment from a condition where that environment is less, to a condition where it is more, useful to itself; and if it be true (as it is true) that man is an organism, then, in a universe at once united and limited the *law of diminishing returns* is axiomatically necessary. It may be thus stated: *when to a given field of natural forces capital and human energy are applied, then the wealth produced will not increase uniformly in proportion to each increment of that capital and energy, but, after a certain point, in lesser and lesser proportion to each such increment.* An organism, in other words, cannot convert its environment to its own purposes indefinitely with the same ease, whether the process be on a small scale or a large one: neither the human organism nor any other can expand indefinitely over a given field of natural forces. With every new application of capital and labour *some* new increment of wealth is wrung from that field, but as the amount of capital and labour so used increases by successive units the successive increments of yield grow less and less. £100,000 of capital used upon a given field of

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natural forces—e.g. a particular mine, with the labour it employs, may produce £5,000 worth of ore, £200,000 may produce more than the double, say, £12,000 of ore, but there inevitably comes a point, say, at an investment of £300,000 in this particular case, where the increment diminishes. At that point, let us say, the return is £15,000, that is, the capital is still yielding five per cent in profit. If another £100,000 is put in it can but be used upon deeper levels or more distant lodes; the return on the new capital may be but £3,000 or three per cent and the total return on the full £400,000 now employed but £15,000 plus £3,000, is £18,000. Another £100,000 can only be utilized on still deeper levels; it adds but £2,000 to the total produce and we get for what is now £500,000 of capital a total return of £20,000; our five per cent return has sunk to four. The same process is apparent in agriculture and in every form of the production of wealth. Up to a certain point the investment of capital in any particular fashion to any particular field of activity produces returns proportionate to, or even more than proportionate to, each increment of capital invested, but after that point, though the total yield grows, it grows more slowly than does the capital which calls it forth and the proportionate gain grows therefore less and less.

In the light of such a general principle the cause of, and the apparent advantages in, the export of capital from an old and wealthy community to newer and less developed places are evident. A community in which the known fields of natural forces have been developed till they yield such and such a percentage of yearly wealth upon the capital used is still able to accumulate further capital, but fears that the law of diminishing returns may soon operate so as to destroy all incentive to further accumulation. A new country, which has had neither the time to accumulate capital nor has as yet done more than touch the fringe of any one field of natural forces, creates a demand for loans. Capital in the old country is plentiful and can but earn four per cent; capital in the new is scarce and yet can earn seven. The accumulations of the

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first will, it would seem, flow to the second to the certain advantage of the lender and of the borrower as well. Put in concrete terms, the conclusions seems yet more cogent. The people of a certain island, long inhabited, possess a thousand ploughs and three thousand horses to draw them: a capital, used upon so much of their land, good and indifferent, as furnishes them with a yearly revenue of a million measures of wheat. Each plough, then, and each team of three horses can give them, after the expense of maintenance is met, a thousand measures of wheat. This people possess, or have it in their power to produce, yet another thousand ploughs and yet another three thousand horses. If they so add to their capital they must use it upon land they have not hitherto thought it worth while to plough. It will yield them, not another million measures of wheat, but only half a million. The law of diminishing returns is affecting the accumulation of capital. In such a juncture they are approached by people inhabiting another island, but newly colonized, where most even of the most fertile land is as yet untouched. These people say to them, "We lack ploughs and horses, and the procuring of them in a sufficient amount through our own efforts will be slow work; the accumulation of such capital will be tedious and tardy. All the elements of a rich harvest are present save the capital in question. *Lend us* a thousand ploughs and three thousand horses. Even our best soil is untouched. We are certain to reap two million measures, and of these we will pay you a million for the use of your implements." Here is a mutual advantage: the law of diminishing returns would have compelled the first islanders, had they kept at home the new set of a thousand ploughs and three thousand horses, to be content with half a million measures a year for their pains in accumulating such a capital; by exporting it they get double. Meanwhile the second islanders make that year, without the delay and pains of accumulating capital of their own, a million measures for themselves as well.

Such is the machinery of the export of capital put in terms of the simplest form of economic theory, and, so put,

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the case in favour of such export appears irresistible. Capital has simply to seek its best market and the increase on its total yield will be of benefit to the investors and therefore to the investing country. Whether it stay at home or go abroad is indifferent, so that it be used to the best advantage, and if it can be best so used by being exported for the use of foreigners, the resulting income being larger than if it had stayed at home, the exporting nation benefits by the transaction. Conclusions of this sort have appeared self-evident and have formed a basis of commercial and even of general policy: yet it can be shown that in certain cases, and those cases commonly found in a modern state, they are erroneous. There are economic conditions under which the export of capital from a modern state for a higher return than could be obtained at home is uneconomical; that is, lowers the total income of the nation. This proposition I shall now proceed to prove.

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Capital exported from a country can, though it earn a higher interest abroad than at home, produce less total income for the community than if it were used at home.

The conditions under which it may act in this apparently paradoxical fashion, are those under which the materials consumed by labour in the production of wealth form so large a part of the capital invested that the loss of such maintenance to the exporting country is not counterbalanced by the larger profit earned by the capital.

In order to perceive the truth of this, let us first examine what exactly is meant in the modern state by an "export of capital." It is an export of the potential, not the actual implements of production, and in the presence of the modern proletariat these "implements" include a large proportion of things necessary to the maintenance of human beings.

There is formed, let us say in the Argentine, a development company which proposes to apply capital to a certain field of natural forces—such and such an area of fertile land for instance—and to obtain an annual yield of

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wealth therefrom. It proposes ploughs, teams, means of communication, etc., to extent in value of a million pounds. An investor in London has to his credit at the bank one thousand pounds. He can obtain four per cent upon it if he uses it in some English enterprise. The Argentine Company can, reasonably, pay six per cent. He invests it in the Argentine company. What has he done? He has not sent to that company so many rails, ploughs, locomotives, etc.; he has not even sent them gold. He has transferred to them *a power of demand*. It should be, but is not always, self-evident that the export of capital to-day involves no necessary export of goods from the exporting country; it is an export of a power that might have produced such goods, but it is not an export of the goods themselves, and is no guarantee of home employment in the creation of them. True, that "power of demand" is represented in gold, and in the last resort—supposing no rush upon the banks—he could, if he were of position, by using the police, compel the bank to give him gold; but when the whole field of industry is considered, all that he has and all that he hands over is a power of demand.

All that he stipulates for in return is a yearly transfer of power of demand, amounting, if the purchasing power of gold be stable, to six-hundredths of his alienated wealth. The transaction completed, this power of demand is used in the Argentine to demand existing implements and (let this be noted) *also* to demand food, housing, etc., wherewith to maintain labourers until they shall have produced the particular form of wealth they are engaged to produce. At the expiration of a certain time the English investor is possessed of a power of demand over commodities at the rate of sixty pounds a year. He is not compelled to demand with this the necessities of life for subordinates (though he often does so). He may demand a curio or what he will.

It is apparent that in the case of dividend so received from abroad *all* the wealth ends in the hands that receive it; dividends earned at home represent but a margin over

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and above the maintenance of fellow-citizens; dividends earned abroad represent a margin over and above the maintenance of foreigners. It is this point in the contrast between exported and domestic capital which lends me my argument; in its vague political aspect it is alluded to as the connexion between the export of capital and *unemployment* at home; this connexion is very real, and may involve an actual diminution of wealth from foreign investment, though the return on the capital invested be higher abroad than at home.

Of capital invested in any enterprise nearly all is ultimately, some part immediately, composed of those accumulated materials upon which men subsist while the process of production is in course of completion. The phrase "a return upon capital" signifies only that part of the total wealth produced which remains over and above what has been consumed in the subsistence of all human life maintained during the process of production. This is the main point in the discussion. It is this which is forgotten when a superior "return upon capital" from abroad is set forth as an unanswerable argument in favour of foreign investment under all conditions, and it is this which the commonsense of the populace guesses, however dimly, when it asks that "money should be kept in the country." It is this which the politician as vaguely clutches at when he talks of "home industries." If I have a power of demand which can furnish me with one thousand units of capital, some part of it, wherever invested, will be used immediately, all ultimately, to demand necessities (food, clothing, housing, etc.), such as will maintain labour during the process of production, and if I transfer this power of demand to the Argentine company previously imagined I shall maintain there so many men as shall be sufficient to use that capital. True, the proportion immediately so used will vary with the nature of the enterprise, but some portion will *always* thus be used now under modern conditions of a proletariat, and in rapid production it is often in high proportion. Let us take an arbitrary figure; let it be one-half, and let us see what follows.

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The Argentine company demands with the power I have transferred to it so many material implements and an equivalent amount of food, of clothing, etc., as shall maintain its body of labour. At the end of a given period it has replaced, from the wealth produced by that labour, the wear and tear of its machinery *and* necessities sufficient to maintain labour for another such period. It has produced, say, £60 worth of values for every £100 lent it. £4 have gone to repair the waste of material, £50 to replace things consumed by its labourers, £6 have been paid back to the English capitalist as "profit." The exported capital is said to have "earned" £6. Used at home it would have "earned" but £4. But it has in reality produced an extra body of wealth equivalent to £56 in the Argentine; in England it would have produced but £54; of that £54, however, all the £50 consumed by labour and the £4 of profit as well would have gone to swell the total income of England, the total, that is, of values consumable in the island; of the £56 produced in the Argentine but £6 has so returned to this country. And, more than this, the maintenance of labour will, in a successful venture, go on *reproducing itself*: it will originate a permanent form of national income. The proportion borne by capital immediately so consumed to the total sum invested will necessarily vary with the type of investment, but *some* such proportion is always present, and it is upon its presence that the soundness of the proposition depends that *the export of capital may, and sometimes demonstrably does, diminish the national income even when the apparent return upon it is superior to a return upon home investment.*

It is evident [as a corollary of this that where the power to invest is in the hands of a few the tendency to regard merely the return on capital as the criterion of investment will diminish employment at home in proportion as the population dependent on employment is large in comparison with the proportion that depend upon profit, if larger profits can be obtained from foreign than from home investment; and the likelihood of the

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total national income suffering from foreign investment will increase.

As to purely political propositions, such as that the export of capital may have consequences politically deplorable though economically justifiable, it needs no elaboration in a purely economic discussion; it will suffice to indicate its main lines. Let it be granted that the return from foreign investment yields in some given case a greater total national income than would its investment at home, yet, if the return falls into the hands of but a few owners of capital, it follows that the maintenance of the mass of the community will be at the discretion of those few and will in the main be unproductive, ministering to the wants of the few. The habit of productive labour and the effect it produces upon private character and upon the state will, in proportion to the bulk of foreign investment decay. Mr Masterman recently quoted Professor Marshall in the House of Commons to the effect that the growth of unproductive relatively to productive labour in a community was a necessary adjunct of its progress in wealth. He or his authority ignored the obvious truth that a poor community, where a few were rich, would show a large proportion of such labour, while a rich community, where wealth was evenly distributed, would necessarily show a smaller proportion. An extreme case clearly shows this: for if the power of demand were vested in one individual, then even if the return he obtained upon the transference of all his capital abroad were greater than the total income, both that consumed by productive labour and that enjoyed as profit, which could be raised by home investment, yet even so the support of his fellow citizens would depend upon his caprice; some he might maintain at unproductive labour in his service, others by rates levied upon him, others might starve; none would he be compelled to maintain for his own maintenance.

We may sum up our conclusions thus:

1. The export of capital is the export of accumulated materials and implements necessary to production.

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2. This export is undertaken under the expectation of a return superior to that obtainable at home.

3. It suffers, at first sight, from no disability save the peril of diminution or loss at the hands of a foreign community politically differentiated from, and indifferent to the interests of, the exporting country, but,

4. Upon closer examination it is apparent that as some portion of the capital so expended represents the maintenance of labour now and in the future, and therefore

5. The total of consumable values enjoyed by a community within a given period may be actually diminished by the export of capital, even where the "return" on the capital so expended is higher than could be obtained at home.

The political effects of such export (which do not regard the pure economic argument) will, if capital be in a few hands, be such as to diminish productive employment, and in so far as this last is a political good, such export may result in a political evil.

It could be shown that the economic evils which may attach to the export of capital are also, as are the political evils, apparent in proportion to the ill-distribution of wealth in the exporting country, but the discussion of this, perhaps the most important aspect of the subject, would lead me beyond my present boundaries.

H. BELLOC

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

**T**Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.

**F**OR the last twenty years and more the ruling classes of this country have been confronted with the problem of the unemployed. Rival schools of sociologists have experimented alternately with "deterrence" and "municipal action"; Mansion House Fund has succeeded Mansion House Fund; circulars of the Local Government Board have been translated into legislation as the Unemployed Workmen Act, and the Distress Committees that are its outcome have been at work for nearly four years. Yet the problem grows rather than diminishes, and, in spite of the clamour of the Labour Party in Parliament, and the dramatic appeals of the "Hunger Marchers" outside, still menaces the stability of society. "There is much real sympathy abroad for the large number of unfortunate 'out-of-works,'" says Mr Percy Alden, "but in many cases this sympathy never takes practical shape because of the growing complexity of the problem." The nation is bewildered; it is willing enough to cure the evil, but neither it nor its rulers seem able to get a clear view either of the problem or of any principles on which it should be attacked. As usual the "practical" British people, with their habitual dislike of intellectual effort, have been attempting to remove the effects without first discovering the causes of the evil and have simply, at great expense, increased rather than cured the disease.

It is, therefore, with feelings of relief that we welcome a recent volume (*Unemployment, a Problem of Industry*. By W. H. Beveridge. Longmans. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.), the most thorough and scholarly attempt to grapple with the *causes* of the evil that we have yet seen. For, as the title indicates, it is with unemployment as an industrial phenomenon rather than with the unemployed as subjects for relief that

## Unemployment

this work deals. And the distinction is by no means unimportant. Unless it be possible to analyse correctly the nature of unemployment and to discover the reasons why men become unemployed, it is sheer waste of time and of effort to attempt by legislation to help the "out-of-works." The Unemployed Workmen Act of 1905 is utterly inefficient for any purpose, save that of collecting information, for the simple reason that it rests on a faulty analysis of the problem to be solved. And had the "Right to Work Bill," brought forward by the Labour Party in 1908, passed into the Statute Book, there can be but little doubt that it, too, would have failed, and for a similar cause. For the Act rested on the assumption that unemployment is an exceptional phenomenon, whereas it is a normal concomitant of modern industry; the Bill assumes that a State guarantee against unemployment is merely a question of providing work when it happens to be needed, whereas it is rather a question of so organizing industry that unemployment shall never become acute.

Some more thorough analysis, therefore, of the whole question was needed, and this is what Mr Beveridge has provided. After a couple of preliminary chapters, in which he delineates very clearly both the nature of the problem and its limits, and also the sources from which the facts can be derived, he plunges into the consideration of the various factors that contribute towards unemployment. These he divides into: (1) the seasonal fluctuations that affect almost every trade in turn with calculable regularity every year; (2) the ebb and flow of commerce generally, which cause the alternate periods of "good and bad trade" every four or five years; (3) the variations in the demand for labour which especially affect the unskilled labourer (very noticeable at the docks and in the building trade), and which necessitate the existence of a large "reserve of labour" if industry is not to be checked; (4) the changes in methods of production, the shifting of industries from one locality to another, the lack of industrial training and the like, that tend so often to throw men undeservedly out of employment; (5) the defects of capa-

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city and of character that contribute so greatly towards the difficulty of remedial measures. All these "contributory causes" have, of course, long been familiar to economists, but we cannot recollect any previous work in which the nature of each has been more minutely described, or the interaction of each upon all more completely demonstrated.

Moreover, Mr Beveridge's most valuable contribution towards the whole question lies in his treatment of the third factor, the "Reserve of Labour." It has for long been a commonplace that modern industry requires for its successful development a body of labour ready to cope with the increase that occurs both at every season and at every period of "good trade," and also that this is especially the case in the "unskilled" occupations, such as those of the dock labourer, the bricklayer's labourer, the coal porter and the like. This variation in the demand for labour is inherent in competitive industry, and, indeed, in any sort of industry, for it arises partly out of the social habits of the nation, partly out of the conditions of international commerce. But Mr Beveridge for the first time has demonstrated that the labour demand of individual employers is largely not simultaneous, and that the habit of each separate employer to keep his own separate reserve of labour (a certain percentage of which is necessarily unemployed during the greater part of the year) is a potent factor both in producing the "casual labourer," and in producing him in large and ever-growing quantities. "There is," he says, "no one labour market, but only an infinite number of separate labour markets." In other words the perfect fluidity of labour, which was assumed by the classical economists, does not exist, and it does not exist largely because of the entire lack of organization that obtains in the demand for and supply of labour. The casual labourer has *become* casual, not because there is not at any moment work requiring his services, but largely because he is unable to remain in regular labour by passing from job to job and from employer to employer as required. The casual labourer is the main and basic factor in the problem of unemployment, and it is only through the "decasualization

## The Maid of France

of labour" that this problem can be satisfactorily approached. For the details of this argument the inquirer must be referred to Mr Beveridge's interesting pages, they are too copious and too intricate to be indicated here. But they repay careful study and will convince the reader that at length a real advance has been made towards the solution of the problem of unemployment. We hope, in the July issue of this REVIEW, to deal with the subject at length in connexion with the report of the Poor Law Commission.

L.T.

**I**T would be hard to find a more appropriate field for the labours of Mr Andrew Lang than the life of *The Maid of France* (Longmans. 15s., pp. 379), for it consists, from beginning to end, of three elements—historical romance, French chivalry, and supernatural experience—all more or less matters which he has made his own. And it would be equally hard to find a subject more appropriate for these days, when the life of Jeanne d'Arc is being approached from such a multitude of points of view by the historian, the psychologist, the theologian, and the artistic sceptic. Mr Lang reserves his severest censure for the fourth of these—though the third does not escape—for the imaginative dreamings of such men as M. Anatole France, who, having established their theories, proceed to crush the facts into conformity with them. A single example will suffice. One of the principal charges brought against Jeanne was that she "adored her saints" without having recourse to a spiritual director; this appeared more than once in her trial, and has been recalled recently by the *Advocatus Diaboli* in Rome. Yet the whole matter of the voices, urges M. France, arose at the instigation of a fraudulent ecclesiastic!

As regards the trial in general Mr Lang is most illuminating. He parallels it by trials for witchcraft in other countries, and shews that while Jeanne was treated with gross unfairness, it was not more gross than that which prevailed in all civilized countries, under such circumstances, for at least two centuries later. Two points he especially singles out for reprobation—the first, that while

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Jeanne appealed to the Pope, her appeal was not allowed, as canon-law demanded; the second, that it was required of her to submit to the Church in a matter in which the Church herself does not demand overt submission, namely, private revelation. In this he is supported by the ecclesiastical lawyer at the first "Trial of Rehabilitation"; and is perfectly within his rights. On these rights, indeed, he is explicit: he deprecates with excellent irony the modern demand that ancient modes of dealing with evidence should not be ancient, and shows how, if the standpoint is appreciated, many charges of modern critics against Jeanne's judges fall to the ground. But he is not quite consistent: indeed, he becomes rather tiresomely conventional when he points a finger trembling with scorn at the Inquisition, and denounces ecclesiastics generally as "shavelings," and monks who have no will of their own. It seems impossible for modern minds, even with the admirable intentions of Mr Lang, to realize that the medieval conception of the dignitary as a man of affairs and administration is simply a different idea altogether from that of the modern non-Catholic Christian, and that a priest was not necessarily a hard-hearted hypocrite because on one day he administered the Sacraments and on the next sat as judge in a case of heresy, or even advocated torture. Cauchon, indeed, must be abandoned as reprobate; but if Mr Lang could but be as fair as he desires to be, Le Maitre and even Loysellar himself would not have presented quite the picture of "timidity" and "blackest infamy" which they display to us in these pages.

But the triumph of the book lies in the intense human reality and pathos of the "Maid" herself. She "failed" from one point of view in almost everything to which she set her hand, and even her successes were marred as far as possible by the unworthiness of those who profited by them. The King she idealised—"the most noble Christian"—was a wretched creature; the representatives of the Church she loved and sought to serve, repudiated and denounced her; her victories—both in political foresight and military genius—were ruined by those

## Henry Stuart

for whom they were won. The scenes of her last days, her simplicity, her confidence, her despair and her boundless faith, as well as the bewildering emotions that centred round her death—all these are displayed with an extraordinary effectiveness. It does not even escape Mr Lang's shrewd observation how great is the evidence in the "Maid's" favour in the fact that she claimed no miracle as her own, and that none was seriously alleged in her favour. For sheer beauty of language and presentment the last sentences in the chapter entitled "Martyrdom" are well worth quoting. They sum up the reverent and sympathetic, and yet righteously caustic, spirit of the book.

Last, with a great voice she called "JESUS!" Her head drooped, and the Daughter of God went home to her Father's house. Her heart, *cor cordium*, was unconsumed.

That the world might have no relic of her of whom the world was not worthy, the English threw her ashes into the Seine.

B.

THIS new historical study by Miss A. Shield (*Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York*. Longmans. 1908. 12s. 6d. net) forms an attractive and interesting companion volume to *The King over the Water*, which she produced in collaboration with Mr Andrew Lang. Miss Shield's method is very different from that adopted by Mr Vaughan in his sympathetic biography of *The Last of the Royal Stuarts*, which concentrates attention on the personal life of the "Cardinal King," and succeeds in producing a detailed and vivid picture of the stately, beneficent existence of a Prince of the Church led by the heir of so many desperate hopes and frustrate endeavours.

In the present volume we have much less of Henry individually, much more of the political plots, valiant adventures and royal ambitions of his brother, Prince Charlie. The author herself seems aware that she has sometimes slightly neglected her nominal hero, for she observes, in her preface, that "the vicissitudes of his near kindred were his." "Torn from his natural setting," she points out, "the intrigues and struggles that surrounded

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him, his life were a formless fragment. Apart from the high lights and deep shadows of his brother's history, it must be a colourless, unintelligible irrelevance." There is much to be said for this broader treatment, which has the advantage of bringing the vivid incidents of Charles Edward's career into effective contrast with Henry's graver and more peaceful story. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Henry of York possessed to a singular degree the power of standing aside, in an absolute though not unsympathetic aloofness, from the wavering fortunes of his house. After the failure of 1745, when Prince Charlie's often irrational resentments severed or slackened the tie between the brothers, the younger Stuart Prince seems once for all to have chosen his part. He had, perhaps, inherited something of that resignation or passivity displayed by his grandfather, James II, in the years of exile; certainly some such quality was evident in him, tempering the Sobieski fire which flashed out in his early youth. From the hour when he accepted the Cardinal's purple—an act which he well knew must prove almost a death-blow to his brother's cause—Henry appears to have closed his eyes to the wandering star of a crown which lured the yellow-haired laddie of Highland love and legend to such heights of achievement and abysses of failure and shame. Henry was content to walk a more level and guarded way; though he asserted his royal claims, when he succeeded to his empty inheritance, yet he seems to have been, on the whole, resigned to remain—as his medal phrases it—"King by the Grace of God if not by the will of men."

As to the motive which led to his withdrawal from the battle-field, it is not easy to be certain. Mr Vaughan gives the impression of a very absolute vocation for the priesthood, obeyed, perhaps, a little ruthlessly, in complete disregard of the ruin such a step must bring on King and cause by rousing England's Protestant hostility to Rome. Miss Shield, though she tells of Henry's consistent piety, yet leaves the reader doubting whether he responded to a purely spiritual call or was influenced, quite

## L'Angleterre Chrétienne

unconsciously, by the ease, dignity and independence offered by a Cardinal's position as opposed to the forlorn and futile life of an exile and a "pretender." Certainly, whatever complex motives guided the youth of twenty-two in his choice, his later life as cardinal, priest and bishop showed him worthy of his high calling. While the brilliant elder brother sank from shame to shame, Henry pursued his way, a dutiful son, despite certain gusts of temper, a generous though not a lavish brother, when the long estrangement ended and he and Prince Charles came together again.

The picture of his Roman life is attractive, showing him earnest in the work of his diocese, magnificent in hospitality and charity, a passionate patron of music; in fine, no ascetic and no saint but a true priest and prince of the Church. It is hardly fair to regard so composed and self-contained a life as a "fragment"; but Miss Shield has been inclined to do so. Her book is wholly admirable as a close and scholarly account of Jacobite striving and defeat for wellnigh three generations, with a careful survey of the general political state of Europe in relation to the Lost Cause.

The style is lucid and flexible, at times picturesque, only marred here and there by a sudden touch of colloquialism or ill-timed humour. An interesting feature of the volume is the long appendix tracing the elder line of the Stuarts through the houses of Savoy and Modena to the present "Mary III and IV" of wistful Legitimist tradition. It would be thankless to quarrel with a work so rich in attraction, so the critic can but smile acquiescently over the fact that Henry of York is a rather shadowy figure in his own biography beside the vital, pathetic personality of the Prince who lost so much more than a crown on Culloden Field.

THE difficulty in writing a history of the Church in Pre-Norman days comes from a double source. On the one side is the lack of information, on the other the contentious criticism that surrounds what little information

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we do happen to possess. In *L'Angleterre Chrétienne avant les Normans* (Paris. J. Gabalda et Cie. 1909. 3.50 frs), the Abbot of Farnborough has managed to evade each contrary danger. He seems to have heeded the warning of worthy Sir Thomas Browne, "The supinity of elder days hath left so much in silence, or time hath so martyred the records, that the most industrious heads do find no easy work to erect a new Britannia." Where elder days are silent, the Abbot is silent too. Restraint (in opposition to the luxuriant constructive imaginings of John Richard Green) is the chief feature of this book.

Yet Dom Cabrol manages in 353 pages to pass in review a great deal of historic pageantry. The Celtic portion, it is true, is left for another collaborator of the series; but the Anglo-Saxon portion is ample enough. We begin with their conquest of Britain, and the flight of the original inhabitants into the forests and hills of Wales and Cornwall, or over the sea to Armorica, the modern Brittany. Then follows another conquest, when, on the very Kentish strand where Hengist and Horsa had landed, came St Augustine and his forty Benedictine monks, "stately forms, black-stoled, black-hooded." Whether through want of tact (pp. 85, 86), or through timidity in going out to preach (p. 96), this Augustinian Church soon crumbled. But the English Church did not lose, but rather gained by its first failure. The Celtic Church now flung itself on the Saxon tribes with that missionary enterprise which it has always shown ("Le celte semble avoir toujours la nostalgie d'une patrie perdue," p. 16). The very looseness of its organization enabled it to keep the intense fervour of its spiritual life, and it stamped upon our national character a particular love for the "beauty of holiness" that distinguished our religious worship till the white-washing days of a Puritan Reformation. Even when the Celtic scholars were defeated by St Wilfrid at Whitby on a question of rites, they triumphed in their handwriting, which, passing through Alcuin to the Court of Charlemagne, became famous as the Carolingian script. By the coming of St Theodore as Archbishop of Canterbury, a man of

## L'Angleterre Chrétienne

St Paul's own city and St Paul's own vigour, the double spirit of Celt and Saxon was welded together. The emblem of this (though chronologically earlier) is the twin-life of Aidan of Iona and Oswald of Northumbria; the bishop preaching through the Northern kingdom, the king at his side interpreting his words to the people.

Then comes a period of Benedictine greatness. Wilfrid, Chad, Benet Biscop, Bede, Alcuin, are names that spring to the memory, of whom the Abbot cannot refrain from quoting with just pride the words of Montalembert, "Ils ont fait l'Angleterre chrétienne." It is the period, too, of the Saxon Royal Saints, though it must be observed that royalty found itself in the pages of the Martyrology without very much effort on its part. Even more interesting is the rise of "Godes Brydes," as a movement for the higher education of women (p. 206). After this a general listlessness seems to have numbed Church and State till the inroads of the Danes. The burst of sunshine under Alfred, Edward, and Athelstane was followed by the boisterous gales of another Danish conquest. When Dane and Saxon had once again settled themselves to sleep, and were unconsciously dozing into schism, they were rudely awakened by William I, as the armed missionary and mailed fist of the Cluniac revival. It is the first Crusade; for the Norman Conquest is now no longer held to have been either Norman or a conquest.

In the Appendix at the end of the book, besides an account of the origin of Peter's Pence, there is an interesting discussion on Anglo-Saxon rites and ceremonies. This was to be expected in a volume that comes from Farnborough; and the name of Dom Fernand Cabrol is a sufficient guarantee that this mass of information is eminently reliable. The conclusion which the Abbot draws is certainly interesting: "Il nous semble d'après tout ce que nous avons dit sur la liturgie anglo-saxoëne qu'elle est romaine par less origines, *exclusivement romaine*."

On one or two points, however, we find ourselves in disagreement with the learned author. We would protest that St Gregory's proposal to make Canterbury and York

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separate and independent provinces (of which the Abbot two or three times expresses approval) would have delayed our political unity and thus put back our development by centuries. Again, surely the reason of Penda's opposition to Northumbrian missionaries was not fanaticism (p. 101), but the desire to be freed from the political influence of his rival (cf. Bede, *E. H.*, Bk. III, c. xxi). In those days (as in our own) innocent missionaries were used by Governments for extending their sphere of influence. Though the Abbot commonly spells Saxon names in the customary way, in at least one instance two different versions of the same name appear. Surely, too, the identification of Clovesho with Cliffs-Hoo is exceedingly doubtful; and, in any case, it could hardly be correctly described as at once near Rochester and in Mercia (p. 204). Finally, though the Danes, undoubtedly, displayed marvellous skill in the managing of their ships, even they could scarcely have accomplished the extraordinary manœuvre of sailing up the Thames to Canterbury (p. 219).

The bibliography throughout is full and well-chosen (though in a book that touches on the Anglo-Saxon conquest it is an omission to have forgotten Chadwick's *Origin of the English Nation*. 1907). Indeed, the whole volume is an excellent manual of English Church history up to 1066. Fittingly does it come from Benedictine hands, for it has been the high privilege of that venerable Order, alike before and after the Normans, not only to have written in Chronicles, but to have made, English History.

B. O. P.

IT is greatly to be hoped that Mr Allcroft's handsome land, in every respect, admirable work (*Earthwork of England*. Macmillan and Co. London. 1908. 18s. net) will lead to a greater interest in and care for those priceless relics of the past with which it deals. The earlier pages of British history are written on the soil of the land, and the pen which has inscribed the tale is the palstave of the prehistoric delver, or the spade of the Roman or later sapper. It is remarkable that this fact has not been more fully grasped even by some who would

## Earthwork of England

describe themselves as archæologists, and it is a tribute to the exertions of the "Earthwork's Committee," which was set on foot by the late lamented Mr Chalkley Gould, that genuine attention is now being paid to this class of ancient remains.

The present writer, when, many years ago, he first commenced the hunting of earthworks, had it impressed upon him that the round were British, the square Roman, and the oval Danish, and owns that he felt a glow of recognition for the thoughtfulness which these ancient peoples exhibited in making the works of their hands so easily recognizable by after-coming generations.

Later on the labours of Pitt Rivers and others made it abundantly clear that this method of classification was as inaccurate as it was simple, and more could hardly be said. The work of all recent delvers has at least rendered this one fact obvious and irrefutable, that only by actual and extensive investigation with the spade can the date or period of any earthwork be even approximately ascertained. Had this been borne in mind by all workers some singular mistakes would have been avoided, and amongst them that of a recent writer who described as a work of a "vastly remote epoch," and one associated with all sorts of theories, astronomical and economic, a mound which is nothing more nor less than the base of a not very ancient windmill on Lewes Downs. (pp. 534 *et seq.*)

From the times of Neolithic man down to our own day, every race which has inhabited the Island of Britain has heaped up earthen memorials to itself, generally, but not always, of a military character. Some of these are of the nature of palimpsests, like Old Sarum which originally, so it is believed, of the Neolithic or at least of the Bronze Age, was afterwards a Saxon, a Norman, and a medieval town. Others retain their primitive simplicity, having never been reworked, and it is the task of the archæologist to unravel the history of these works, and to make them clear to the present inhabitants of the land.

When one reflects upon the subsidiary delights that

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accompany the study of earthworks, the solitary and splendid situations which they most frequently occupy, the "wind on the heath" which blows around them, the ancient associations which imagination if not actual history can evolve concerning them, the unsung Iliads of which they are the centre, it is difficult to understand why so few have hitherto taken an interest in these memorials of the past. The probable reason is that heretofore there has been no adequate account of the subject accessible to readers. Chapters there have been in works on prehistoric archæology, but up to now no book devoted entirely to the question of earthworks. Now that Mr Allcroft has filled up, and most adequately filled up, this gap, blindness or want of imagination are the only two excuses which can be urged or behalf of those who, having any soul or mind for things of the past, neglect the study of ancient earthworks. "Whoso can turn away from Maiden Castle" [Dorset], says Mr Allcroft, and all who know that wonderful construction of the pre-megalithic age, will agree with him, "without feeling some small appreciation of its grandeur may as well waste no time over any further earthworks" (p. 102). The same might be said of many another early fortress—Yarnbury, Worlesbury, Dolebury—though the present writer agrees with Mr Allcroft that Maiden Castle is the queen of them all. The advice which one wishes to give to any intelligent person wanting an out-of-door hobby is to take Mr Allcroft's book and visit the South Downs or Dolebury or any of the various earthworks so carefully described and so adequately figured in his pages, and there study the object with the aid of the description and plan. If, after that, their interests are not aroused, they had better take to croquet or golf, since archæology is not for them, nor are they for archæology.

It is quite impossible within the limits of a notice such as this to do more than indicate the scope of Mr Allcroft's book, and to advise readers to procure it and study it for themselves. He deals with all the standard and recognized classes of earthworks, and also with those

## Herculaneum

peculiar and anomalous structures about which so much doubt exists, and, probably, must always exist. But beyond this he touches, and in a most interesting manner, on the question of the Romano-British villages of which we are now learning so much, and even on Roman cities, stations and villas.

Moreover, there are chapters which will be most fascinating to all who are interested in the philosophy of history, and amongst them we specially select that entitled "The Transition."

Finally, we would compliment Mr Allcroft on his last three chapters, which he seems to think call for an apology. They are amongst the most delightful in what we can only describe as a book wholly delightful to antiquaries, and to all interested in the problems of early history.

B.C.A.W.

TOURISTS in Italy, proceeding from Naples to Pompeii, are dimly aware that they pass by that Herculaneum which proved so rich a mine of sculptures and bronzes for the Museo Nazionale (*fu Borbonico*) at Naples; but the usual guide-books offer them no inducement to stop. The great period of excavation there is already becoming ancient history. This might be added to the catalogue of the South's grievances against United Italy; all that marvellous treasure-trove belonged to the Bourbon régime. Pompeii still yields annual returns to the leisurely shovel that unburies (and sometimes, it rumour speaks true, reburies till a good moment come) the husks, artistic and domestic, of Roman-Greek civilization; but the solid rock which seals Herculaneum, and the modern suburbs which sit on the top, make too serious a task to be taken without more energy and funds than the central Government has yet seen fit to supply.

Miss Barker's book (*Buried Herculaneum*. By E. R. Barker. With nine plans and sixty-four illustrations. London: Adam and Charles Black. 7s. 6d.) comes opportunely now when Dr Waldstein's agitation has stirred Italian officialdom not to leave to foreign curiosity a work which, after all, it would be an impertinence in foreigners

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to attempt. It is well calculated to arouse interest in the renewed excavations. The authoress gives a sketch of the town's history and an account (with many illustrations) of what was found, rescued, reconstructed, divined and hoped before the former excavations came to an end. One man's interest will fix upon the chance of more artistic masterpieces like the Bacchus bust and the monochromes on marble; another will be eager to explore the sites of forum and basilica; many will think the hope of literature, long lost and, perhaps, here enshrined, worth all the rest put together. Hitherto the papyrus rolls have given a disappointing return for the slow, enormous labour of decipherment. It would have been no great loss if Philodemus' treatises had remained buried. But Herculaneum may have better things to give us than Philodemus' treatises; and the claim lately advanced by Dr Waldstein in his more elaborate book, namely, that Herculaneum is more promising than any single site of antiquity, is perfectly justified. We welcome Miss Barker's book as a painstaking and interesting effort to direct attention towards Herculaneum.

P.

THIS third edition of two volumes on the *Purgatorio* (*Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante*. By the Honble William Warren Vernon, with an Introduction by the late Dean Church. Methuen and Co. 15s. net) shows the public's appreciation of a useful work. The Readings are based on the *Commentary* of Benvenuto da Imola, who lectured in Bologna fifty years after Dante's death. According to Dean Church, the Professor was an instructive but not a profound exponent of his text, and though Mr Vernon follows him in the main he does so by no means blindly. Not infrequently he differs from him, drawing his information from a large mass of other commentators. These Lectures first took the form of modestly-called Readings with intimate friends in Florence about 1887, which he was induced to publish two years later. If they fairly represent the lectures as delivered, his guests must have been well satisfied with the mental fare set before them. The diet is more than liberal; it might be styled, after the title of one of Dante's

## Readings on the Purgatorio

own works, a banquet. The author evidently took the greatest pains in preparation. The information given is full, at times overflowing into the obvious; a fault, for the sake of beginners, perhaps, on the right side. These same beginners will be particularly grateful for the explanation of older grammatical forms, very puzzling to the young reader of the *Commedia*. In an earlier edition the author was taken to task by a reviewer for translating "si stavano all'ombra" (IV, 104) "reclining" instead of "standing in the shade," and "bruna" (XXXIII, 31) as "black and darksome" instead of "brown." He now successfully vindicates his own rendering.

To an ecclesiastic reading the poem, the abundant illustrations from the *Summa* will be found particularly acceptable. Mr Vernon holds Beatrice to have been no bloodless abstraction, but the daughter of Folco Portinari, whom Dante loved and apotheosized as the symbol of Church authority. He is also of opinion that the sins for which Beatrice rebuked her faithless lover in the thirtieth and thirty-first Cantos were moral falls. Commentators differ on these two points, there being eminent counsel on each side.

It is of interest to Englishmen that Perez seems to think that Dante may have been indebted to Venerable Bede, placed amongst the Doctors in the Heaven of the Sun, for his idea of the Valley of the Princes in the ante-Purgatorio and the terrestrial Paradise, where Beatrice so severely chides him. Bede, in his *History* (Bk V, chapter xii), writes of a dead man who came to life again and related what he saw in the other world. An Angel, starlike, with shining countenance and bright raiment, reminding us of Dante's angels, led him through a dark valley, horrible with stench, the extremes of heat and cold and mocking fiends. He thought it was Hell; it was only the Purgatory of those that had deferred repentance to the last hour. The Angel then conducted him into "a vast and delightful field, so full of fragrant flowers that the odour of its delightful sweetness immediately dispelled the stink of the dark furnace, which had pierced me," said the man, "through and through. So great was the light in this place that it seemed to exceed the bright-

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ness of the day, or the sun in its meridian height. In this field were innumerable assemblies of men in white, and many companies seated together rejoicing. As he led me through the midst of these happy inhabitants, I began to think that this might, perhaps, be the Kingdom of Heaven, of which I had heard so much. He [the Angel] answered to my thought, saying, 'This is not the Kingdom of Heaven as you imagine.' When we had passed those mansions of blessed souls and gone further on, I discovered before me a much more beautiful light, and therein heard sweet voices of persons singing, and so wonderful a fragrancy proceeded from the place, that the other which I had before thought so delicious then seemed to me but very indifferent; even as that extraordinary brightness of the flowery field, compared with this, appeared mean and inconsiderable. . . . 'This flowery place' [the Angel explained], 'in which you see these most beautiful young people, so bright and merry, is that into which the souls of those are received who depart the body in good works, but are not so perfect as to deserve to be immediately admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven'" [Giles's translation]. Purgatory, like Heaven, must have many mansions. It would be pleasant to believe that England may have lent a helping hand, however slight, in building the grand Cathedral of Catholic Song.

P. H.

THOSE who are familiar with the lectures delivered under that foundation by Professor Ward and by the present Secretary for War will be ready to admit that the late Lord Gifford's bequest founding a lectureship "for Promoting, Advancing, Teaching and Diffusing the Study of Natural Theology in the widest sense of that term," has been productive of works of the highest interest to all thinkers. To neither of the works just mentioned is the series of lectures delivered under the same trust by the erudite Professor Driesch in any way inferior in interest or in importance. (*The Science and Philosophy of the Organism*. London, Adam and Charles Black. Two vols. 1908. Price £1 1s.)

## Science of the Organism

Their author has long been known as one of the most abstruse writers on biologico-philosophical questions and those who have with difficulty followed his ideas in their German garb will be only too delighted to have his matured opinions in English and, if we may be allowed to compliment the author on his linguistic attainments, very excellent and comprehensible English too. The lectures deal with the perennial question: "Is the living thing a machine or is it something more?" the question which separates the schools of Democritus and of Aristotle; the question not long since supposed to have been finally settled in a sense unfavourable to vitalistic views yet at this moment as hotly debated as ever. Those familiar with his works will hardly require to be told that it is as a convinced supporter of the vitalistic view that the Professor comes before the public. The whole of the first volume, comprising the course of lectures for 1907 and about one-half of the second series which was delivered during 1908, deals with the biological side of the question. In the remaining part of the second volume the writer enters, as he puts it, "the halls of philosophy" and deals with his subject from that standpoint. As a basis for the later deductions he commences by an account of the development of *Echinus* and from this he proceeds to treat of the comparatively modern science of Experimental Embryology. In this, as in later sections dealing with the enormously important subject of Regeneration, he is treating of matters which are familiar to all professed biologists, but which naturally had to be set clearly forth in a course of lectures delivered to a mixed audience and professedly leading up to philosophical consideration. Yet even the professed biologist will be grateful for having the facts and deductions in question brought together and marshalled with the consummate skill which has been shown in the work under review. And for the philosophical student, who has not been able to follow the immense output of biological facts which has taken place during the past quarter of a century, this part of the book will be of extraordinary

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and abiding value. Particularly interesting also is his treatment of the question of Descent or Transformism, in which he shows that, whilst certain things are or may be explained by that system, other things are not elucidated by it;

the diversities of the organism remain as unintelligible as they always were, even if we know that inheritance is responsible for what is similar or equal. Now, there can be no doubt that the diversities are the more important point in systematics; if there were only similarities there would be no problem of systematics, for there would be no system. Let us be glad that there are similarities *in* the diversities, and that these similarities have been explained in some way; but let us never forget what is still awaiting its explanation. Unfortunately it has been forgotten far too often. (xxxi, 255.)

Wise words which might well be pondered over by the makers of manuals, if a book of this depth and comprehensiveness were ever likely to be the object of their study. From the study of morphogenesis, through which the author believes it is possible to arrive at a conclusive decision as to the autonomy of life, he proceeds to discuss the physiology of metabolism, which, though pointing in a similar direction, does not appear to him to present equally irrefutable arguments, and thence leads us to the consideration of the "large fields of systematics and history [where] we found that there was very little to be learnt at all." (ii, 3.)

In the first part of the second volume the subject of tactisms, to which some modern materialistic writers would refer all motion and action, is most fully dealt with and, after considering the illuminating work of Jennings and other writers, the author concludes that "though we cannot at present say that *no* case whatever of 'taxis' exists (except galvanotaxis), we shall not, I believe, be very far wrong in saying that probably the range of 'taxis' will prove finally to be at least very restricted." (ii, 19.) The remaining portion of this section of the book is devoted to a consideration of the subject of "action," as an argument in favour of a vitalistic explanation of Nature.

## Science of the Organism

The result of all this is to prove to the reader that something more exists in the living thing than mere chemico-physical occurrences, and this "something over" long known—a name which is certainly open to grave objections—as "vital force," the author rechristens "entelechy": "for indeed we have shown that there is at work a something in life phenomena 'which bears the end in itself,' ὁ ἔχει ἐν ἑαυτῷ τὸ τέλος." (i, 144.)

To build up the organism as a combined body of a typical style is the task of entelechy; entelechy means the faculty of achieving a "forma essentialis"; being and becoming are united here in a most remarkable manner: time enters into the Timeless, i.e., into the "idea" in the sense of Plato. (ii, 149.)

Different kinds of entelechies may be said to be at work in the organism. There is first the entelechia morphogenetica, and after that the entelechia psychychoidea. But all entelechies have originated from the primordial one, and in *this* respect may be said to be one altogether. (ii, 150.)

The oft-debated question of the relation of the entelechy, for we will not quarrel with our author's term, so long as he has the root of the matter in him, with the Law of the Conservation of Energy, is once more debated and the author commences his discussion by asserting that entelechy is not an energy. All energies known to exist or invented to complete the general energetical scheme are quantities

*but entelechy lacks all the characteristics of quantity:\** entelechy is order of relation and absolutely nothing else; all the quantities concerned in its manifestation in every case being due to means which are used by entelechy, or to conditions which cannot be avoided. (ii, 169.)

What then is the action—if we may use such a word—of entelechy?

It is only an action of suspending that which, but for this, would happen—an action of regulating by suspending. (ii, 182.)

*Entelechy, though not capable of enlarging the amount of the diversity of composition of a given system, is capable of augmenting its*

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## Some Recent Books

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*diversity of distribution in a regulatory manner*, and it does so by transforming a system of *equally distributed potentialities* into a system of *actualities* which are *unequally distributed*. (ii, 192.)

Finally (ii, 205)

Entelechies are *not energies, not forces, not intensities, and not constants*, but—entelechies. Entelechy, as we know, is a factor in Nature which acts teleologically. It is an intensive manifoldness, and on account of its inherent diversities it is able to augment the amount of diversity in the inorganic world as far as distribution is concerned. It acts by suspending and setting free reactions based upon potential differences regulatively. There is nothing like it in inorganic nature.

Entelechy, he thinks, may not only have this suspending power but also may have “the faculty of reversing any mass-element it likes, and of thereby changing the direction of *forces* and motions” (ii, 222), by acting “upon it at right angles to its path—this kind of action requiring no energy.” (ii, 223.)

It is not possible to follow the author’s philosophical arguments further, limits of space, not of willingness or desire, forbidding the present reviewer, but what has been said will be enough to show the philosophical reader that the theories brought forward by the distinguished lecturer are not wholly unfamiliar under other names and another terminology. Such, in fact, is the case, for though the biological arguments are new, or newly-put, the main thesis is one which all scholastic philosophers have long discussed.

It is a noteworthy fact that no single writer of this school is quoted throughout the two volumes, nor are the “schoolmen” alluded to save once, and that almost casually. Hence the support which is lent to their views is the more remarkable, for, after all is said and done, new “entelechy” is nothing more than that old “simple principle completely immersed in matter”; with which we have all long been familiar. But in saying this we should not like to be taken as in any way undervaluing the two volumes before us. On the contrary, it is our deliberate opinion that scarce any work of greater importance and

## Gospel according to St John

significance to the biologist and to the philosophical student has issued from the press for quite a number of years. No philosophical student can be pardoned who does not read and re-read it, nor any library be considered complete in which these two volumes do not find a place.

B. C. A. W.

THE late Bishop Westcott, in annotating St John's Gospel for the *Speaker's Commentary*, was obliged to take the Anglican authorized version as the basis, but he never relinquished his earlier intention of publishing a commentary on the Greek text. Before his death he had revised more than nine chapters of his own work with this end in view. His son has now adapted the remainder of it to the Greek text, and has published the result with the old introduction in two volumes of large print (*The Gospel according to St John*. By B. F. Westcott. John Murray. 24s. net). The Greek text is on the left page, and on the right is the "revised version," in the making of which Dr Westcott had so large a share. On the whole the book is hardly worth purchasing by most of those who possess the original edition which appeared in the *Speaker's Commentary*. The differences are slight; a few notes are added here and there, and some citations of patristic and medieval commentators, including, of course, Westcott's favourite, Rupert of Deutz. The commentary is too well known to need praise. It contains little with which a Catholic need disagree; and, in spite of exaggerated subtlety, it shows a wonderful insight and spirituality.

Westcott speaks very strongly on the Neronian date of the Apocalypse; that St John should have written the Apocalypse later than the Gospel seems, he says, "to involve a moral miracle which would introduce confusion into life." This position has of late been completely abandoned in favour of the traditional date of the book under Domitian. It is curious that it should now be revived by the publication of a fragment of lectures by Dr Hort (*The Apocalypse of St John I-III*;

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*The Greek Text, with Introduction, Commentary and Additional Notes.* By F. J. A. Hort. Macmillan. 1908. 5s.). In a short preface by Dr Sanday we find that the Oxford Margaret Professor has been impressed by reading his late Cambridge colleague's argument, and it is a Cambridge scholar, the Dean of Westminster, who, with the common sense which distinguishes him, has protested in *The Journal of Theological Studies* against this attempt to unsettle once more a result which seemed securely attained. Another Cambridge writer, Dr Chase, had already been trying to revive the suggestion of a French savant, J. Bovon (whom Dr Hort was inclined to approve), that St Irenæus did not mean to say that the Apocalypse was seen towards the end of the reign of Domitian, but that the seer of the Apocalypse was still seen until then—as if St Irenæus could possibly have set down this date as the latest at which he could say St John had been seen, when he tells us in two other places that the Apostle survived at Ephesus till the reign of Trajan.

It is unfortunate when really good scholars adopt such indefensible interpretations to bolster up their theories. Dr Sanday, indeed, says with characteristic plainness that Hort had a powerful judgement, "but I am not quite sure that the judgement was equal in degree to this peculiar faculty [penetration in dealing with evidence] of which I have been speaking; it was, perhaps, biased a little in the opposite direction to that in which most of us have our judgement biased, against the obvious and commonplace." Few will deny that there is some truth in this, where Hort differed from Westcott in regard to the Greek New Testament "select readings." An instance in the present elaborate and valuable commentary is the notion that, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," would be better rendered, "I was in the Spirit in the Day of the Lord," that is, I was ravished in Spirit to the Great Day—yet there is absolutely no evidence for this meaning of κυριακή ἡμέρα, which invariably in the earliest Fathers, from the Didache and perhaps Ignatius onwards, means *Dominica*, Sunday. But this little

## M. Loisy

book has great value, even after all that Bousset, Swete and Ramsay have lately written on the same subject. C.

**M.** LEPIN, whose admirable book on the Fourth Gospel was noticed in these columns last July, has now published a useful description of M. Loisy's views in the writer's own words, together with a brief refutation (*Les Théories de M. Loisy, exposé et critique*. Par M. Lepin, professeur à l'école supérieure de théologie de Lyon. 380 pp. 3fr. 50c.). The progression in the enunciation of Loisy's system from the publication of *l'Évangile et l'Église* onwards is clearly brought out. That notorious little book was sincerely intended, it would seem, as a refutation of the Protestant individualism of Harnack's much read *Wesen des Christenthums*. If it appeared to the reader that Loisy was defending the Catholicity of to-day while he threw aside the historical facts on which Christianity rests, yet friendly critics were somewhat reassured by his repeated assertions that "to faith" all Catholic doctrine up to the Vatican Council is true. It was strange that the Christ of faith should be so different from the Christ of history; but it might seem that the Catholic apologist was only hypothetically granting all and much more than the Protestant could demand, in order to refute him more wholly. When the book was condemned by Cardinal Richard, the author's defence (*Autour d'un petit livre*, October, 1903), reiterated yet more emphatically the truth of Catholic dogma "from the point of view of faith," though not of history. We can follow Loisy's views in the collection of his own letters which he published in 1908, and the value of the above distinction is plainly seen in a letter of May, 1907: "From the point of view of history the collection of beliefs relative to the virginity of Mary is a creation of faith. Does this faith, authorized by the Church, transform them into realities? Here again is one of those questions which are answered as soon as we have dared to formulate them; the authority of the Church cannot have a retrospective effect to change into ancient facts the symbols of a more recent faith." Again, in his *Simples réflexions sur le décret du Saint-*

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Office "Lamentabili," he is grateful to the sacred Congregation for not attributing to him the absurdity of holding that there are two contradictory truths on the same subject, one for the historian, the other for the theologian. "That which is proved to me to be false in history, I hold to be everywhere false. But a legend or myth may signify a religious truth, may express a moral sentiment. In this they are true, and it is this that we must take into account when we finally appreciate them."

Unpleasant as it is to repeat M. Loisy's ideas, it is not unnecessary, for there are still even Catholics who are under the impression that he has been excommunicated simply for holding some rather liberal views as to the interpretation of the Bible. His opinions are in reality more destructive than those of any well-known "advanced" critic, even Dr Schmiedel, and in comparison with him Renan is a Conservative. He makes our Blessed Lord the son of Joseph and Mary, with many brothers and sisters older and younger than Himself. He was a visionary who by the force of His own auto-suggestion was able to dream that He was to be the prophesied Messias. In this He was disastrously mistaken; and when He led a rabble of His uneducated followers to Jerusalem in expectation that the kingdom of God would somehow miraculously appear, He was naturally put to death by the Roman governor—the Jews had little or nothing to do with it—and His Body was no doubt thrown with those of the thieves into the common ditch. "His dream was fragile and narrow as is our own science; it seems to us absurd, just as our own pet theories will seem to our *arrière-neveux*." The resurrection was a delusion of His disciples. It was St Paul who first imagined the Cross as a sacrifice, an atonement, and who first said that the Saviour at the Last Supper called bread and wine His Body and His Blood. Some few of our Lord's discourses are genuine, a few of the parables also; and even of His miracles those were, perhaps, facts which can be paralleled by modern cures of nervous diseases. "The virginal Conception of Christ is in reality no better attested than the immaculate conception of His Mother." "The dogma of

## The Acts of the Apostles

the divinity of Jesus Christ has never been and is not now anything but a more or less perfect symbol destined to signify the relation which unites to God humanity personified in Jesus." "The common notion of revelation is simply childish." "God has never spoken in the ordinary sense; and the Bible presents as many errors as it was possible to put in books of the time and environment."

The proofs of this system (which is put forward as the truest Catholicism) are given in three large volumes of about 900 pages each! Few will read them. As a critic M. Loisy is not merely arbitrary, but he shows a kind of ruthlessness and determination which is unaccountable if his mind is in a normal state. Yet he writes charmingly, and his learning is very great. M. Lepin is so exceptionally well read in modern criticism that he is able shortly to show how far Loisy has gone beyond the positions which the Liberals commonly think tenable, and this little book will be found interesting and easy reading by those whose duty obliges them to know something of this unsavoury subject.

C.

THE third of Harnack's New Testament Studies has now appeared in English dress (*The Acts of the Apostles*. By A. Harnack, trans. by Rev. J. R. Wilkinson. Williams & Norgate. 303 pp. 6s.). He is as enthusiastic in a general way as Sir W. Ramsay about St Luke as a historian, though he does not carry his admiration into every detail, and points out defects where Ramsay would see perfections. Dr Harnack is amazed at the originality of St Luke's plan and at the masterly way in which he carries it out, at his literary ability and at his power of varying his style according to his subject matter. *The Acts* are in the main, he thinks, accurate history, but the earlier chapters are not entirely to be relied on, and the first chapter in particular is mere legend. Where St Luke was not an eye-witness, his principal informants were probably Silas and Philip the deacon. This is probable, and not new. But the elaboration with which the sources are differentiated by Harnack is too great, and by no means convincing. One has only to ask one's self, after reading all this detail, what

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one would think of a critic who treated, say, Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, in the same way.

Yet Harnack is not unaware of the uncertainty of his own method, and he perceives yet more clearly the shortcomings of similar attempts made by others, especially of those which depend on linguistic analysis. He holds as strongly as ever the unity of authorship of the whole work. He is, indeed, most moderate and most sane in comparison with the average liberal critic. Wellhausen has lately treated us (in the *Nachrichten* of Göttingen) to a conjecture that the account of the shipwreck and voyage (Acts xxvii) was borrowed by the editor (who was, of course, not St Luke) from elsewhere, and that the mentions in it of St Paul are interpolations! Similarly, the riot at Ephesus (xix, 23-40) was a riot against the Jews, which the editor has transformed into a riot against St Paul and his disciples. Harnack is a long way from this unrestrained conjecture; still he tries to find out too much. The chief objection to St Luke's authorship of Acts has usually been the story of the Council of Jerusalem, which is assumed to be inconsistent with St Paul's reminiscences in Gal. ii. Harnack escapes the difficulty very unsatisfactorily by accepting the "Western" text of the decree of the Council, which makes it insist only on the moral law (idolatry, murder and adultery) by the omission of "things strangled," "blood" being taken in the sense of "bloodshed." It is almost impossible from the point of view of textual history to admit this hypothesis, and Dr Sanday has already published an excellent reply to it in *Theologische Studien*, Theodor. Zahn zum 10 Okt., 1908 dargebracht. (Leipzig Deichelt. 426 pp. 1908. 8 M.) —an offering by various conservative scholars of Germany to their Nestor, the incomparably learned Dr Zahn, of Erlangen. Harnack, in his *Chronologie*, vol. I (1897), dated Acts about A.D. 78, and many conservative and Catholic scholars agree with this view. It is notable that he has now come to prefer on the whole the date 60-4, before the death of St Paul, and consequently some time before the destruction of Jerusalem. We must remember that the Gospel of St Luke was written before

## William Morris

Acts, and that St Mark and the other documents used by Matthew and Luke must have been composed earlier still. Thus the dates given by Harnack in 1897 must be reduced by about 15 years. Who could have prophesied twenty years ago that the most influential of liberal German critics would now be recommending such dates as these?

C.

**I**N his prefatory Note, the author of this appreciation of William Morris (*William Morris*. By Alfred Noyes. Macmillan. 1s. 6d.) speaks of his gratitude to some of the poet's most intimate friends for the help they have given him in his attempt to "suggest the portrait of so many-sided a man." Now, Mr Noyes' study can hardly be called a portrait. It is too one-sided. For it is of the Poet that he writes, to the almost entire exclusion of the Artist and Craftsman. Not that he ignores these aspects, but in Mr Noyes' opinion they subserve the poetic genius of Morris. And our quarrel with him is not that he does not give us more, or with what he does give—in the small compass of one of the thin red volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series one could not expect to be given more than the mere appreciation that Mr Noyes' volume proves—but with his claim in his prefatory note to have given a more true impression of Morris in presenting him to us as a poet before all things, than Mr Mackail who, he says, "blurred the effect by irrelevancies," in his "invaluable" biography. (That book, we have no doubt, was "invaluable" to Mr Noyes, who, it is easy to see, came straight from the perusal of its "irrelevancies.") We cannot agree with Mr Noyes. So many-sided a personality as Morris's cannot be conveyed by one portion of its own expression. Who can say where is the dividing line between the artist, poet and craftsman in this great idealist, or which of his many activities best express his genius?

It seems hardly in good taste to say of Mr Mackail's dignified and comprehensive biography that certain comparisons and anecdotes or legends about Morris are "simply

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a matter for unmixed mirth with many of Morris's old friends." In these days, when Miss Yonge is relegated to the schoolroom, and scarcely tolerated even there, it is, perhaps, difficult to entertain the idea that the Pre-Raphaelite movement was influenced by the *Heir of Redcliff* with anything but the "unmixed mirth" of Mr Noyes; but if we remember how Miss Yonge reflected all the High Church movement and the vague aspirations to personal service and chivalry and beauty of the youth of the time, it is not such a great matter for mirth after all, though it, perhaps, needs a little humour to get the statement into its right proportion.

No, Mr Noyes' interest is—if he would but admit it—not in the man, the teacher and pioneer, the artist and craftsman, but in his poetic art and method only.

And it is perhaps as well, for Mr Noyes is seldom felicitous when he is in the biographical vein. As for instance, when he describes Morris's first meeting with his future wife, whose beauty and her sister's he had admired with Rossetti and Burne-Jones in the theatre at Oxford. "With the cheek (!) of undergraduates and the enthusiasm of artists," he says, "they made the acquaintance of *these girls*." This is hardly an adequate description of the sisters whose beauty is immortalised for us in the art of the Pre-Raphaelites. Mr Noyes can write so well, if he likes, use fine similes, make one kindle to his own enthusiasm, that he should once for all drop the use for ever of such mere slang as "cheek" in the above passage, and of "botched strokes" and "smudgy erasures" in speaking of Morris's early poetry. Also we should like to have explained what Mr Noyes means by the "marvellously feminine" element in the *Defence of Guinevere*. It is only that these things are a part and parcel of a certain carelessness and rawness in the work of this (evidently) young man, which mars its worth, that we point out these small instances.

Mr Noyes' analysis of the poems is admirable and his appreciation of their special quality and the place they take in the poetry of the age. He takes one with him into their

## William Morris

own region of beauty, a world of imagery and symbolism. It is hardly necessary for us here to point out the purely pagan quality of Morris's poetry as compared with the far more Christian atmosphere of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, both having so much the same inspiration. Mr Noyes has some good passages of comparison between Tennyson and Morris.

He sums up Morris's Socialism in a short chapter and speaks of it thus:

Morris's Socialism, in brief, was the gospel of the joy of life . . . and he saw it from an almost entirely artistic point of view. Just as he revolted against the ugliness of furniture and wall papers in his earlier days, he revolted now against the ugliness of Society. He was infuriated alike with the yells of ruffianism and the shrieks of the filthy bye lanes. The brutal faces that passed him in the street filled him with loathing.

He goes on further to quote Morris's own words as to how he began to realise that it is only employment that can foster their self-respect, and that if life could be made for them, through their own efforts, more beautiful, more orderly, they would be elevated from their savagery. "There is only one thing," says Morris, "that can give them this—Art."

In an analysis of *Cupid and Psyche* we have a glimpse of the immense personality of Morris, in a passage which may be quoted:

We are told that Morris, when dyeing silks for embroideries, obtained a peculiar beauty of colour that none of his workmen could obtain, and that no one else in modern times has ever obtained. His amethysts and golds and greens were different, subtly, from anything of the kind ever seen; and one special sort of his gold, when spread out in large hanks, looked like a sunset sky. And so it is with his poetry, which, it can never be repeated too often, if he is to be judged aright, is written on the low scale of values proper to tapestry. His golden ornaments have that something in their gold whose dwelling is the light of setting suns. The subject of the tale of *Cupid and Psyche* is in such perfect accord with Morris's methods that it becomes almost an allegory

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of it. We must be content, it seems, with our low scale of values; and we must never light our lamps to look upon the God that gives us all this material beauty.

C.B.

**I**N *A Spirit in Prison*, by Robert Hichens (Hutchinson. 6s.), Mr Hichens resumes the fortunes, after sixteen years, of three of the characters he created in *The Call of the Blood*. In that book the lives of Hermione Delarey and Emile Artois revolve round that of Maurice Delarey, who dies tragically, and to Hermione his wife, who is never told the truth of his unfaithfulness and murder, mysteriously. In *A Spirit in Prison* the scene has shifted to Naples, but we have very much the same setting of sea and sky and cliff—the same trio, Hermione, Artois, and Gaspare the faithful servant; and here their interest centres in Vere, the daughter born after Maurice's death. Mr Hichens's readers are familiar with his methods. The deliberate scheme in which wind and waves and the moods of Nature are brought into relation with the moods of his characters. From the first chapter we, who have read *The Call of the Blood*, realize the situation round which the slender plot is woven, and sometimes we grow almost impatient with delay, as slowly, intensely the threads are all taken up, all the elements in the situation are slowly brought into line, the atmosphere grows laden and heavy with omen and foreboding, and the truth is revealed to Hermione which destroys the illusions and beliefs of her life.

Mr Hichens's analysis of human moods and impulses is minute and detailed to a degree that is sometimes almost wearisome. But it is none the less true to life for being wearisome, and he has a wonderful understanding of a woman's heart. In fact, his women are more real and alive than his men. Hermione, with her warm impulsive nature, her passionate devotion to the memory of Maurice, her rather jealous love for Vere—his daughter and hers—is very much alive to us. Vere's youth and unconsciousness are tenderly drawn, and the reticence which hurts and wounds her mother is a very true trait in her nature. But Emile Artois is somehow rather unconvincing. Perhaps he is

## A Spirit in Prison

almost too much explained, and his friendship for Hermione too much insisted upon. He is the confidant of both mother and daughter, and the situation we know is a delicate one and a frequent one. If we told the real truth, perhaps we are just a little bit bored at the emotions aroused by this situation being drawn with almost the same intensity as those created by the tragic element in the story. Again we repeat, they are none the less true to Nature, but the proportion is not quite right.

The scene is laid in Naples, and the atmosphere of sunshine, of blue seas and skies, of song and careless happiness, side by side with the cruelty and superstition of the people is enveloping and permeating, and we get a trifle tired of that too. Our eyes are tired with the glare, and our spirits a bit wearied with local colour, and we feel just a little like Cook's tourists on a personally conducted tour. In very choice company it is true, and our guide knows his country to perfection. But we should be so glad to be allowed to notice a few features through our own intelligence, or even to miss a few of them sometimes instead of having them pointed out so conscientiously. In the last scene in which Artois pleads with Hermione, the sense of darkness, of the strangeness of the setting is bewildering. It is a very fine ending to the book otherwise. Every word, every shade of feeling in the self-revelation of these two is in its right place, and is convincing, and Hermione's final melting to Artois' entreaties, her noble comprehension of why her generous forgiveness is due to her husband, the restored understanding of these friends is full of significance. The moral of the book is, that it is only in perfect frankness that the soul can thrive. Life with all its tragedies, its betrayals and cruelties must be faced to be lived with fullness. For one to conceal a fact, the knowledge of which must cause much misery to another strong and loving soul is really a treachery, because that soul has been defrauded of the opportunity to put forth its full strength in forgiveness and love. Its strength has been underrated, it has not had the trust it merited by the very friend who thought to serve it best by keeping the cruel knowledge from it. But

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a secret unshared creates an atmosphere between the two whose "truth of intercourse" is otherwise perfect. The laying bare of the secret by the hand of *il destino*, though tragic and cruel, brings its own peace in forgiveness and perfect understanding. The spirit is no longer in the prison of ignorance.

C. B.

**W**E took up *Tono Bungay* (H. G. Wells. Macmillan, 6s.) with a pleasant anticipation of the same enjoyment we had in reading *Kipps* and *Love and Mr Lewisham* by the same author. We end the reading with a sense of something very disagreeable being over, of having escaped from an unprofitable atmosphere, and a set of very uncongenial persons, in fact, with a feeling of unmitigated relief.

It is in an unenviable and wholly unedifying spirit that this book is written. It is a novel in the form of the autobiography of a young man who, from the first, is selfish, heartless, sensual and entirely undisciplined. The theme of the book is the inextricable muddle of human life and the social order, and it is yet one more volume added to that large and growing class of books which demonstrate this confusion in grim and unlovely images, and which, when all is said and done, only leave the confusion worse than it was before. As a novel—and the novel of an author from whom we expect better things—this book is altogether unwholesome; as a homœopathic dose it may, perhaps, be profitable. Here original sin is recognized, dissected under a microscope, not as an element to be combated and defeated, but as a curiosity, something that with all its ugliness may almost give a zest to life because you never know where it may land you. Not a soul in *Tono Bungay* has the remotest idea of self-discipline or even self-restraint. The only moment at which the hero becomes anything but an entirely repulsive young man is when he forces himself to overcome his fear of flying in the airship he has made. Religion and its surroundings come into the book occasionally in a manner that would be blasphemous if it were not so stupidly ignorant. Three times in the book music is brought in only to make a setting for unrestrained love

## La Virilité Chrétienne

making. (And by-the-by, the Kreutzer Sonata played on the pianola must have been a painful episode—Mr Wells seems to know it chiefly through Tolstoi's story and not to realise the necessity of a fiddle for its adequate performance.) No one loves any one else in the book except with a base and selfish love, unless it be Aunt Susan, who all through stands out as the one wholesome and likeable character. Mr Wells seems groping after something not wholly sordid when he makes the poor, despicable old financier, dying in disgrace and bankruptcy, insist upon the hero's saying that there is some future life. The young man's grudging assertion is a lie told to reassure the poor old man, and we are left to decide whether his motive be good or bad, and on the whole we gather that the urgent questioning is only one last pandering of the old worldling to the social order, of which religion is the most futile and hollow element.

As we remarked before, the best that can be said for Mr Wells' book is that it shows the ugliness and waste of lives led without the discipline of religion. Perhaps this is what the author means to shew—and he, of course, hints now and then at the panacea of Socialism. But there is a narrowness and dullness of perception in this book, which drags every element of human life down to its own baselevel. And its whole spirit is materialism at its ugliest and basest.

C. B.

**W**E have to congratulate P. Gillet on the publication of another useful volume of Conferences (*La Virilité Chrétienne: Conférences Universitaires*. Par P. Gillett. Desclée: Lille. 1909. Prix, 3f. 50c.), delivered, like those in his book on *L'Éducation du Caractère*, to the students of Louvain University. In the present series he dwells more on the supernatural agencies which contribute to the building up of character. The series of Conferences divides into three parts.

Part I is devoted to *L'Idéal Chrétien et l'Éducation Chrétienne du Caractère*. In this section the Conferences dealt with such topics as natural morality and the Christian ideal; optimism in the Christian ideal, pessimism in the

## Some Recent Books

Christian ideal; relative impotency of the Christian ideal in the education of character, lifeless faith; the true part of the Christian ideal in the education of character. Part II comprises Christian conduct and the education of character from the subjective side, the various motives and their functions. Part III treats of Christian conduct and the education of character through external conduct, religious worship, prayer, confession and the Sacraments. The volume, like its predecessor, is marked throughout with clearness and precision of statement. Its study will be particularly welcome at the present time—the tendency being to ignore supernatural agency altogether. The discussion of some of the topics necessarily suffers somewhat from having to be treated of in this lecture form—the quantity of matter brought into each Conference being necessarily small, whilst the discourse had to be complete. Still, like its predecessor, it is a helpful and stimulating little book, and we recommend it to all those engaged in the study of the various factors that take part in the moulding of Christian character.

M. M.

THE approbation of so high an authority as Cardinal Perraud and the well-deserved reputation of the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris are sufficient justification for the addition to the International Catholic Library of the course of apologetic lectures on the *Catholic Church, The Renaissance and Protestantism*, by Alfred Baudrillart, translated by Mrs. Philip Gibbs (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.). The lectures are offered to the public in lecture form, and with many of the imperfections inherent in that form. The bold lines have been sketched and the shading left out, hence there is a lack of the modifying considerations and, occasionally, of the restraint which are to be expected in more complete works; hence, too, the reading of the volume demands rather more concentration than the ordinary reader is prepared to give. In fact, in the opening lecture on the origin and spirit of the Renaissance the range is so wide, the movement of thought so rapid, the matter so compressed, that the reader might

## The Principles of Logic

well be moved to lay the book aside in dismay. But the succeeding lectures, which are more complete and coherent in development, well repay the initial labour. In particular, there is an interesting analysis of the causes which led to a transformation of the spirit of the Renaissance on its introduction into Germany and France; the conflict is traced between the traditional and staunch Catholicism of the French people and the revolutionary spirit of the Huguenots, resulting in the assimilation of the sound elements of the Renaissance and the triumph of the counter-reformation. The apology for the use of physical force for the repression of heresy, and the appreciation of Catholicism as a factor in social and moral progress provide solutions to questions of the day. We regret to have to remark that a further revision is needed to free this English rendering from a number of inaccuracies and loose translations.

F. R.

THE *Principles of Logic*, by the Rev. G. H. Joyce, S.J. (Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net) is a very useful and substantial addition to our Catholic literature of philosophy. It is stated in the introduction to be "an attempt at a presentment of what is frequently termed the Traditional Logic, and is intended for those who are making acquaintance with philosophical questions for the first time." Such a purpose must affect considerably the scope of the work, and it possesses advantages and disadvantages peculiar to itself. A treatise on Logic may do either of two things. It may confine itself to giving merely a Grammar of Thought, of sane, valid, human thinking, a description and discussion of the ordinary ways in which the ordinary man thinks, leaving out of consideration the ways in which a man may, if he deliberately chooses, but normally never does think. Thus, all questions like the Quantification of the Predicate, and anything in the nature of a Symbolic Logic would be at once excluded. It was in this way, broadly speaking, that Aristotle treated the subject, and the method would naturally commend itself to an exponent of the Traditional Logic.

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But of late, as in Psychology and in Ethics, so in Logic there has been a tendency to enlarge the scope of the subject, and make it not merely an *Organon*, an instrument preparing the mind for the study of the other and nobler branches of philosophy, but a complete philosophy in itself, a Logic and an Epistemology and a Psychology and a Metaphysics all in one. This is the second method of treating Logic. It is a philosophy of Logic, as it were, entirely distinct from Logic as such. "It is impossible" says Father Joyce, "even in a text book such as this, to deal with logical questions save in connexion with definite metaphysical and epistemological principles." Undoubtedly such a procedure is necessitated by the scope of a work which has to meet the requirements of current examinations, and by the fact that this method is universally employed by modern writers on Logic. Yet it is not altogether easy to see why a Logic of Thought, of ordinary human thinking, could not be written independently of these considerations. Such treatment would clearly have considerable advantages for the class of readers whom Father Joyce primarily contemplates, since they would have little or no knowledge of Epistemology and Psychology. The philosophy of Logic could be more effectively studied after some familiarity with these branches had been acquired.

Father Joyce has wisely chosen a middle way. He has introduced just that amount of Epistemology and Metaphysics which was necessary if he was to render his book acceptable to a modern reader. He was compelled to introduce epistemological and metaphysical considerations, and hence to regard his subject from the standpoint of some definite system of philosophical thought. His standpoint is frankly that of Scholastic Philosophy. And this again is a source both of strength and of weakness. Of strength, for it gives him a consistency and a grasp of the problem of Logic in all its bearings, impossible with any other system. And of weakness, for he cannot, in his present work, permit himself to attempt the proof of the principles underlying his Logic. He can only presuppose them, and leave their vindication to writers in the departments to which they

## Acquired Characters in Plants

properly belong. To some, of course, this will seem merely an assumption of questions fundamentally disputed. But from the nature of the case no other course was possible. And the fact that the system based on these principles harmonises so well with the common-sense, non-philosophical man's way of thinking is itself no mean argument in their favour, though one which would have little value in the eyes of some of our modern philosophers. To the views of modern philosophers Father Joyce devotes particular attention, though within the limits of the work he set out to do, no detailed refutation, if any such be possible, could be attempted. It is a little to be regretted, however, that the author, speaking of T. H. Green, should have ventured the assertion that Idealism leaves physical science destitute of any basis, without at least indicating the general line of the argument as he finds it convincing. For if the argument drawn from physical science against Idealism is to have any validity, its precise form requires very careful determination.

So much in general for Father Joyce's treatment of Logic. His book includes all the matter usually dealt with by writers on Formal and Applied Logic. Some of his chapters are peculiarly valuable and are real contributions to the study of the subject. The important problem of Induction is very skilfully handled, the view adopted being that the "logical process" by which from particular instances we arrive at a universal law "is purely abstractive." The chapters on the Predicables and on Fallacies are also excellent, and the sections on Probability and Chance are evidently the work of an able mathematician. The whole treatment of Applied Logic, or the Method of Science, is throughout exceedingly thoughtful and suggestive.

J. F.

THOSE who have closely followed the controversy respecting the various theories of Heredity will not have failed to notice that—apart from a large portion of the work on the Mendelian theory—most of the writers have been professional zoologists and most of their views have been founded on the behaviour of animals. The Rev. Professor Henslow in his book (*The Heredity of*

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*Acquired Characters in Plants.* London: John Murray. 1908. Price 6s. net) alludes to this fact and insists that the study of plants leads to a totally different conclusion from that arrived at by many who have devoted their attention to the animal kingdom. More especially he insists upon the need for ecological study of plants if the problem of heredity is to be properly attacked.

Now the ecologist studies "plants at home" and not with any idea of classification, "but solely for the sake of their physiological peculiarities connected with habit of growth and evolution." (p. 45.)

And as a result of this study he "groups plants into 'associations' according to their environments, and calls plants of dry districts xerophytes; of moist, marshy places, hygrophytes; true aquatic plants being hydrophytes, and all of an intermediate character, mesophytes." (p. 24.) Then he proceeds to his second step, which is to ascertain how these plants came to acquire the adaptive structures which enable them to exist under such very different conditions as we know that plants are capable of existing under. The author's reply to this question may be found in the following passages.

The origin of Variations in Structure (upon which alone species are based) is due to an inherent Power within the Plant, by means of which it Responds to the Direct Action of changed conditions of Life. (p. 6.)

And again

It is my object to show how variations do arise, viz.: by the plant responding to changed conditions of life; and, secondly, that the altered structures in adaptation to the new environment do become hereditary, if the plants, generation after generation, continue to live long enough in the new surroundings. That is the true and only method of Evolution. (p. 18.)

Numerous examples of this process are given in the Professor's very interesting book. We cannot spare space here to cite them but may direct the attention of readers to an example in the production of parasitism in *Passiflora*. (p. 69.)

# The Government of England

Of course the views expressed in this book cut diametrically across those of the Weismannites and of the Neo-Darwinians.

Plant ecologists have already abandoned natural selection, in the sense Darwin used it; but still recognise the usefulness of the term as meaning the survival of the better adapted under the circumstances in the struggle for life. (p. 28.)

It will be noticed that the Professor postulates what—one would imagine—all reasonable observers must postulate, namely the inherent power of the plant or the animal to vary, a postulate which is evaded by many, one might almost say most, of those who write upon the subject, but, all the same, a postulate on which the whole edifice of heredity rests. We are hardly at the beginning of the search for this factor, however much some may try to lead us to believe that all difficulties are solved and all questions cleared up.

Those who have any such illusions might well be advised to study the work under review. It will suggest some wholesome thoughts and may be commended to the attention of all persons interested in botany or in the larger biological problems.

B. C. A. W.

IT is remarkable that of late our British methods of government should have attracted so much attention abroad as to elicit not one but several works of considerable importance from the pens of non-English writers. It is still more remarkable that in spite of the variety, intricacy and delicate adjustments of both Parliamentary and Local procedure in England, these subjects should have met with adequate treatment at the hands of both Dr Redlich in Germany and Professor Lawrence Lowell in America. In the compilation of his two volumes on *The Government of England* (By A. Lawrence Lowell, Professor of the Science of Government in Harvard University. Macmillan & Co. 17s. 6d. net. pp. 570 and 563), the author has spared no pains to get together materials from all available sources. Not only do the references which

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appear on every page testify that his statements are well supported by documentary evidence, and that all previous writers on the subject have been consulted; but, by personal application to men occupying conspicuous positions in public and official life (a list of whom is given in the Preface), he has obtained an insight into the inner workings of Parliament and of the Cabinet which could never have been derived from the mere perusal of Blue-books or the study of statutory law. It is this fact which renders his work peculiarly interesting, and, at the same time, peculiarly valuable.

*The Government of England* is not a mere text-book, though no point of importance pertaining to either Parliamentary or Local Government is omitted. It is something more: it is a study in Democracy. England "has now enjoyed something very near to manhood suffrage in the boroughs for forty years, and throughout the country for more than twenty years, a period long enough for Democracy to produce its primary if not its ultimate effects." Professor Lawrence Lowell considers, even if it is impossible conclusively to prove, that our Government is still democratic in spite of the vast discretionary powers at present vested in the Cabinet, which have led others to think that we are fast becoming a bureaucratic Oligarchy. The written Statutes which embody the essential features of the Constitution, are indeed interpreted by the growth of tacit convention; but "all conventions exist for the sake of securing obedience to the deliberately expressed will of the House of Commons, and ultimately to the will of the nation." A remark which the writer makes on this point, that "Stability is the very life of Custom," is characteristic at once of his thoughtful and philosophic treatment of his subject, and of his fondness for summing up in brief but significant words the essence of what he has said. He laments that while "abnormal and unhealthy popular movements" have of late attracted the attention of the psychologist, the latter has never attempted to deal with "the normal forces that govern the ordinary conduct of men in their political relations." Part II of his own work is

## New Light on Immortality

an able attempt to remedy this defect, and is based upon a careful study of statistical and historical data.

Coming as it does from the pen of an outsider, one would expect *The Government of England* to be a criticism rather than an appreciation. Yet Professor Lawrence Lowell, though he does not fail to notice defects, which must be inherent in any human form of government, by no means underestimates the value of British institutions. His work evinces the keenest appreciation of the general tendencies of a democratic age, as manifested in institutions and customs, some of them peculiarly British. He cannot refrain from remarking with playful irony our curious desire "to avoid a strong infusion of British blood into the veins of some future occupant of the throne;" but he points out clearly tendencies of more serious import, such as "our habit of dealing with immediate needs instead of seeking for ultimate causes" when we desire to rectify that which is wrong, a tendency which he attributes to the prevailing tone of thought and to rapid change of party. In fact, for those who wish to prognosticate the future, or to discuss the prospects of Socialism in England, no better diagnosis of present symptoms could be desired than that which is provided in *The Government of England*.

L. J. W.

THERE is a curious *rapprochement* to-day towards spiritual belief, on the part of physical scientists. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Professors Richet, Lombroso and Barrett—to mention no more—are sufficiently eminent names in the ranks of science, to illustrate the importance of the movement, and, curiously enough, all have found an ally, if not a guide, in spiritualism. The author, however, of *New Light on Immortality* (by E. E. Fournier d'Alve. Longmans. 6s.) goes a great deal further than these others, and seeks by his theories of matter to establish, more or less, the survival of the individual after death. Very briefly, his theories are to the effect that the nuclei of living cells are energetic enough to form after death a kind of "soul-body," not unlike in its capacities to the resurrection-body of Catholic theology. But he is not

## Some Recent Books

content with this his presentation of what spiritualists call the "Astral"; he proceeds to discuss its faculties, and even its normal abode, which he seems to place about thirty miles above the earth's surface! He is, of course, a Pantheist; and indeed, science, confining itself strictly to phenomena, can know nothing of any other faith. But the amazing thing is that a man who knows so much as this writer evidently does, should seem to be unaware that physical science has no more right to claim to be the sole interpreter of the universe than has art, or psychology, and not nearly so much as philosophy or morality. Further, he does not even seem to know that there is any such thing as a claim for actual Revelation at all. He lumps "the Churches" together in a contemptuous, though courteous, way and while pointing out that popular theology in certain departments has had to withdraw before the advance of science, omits to point out the far more startling fact that science, particularly in recent years, has had to confess that, on point after point, theology has justified itself where science fifty years ago was merely contemptuous. The last chapters of this very book—dealing with spiritualistic phenomena—are the best evidence in the matter. Undoubtedly, the author intends to be on the side of the angels yet—*non talibus auxiliis!* B.

EVER since Dr Bardenhewer published his *Patrologie* fourteen years ago, it has been the standard handbook for reference by scholars. Long since translated into French and Italian, it has only just received an English rendering (*Patrology, the lives and works of the Fathers of the Church*. By Otto Bardenhewer, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Munich. Translated by Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America. Herder. pp. xviii, 680. 11s. 6d.). Dr Shahan's version reads well, and appears to represent sufficiently accurately the sense of the original, though it is a phenomenally free rendering. The bibliographies have been considerably enlarged, if not always brought absolutely up to date, so that the English edition

## New Testament Greek MSS

will be more valuable for use than the second German edition (1901). The accounts of the various ecclesiastical writers are naturally too short and too much condensed to be very readable; nevertheless, as a trustworthy book of reference the general reader, as well as the scholar, will find it practical. The spelling is always English, as in *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, of which Dr Shahan is one of the editors.

C.

THE nomenclature of Greek MSS of the New Testament has long been a difficulty. For the Uncials the Latin and Greek capital letters were long ago exhausted. There were separate lists for the different classes of books, so that, for example, the well known Leicester Codex was quoted as 69 in the Gospels, 31 in Acts, 37 in the Epistles, 14 in the Apocalypse. Again, the numbering of Scrivener-Miller differs from that of Tischendorf-Gregory. To avoid this confusion, Professor von Soden, of Berlin, has introduced a further confusion by an ingenious new system by which all the old names are abolished and an entirely new set is introduced. This elaborate invention was received with dismay by the learned world; and a workable system was obviously needed. The veteran Dr Gregory, instead of proposing another new system, has chosen the better part of writing to specialists throughout the world in order to obtain a consensus of opinion in favour of some method or other. He has succeeded beyond expectation, and has been able to publish a new system which has been fully accepted by nearly all the ninety and more scholars whose opinion he has asked. The result is characterized by a healthy conservatism. The letters used for the Uncials are retained unchanged, so that it will not be necessary to learn a new system by heart, and the next generation will not find it impossible to understand the works of earlier writers. Even for the Cursives the accustomed figures have been as far as possible preserved, and we shall still meet with the familiar 1, 28, 33, or 13, 69, 124; but every manuscript will keep the same number for every part of the New Testament, so that the Leicester Codex will be 69 in Acts, Epistles and

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Apocalypse as in the Gospels. The first printed list (*Die griechischen Hss des neuen Testaments*. Von C. R. Gregory. Leipzig: Hinrich. 1909. 366 pp. 10 M), is only tentative, and may need a few improvements. Dr Gregory is now asking not merely for the correction of printer's errors, but for suggestions making for simplification. All who are interested in textual criticism should procure his book. For teachers of Scriptural higher studies it will be, of course, necessary to master the new system, since practically all scholars have bound themselves to accept it. The number of MSS catalogued is in all 4,231, including fragments and papyri, an enormous total.

C.

Once, as a child, I thought it otherwise,  
And deemed that all was holy, and the skies  
Crowded with angels, and the earth I trod  
All holy as the dwelling-place of God.  
And now! Why, I know better.

SO speaks Eliphaz, mocking (*A Mystery Play*. By Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans. 2s. 6d.), and the feeling which he thus scorns is one that the whole of the play brings before us most vividly: the sense that the earth is more than commonly "afire with God" as the time draws very close to our Lord's birth. "Somewhat was forward," says the old innkeeper,

Somewhat—or I dream'd  
Of more than earthly business. For the air  
Seemed full of singing, runnings to and fro,  
Then silences again—rushes of sound—  
Footsteps, it seemed, moved on the frozen ground.

By this sense of the nearness of heaven, of the presence of more than earthly visitants; by the passing, too, of our Lady and St Joseph seeking a lodging, our minds are prepared for the fourth scene—the Adoration of the Shepherds and Angels before the Manger. There, at least for the reader who has not seen it acted, the play should end. The four first scenes are wonderfully harmonious and beautiful, presenting, as the author desires, a vivid series of meditations. The fifth scene is more elaborate, and does

## A German Year Book

not seem quite in keeping with the rest. It has not the note of simplicity that the other scenes have caught so absolutely—a simplicity which makes any kind of description or criticism difficult and inadequate.

This general note is most happily struck in the opening words of the herald, from which, in conclusion, we take the following extract:

We, therefore, too, with good intent,  
The simple story here present.  
Here sheep and shepherds shall you see,  
The Holy Child and sweet Mary,  
Great angels and good Joseph too,  
Merchants, and simple folks like you,  
The sturdy landlord of the inn,  
Cold snow without and fire within—  
All shall be shown as best we can,  
In praise of Jesus, God and Man.

WE have often wished for a Year Book which should review the theology and the philosophy, the history and literature, the art and science of the past twelve months from a Catholic point of view. To keep abreast even in one of these subjects is sufficiently difficult. We may read books and reviews of books and yet find a difficulty in summing up the year's work, or detecting the main currents of thought. And yet the educated Catholic must desire to know something of the general drift of all these various studies. He needs to take his Catholic bearings, and ascertain how his religion is affected by the various streams of investigation. He needs a Catholic *Weltanschauung*. An annual volume compiled by Catholic experts would be invaluable.

In this matter Germany has preceded us. The enterprising firm of Herder has brought out a volume dealing with the events of 1907, of which it is difficult to speak too highly (*Jahrbuch der Zeit- und Kulturgeschichte*). Since it is itself a review, we cannot hope to give any adequate idea of the contents of its 485 pages. Suffice to say that the work has been done with extreme thorough-

## Some Recent Books

ness, and with that judicious sense of scholarship which we have learned to expect in such publications of the firm of Herder. The book, of course, deals chiefly with Germany, but makes excursions into other countries as well. Five articles deal with ecclesiastical life, three with politics, four with social and economic questions, seven with theology, philosophy, history, law, and the like; three with literature, and two with art. The volume, which is written by experts, is admirably arranged and indexed.

From the same firm we have received the first volume of the new *Kirchliches Handbuch*, edited by H. A. Krose, the eminent statistician. Here may be found abundant and reliable information on Church organization in Germany, religious statistics, social and charitable activity, foreign missions and recent ecclesiastical legislation. The editor's observations on the morality of Catholic, as compared with Protestant, districts will be read with interest. The book contains much that will be useful to Catholics in this country.

P.

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